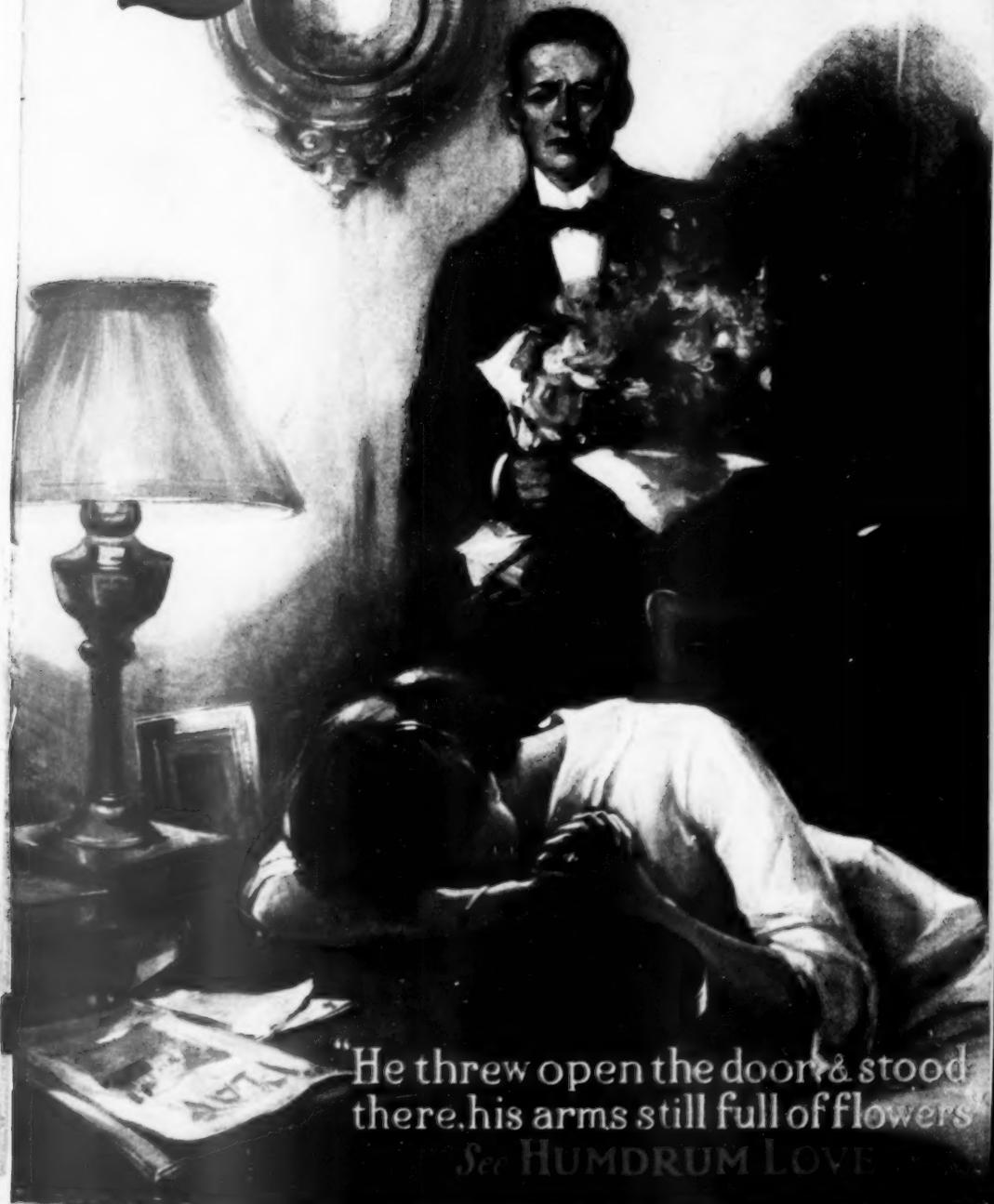


IRST NUMBER OF NEW VOLUME - New Serial by ANNIE S. SWAN

NOVEMBER 1911

PRICE SIXPENCE

the QUIVER



"He threw open the door & stood
there, his arms still full of flowers

See HUMDRUM LOVE

JUST TWO WORDS WITH YOU



BEECHAM'S PILLS.



Brought up on

Mellin's Food

—and only Eleven Months Old!

So writes the proud mother of Constance Delia Astington, 14 Southcote Road, Tufnell Park, London, N., and the photograph may well be story. The value of Mellin's contains everything necessary to the making of that contributes to



Mothers should
send for these:

A Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food, sufficient to prove its value, and a useful Handbook for Mothers FREE ON REQUEST. Mention this Magazine. Address Sample Dept., MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.

BERMALINE BREAD

A Wholesome—and
Nourishing Food for
Family Use, delicious
to eat—and
ALWAYS FRESH

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA



is the Best Remedy for
ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
GOUT and INDIGESTION.

Safest and most Effective Aperient
for Regular Use.

*Husband—no appetite—must be tempted
—cold food—cold looks—no luck.*

*A penny—a packet of Edwards' Soup
—a big bowl—delicious soup—great
success—have it again—to-morrow.*

Try Tomato one day, Vegetable the next.
And with Edwards' Brown Soup you can
turn any cold food into a splendid hot dish.

1d., 4d., 8d., 1/-.



FREE

on receipt of post
card fully detailed
illustrated - Cata-
logue of Billiard &
Dining Tables and
small or full-sized
Tables & Sundries

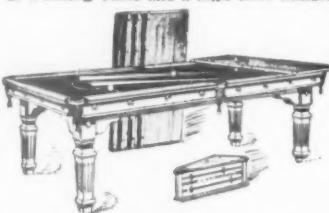
After Dinner — Billiards !

Two or three moments only are required to change Riley's "Combine" from an ordinary dining table into a perfectly appointed and correctly proportioned Billiard Table. All that is needed is to lift off the leaves as shown and raise (by means of patent attachment) the bed of the table.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

Combine Billiard and Dining Tables (as illustrated).

Fitted with Riley's Patent action for Raising, Lowering, and Levelling. A handsome piece of Furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. Cash Prices and sizes for Solid Mahogany (Round Legs). Billiard Table and Dining Table are both the same size.



CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	- - -	£13 10 0
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Or in 13 Monthly Instalments, plus 5 per cent. on above Cash Prices. Also in 18 Monthly Payments.

RILEY'S Billiard Tables (To place on your own Dining Table as illustrated.)

Instantly Removed. Can be stored against wall. Will fit any size of Table. Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed. Adjustable feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Rest, Marking Board, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, etc.

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Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	-	£3 7 6	Or in 13 Monthly Pay- ments as here shown, being only 5 per cent. on Cash Price.	{	5/6
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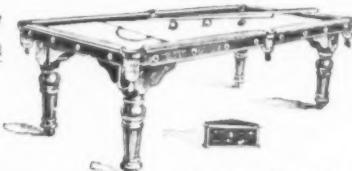
Prices include all accessories, delivery to nearest railway station—and seven days free trial.

No charge for Packages. LISTS FREE.

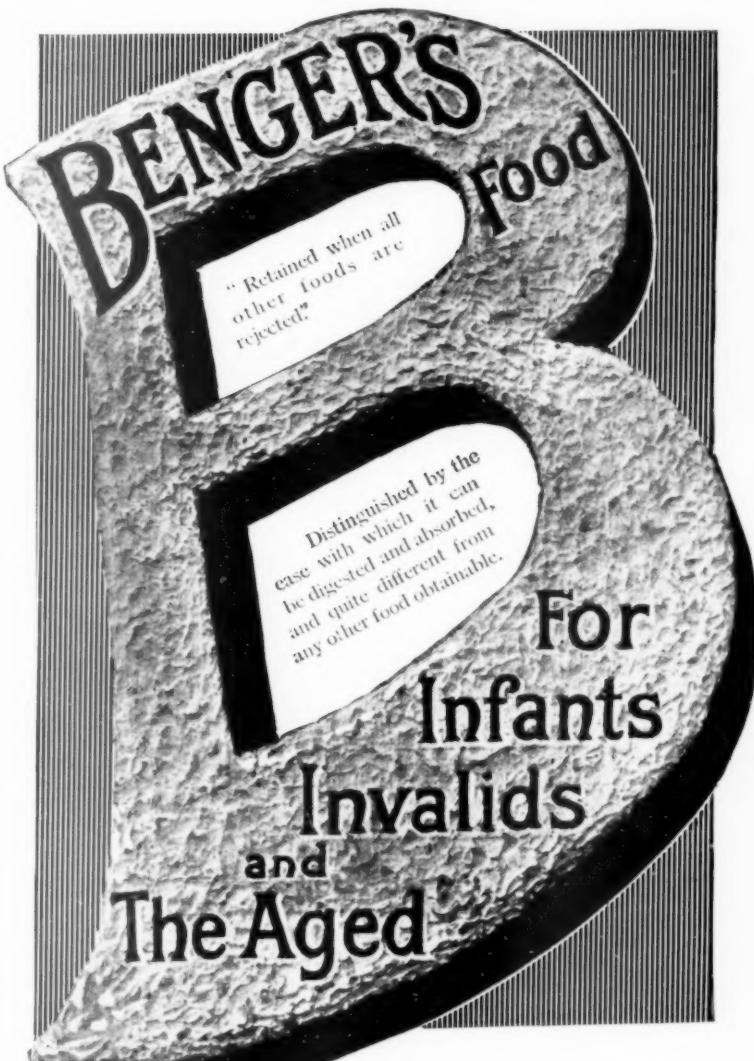
Folding Bagatelle Boards from 30/-

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G90



Showing Billiard
Table placed on
Dining Table.



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Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to
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SENSATIONAL SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS BY WORLD-FAMOUS HAIR SPECIALIST.

Remarkable Tests on Animals Reveal Scientific Reason why Men and Women can Grow Hair in Abundance at Any Age.

Full official particulars now available for all suffering hair-poverty.

To-day is published the result of a series of startling and successful experiments which will rank as the most valuable in the history of the Science of Hair Culture.

Royalty in nearly every Court of Europe has recognised the work of Mr. Edwards, as has every Society in which beauty and appearance count for anything. Also—a fact which gives him incentive to further effort—millions of the public have used his wonderful preparation and method, to add to the beauty of their hair.

"But," he says, "until British men and women are known the world over for the splendour and glory of their hair, I shall continue my great campaign of hair education.

"I want everybody to know that abundant hair is a possibility for all at any age."

The experiments mentioned above, which were performed on many different animals, prove that in practically all forms of animal life the hair-growing principle is the same, that the difference is only one of degree, and that, just as the hair-growing principle is the same, so also are the causes of hair ill-health.

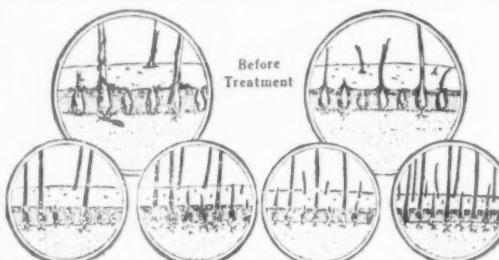
And Mr. Edwards has found, by frequent use of the microscope during his experiments, that "Harlene Hair-Drill," if adopted, will grow hair, no matter what the condition of the scalp may be.

A HUGE GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

For the benefit of those—

Whose hair is out of condition, or falling, or greasy and lacking in crisp vitality, or in any way impoverished; Who dread the approach of baldness or notice the first signs of greyness, or are troubled with Hair-killing scurf and dandruff, or experience intense scalp irritation,

the Royal Hair specialist has arranged a great scheme whereby all afflicted with hair trouble may carry out in their own homes a personal experiment in actual hair growing, which will prove that new hair will grow at any age and under any condition.



Drawings of a Horse's Hair. In the first, note the few coarse but scarce hairs and the bare patches with clotted hair follicles; the result of neglect and hair disease. The second shows a remarkable change after one day's "Harlene Hair-Drill." Note the healthier look of the few growing hair shafts. The third shows the remarkable change after constant "Harlene Hair-Drill."

THE GIFT—AND HOW TO GET IT

To all sending the coupon below, duly filled in and posted with 3d. in stamps to cover carriage, the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C., will send immediately:—

- (1) A trial bottle of 'Harlene,' the great hair tonic and dressing.
- (2) A full-size packet of 'Cremex,' the refreshing, invigorating Shampoo Powder, which renders the scalp scurf-free.
- (3) An unabridged copy of the Hair-Drill Manual, which includes reports of Mr. Edwards' remarkable experiments.

COMMENCE HAIR-DRILL TO-DAY.

The quest of good appearance, in which a head of healthy hair plays a big part, is a worthy one, in which all who value prospects and happiness find it necessary to engage. The daily practice of "Hair-Drill" results in luxuriant hair at any age.

Supplies of "Harlene," with full "Hair-Drill" instructions, are obtainable at all leading Chemists and Stores in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; and of "Cremex," 1s. per box of 7 packets (single packets 2d.)

Or they may be obtained direct on remittance, post free, from the proprietors. Foreign orders freight extra. All cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

Make sure of your Free Outfit by posting this coupon today.

HAIR CULTURE AT HOME—FREE

To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Being desirous of improving the condition of my hair, please forward me, free of charge, the complete "Hair-Drill" Outfit as offered, 1d. stamp (or cents accepted) on box to cover postage to any part of the world.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"The Quiver," Nov., 1911.



"No, Madam, this pen cannot possibly leak!"

"This pen is the celebrated Onoto. No doubt you have heard of the Onoto?"

"The Onoto is advertised as 'the one really satisfactory self-filling fountain pen'—and I don't know but what they are right. At any rate, the advertised claims that the Onoto 'fills itself in a flash' and that 'it cannot leak' are absolutely proved by every Onoto I have ever seen—and we sell a lot of them."

"A simple turn of this 'head' renders the Onoto a sealed tube. You can carry it upside down if you like—it will never leak a drop. Ladies always appreciate this point; so many of them nowadays like to carry pens in their hand-bags. You cannot do better than select an



GUARANTEE. The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a life-time; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right—free of cost.

Onoto Pen

The Self-filling Safety Fountain Pen.

Price 10s and up to £1, of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Limited, 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS SAYS—

**"I WAS RAPIDLY GOING BALD—
THEN I DISCOVERED THE PREPARATION NOW KNOWN AS 'TATCHO'—**

Look at My Hair

ACCEPT
"TATCHO'S" REMARKABLE
OFFER TO-DAY.

YOU are asked to accept the special offer contained in this announcement, simply to enable you to prove fully and conclusively in your own home that "Tatcho" is what Mr. Geo. R. Sims assures you it is—a Hair Grower "capable of working wonders"—a Hair Grower, Genuine, Good, True.

THE OFFER is a handsome one—no less than a full size 4/6 bottle, carriage paid to your own door, at the nominal price of 1/10.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISE of its thousands of grateful recipients has placed "Tatcho" in the foremost rank of popularity without the extravagant outlay in advertising usually indulged in to foist non-genuine preparations on the public. This saving enables the Company to make the present remarkable offer and so bring "Tatcho" within the reach of all.

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW"

These enthusiastic words of Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the "Daily Mail" are today being reiterated in thousands of homes.

Your own Chemist will also supply a 4/6 bottle.

Part of the present appropriation of 1,000,000 4/6 bottles has been allocated to some of the best known chemists and stores throughout the country, who have expressed a desire to assist the Company in this method of distribution.

Immediate application should be made.

"If the Public want 'Tatcho' the Public shall have it," says Mr. Sims.

A
4/6 size
for 1/10
Carriage Paid.

GIVE
"TATCHO"
THIS
CHANCE.

SPECIAL OFFER.

4/6 bottle of "Tatcho," carriage and packing paid, to the nominal price of 1/10.

Should it not be desired to cut this Authority, applications for the 4/6 bottle will be entertained by the applicant quoting Authority No. 4123.

The Quiver, Nov. 1905.

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this Authority a regular

and packing paid, to the Applicant's own door, at

*Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.*

5, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.



The Ingersoll Watch

is not sold as an Ornament.

Its makers recognise but one Standard—that is Quality.

Its Accuracy of Timing and Durability are Absolutely Guaranteed.

All other low-priced watches are made to look Very Pretty but not to Keep Time.

If you want a Cheap Watch with Gilt Hands, Fancy Dial and Tawdry Case—don't buy an Ingersoll. But if you want one to tell you the Correct Time and Keep on Doing it, Year after Year, You MUST have an INGERSOLL.

Crown 5/- Eclipse 6 6 Junior 8 6 Midget 8 6

Look for the Ingersoll Dealer in your neighbourhood, and you will find a Man who believes in selling Reliable Goods, no matter what profit he might make on Inferior Products.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 410 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

A Commendable Winter Costume Fabric

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.,
SPECIAL VALUE "ROYAL NAVY SERGE"

is a Pure Wool Fabric of superior quality, strong, substantially made and very suitable in weight and texture for Ladies' and Children's Winter wear. It is dyed in permanent colour which is not materially affected by heat or sun, and is accordingly far recommended for Wear and Appearance.

Price 6/- per yard, 24 inches wide. Any quantity supplied.

Plain Costume made to order.

Other qualities from 3/- to 12/- per yard, double width.

**Egerton Burnett's
"Royal" Serges**



22 Royal
and
Imperial
Warrants.

Superior Quality Costume Tweeds, Homespun, Woolen Dress Fabrics, Motor Clothing, Suitings, Over-suitings, Flannels, Winceys, etc., Also Blankets, Rugs, Underclothing, Knitted Woolen Coats, etc.

Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, &c., made to order.

Patterns, Price Lists, Styles, Measure Forms, etc., sent on request.

Address: EGERTON BURNETT LTD.,
S. Factors, Wellington, Somerset, England.

A Clean Sweep

Look upon the broom as an unclean thing and banish it from your houses. The "Bissell" cleans perfectly and raises no dust.

PRICES FROM 10 6/-

Of all Ironmongers and Furnishers.



With Ball Bearings and Rubber Corner Buffers.
15/-

MARKT & CO., Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Rd., London.

The head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in England and of world-wide reputation said recently :

"We study economy in every possible way. The only pencil we use is the 'Koh-i-noor.'"

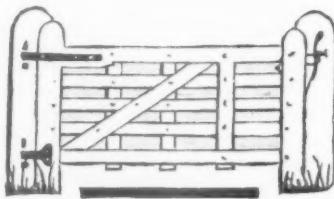
Reason it out. One "Koh-i-noor" outlasts SIX ordinary Pencils. It saves time. The ordinary pencil costs less but—it wastes time, sharpening, sharpening, sharpening. And the time wasted on each pencil costs considerably more than the purchase price of the pencil.

There's a thought for the shrewd pencil buyer.

"Koh-i-noor" Pencil, 4d. each, 3/- per dozen, in 17 degrees, and copying. Of Stationers, &c.

List from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London, W.C.





The White Gate

Warwick Deeping

6/-

CASSELL & CO., LTD.,
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

"QUESTIONS OF SEX" SERIES

Written by eminent professional men and women whose duties have brought them into almost daily contact with the problems with which they deal, the "Questions of Sex" books are clean, healthy, scientific, and direct answers to the questions that must be answered.

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Before I Wed, or Young Men and Marriage

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Cloth, 2s. 6d. net each Volume. Of all Booksellers.

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THOUGHT IT WAS CANCER

**Still Another Miracle-Cure by
Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

**Mrs. Phelps, of Treherbert,
suffered agonising pains in
sides and chest, with sick-
ness and wasting.**

**Was going into hospital, but
an operation was avoided,
and a complete cure
effected by**

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

How much pain and suffering, av, and expense, too, might be avoided by early use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets! Again and again we hear of cures effected in seemingly hopeless cases by this great medicine for the people, and always it is the same story:—“At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets and they cured me.” Think of the misery that could have been avoided had Dr. Cassell's Tablets only been tried *at first* instead of as last resort! Take this following case for example, reported by our special representative. It concerns a Mrs. Louisa Phelps, who resides at 12 Hopkins Street, Treherbert, South Wales. “It is now ten years,” said Mrs. Phelps, “since I first began to suffer. The trouble came on with pain in my chest after food, and got so severe that my life became a daily misery. Soon I was never free from pain, and try what I would I could get no relief. How I bore it I don't know. I suffered much from headache, too, and wind, and latterly became so weak that nothing would remain in my stomach. Every morsel came back. Oh! it was awful. I wasted to a mere shadow of a woman, with no more strength than a baby. Then a pain started in my left side, which, if possible, was worse than in my chest. I could not hold myself straight up for this agonising pain. I used to bend nearly double and press my hands on my body trying to get a little ease. I got everything I could think of or hear of. My cupboard was like a chemist's shop with bottles and boxes, but it was all no good.

“A doctor told a friend of mine that I had a cancer, and that I should go to the hospital. Well, I went—for three months as an out-patient but I only got worse. I had made up my mind to go in for operation, and had even got a note of admission, when I chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and as a last resort got some. The effect was almost magical. All pain vanished, I could eat and digest my food, and to-day I



Mrs. Phelps, Treherbert.

am as well as a woman could wish to be—though I have never had an operation.”

Of course, Mrs. Phelps never suffered from cancer at all. Dr. Cassell's Tablets do not cure cancer. But frequently the frightful pains which acute indigestion and stomach troubles can set up mislead the sufferer into thinking there is cancer when there is none. In all such cases Dr. Cassell's Tablets should be taken, that needless operation may be avoided.

A MUTINY VETERAN'S LETTER.

James Harris, a veteran of the Indian Mutiny, who now runs a little business in Hopkins Street, Treherbert, South Wales, says: “It is about eighteen months since I was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I was then very weak and run-down, and much troubled with indigestion. But Dr. Cassell's Tablets soon put me right. They enabled me to digest my food, and they put new strength into me. Now I take them from time to time as I feel the need. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a splendid medicine, the best medicine I have ever taken, and I hope my experience will benefit others.”

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the natural, rational and scientific remedy for every form of weakness, wasting or functional derangement. They strengthen the kidneys for their all-important work of cleansing the circulation, they give power to the digestive organs to turn food into living nutriment, and the blood thus enriched and vitalised carries that nutriment to all parts. Every nerve, every tissue receives its due share of life-sustaining energy, and health and strength follow with all the certainty of cause and effect. If you suffer, do not hesitate to get the greatest medical discovery of the last hundred years. Get them at once. The sooner you begin the sooner will bright, abounding health be yours. They act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Anaemia, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains, Heart Weakness, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, Spinal and Nerve Paralysis, and general bodily fatigue, brain-fag, and all run-down conditions. Send 2d. to-day to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A 68), Chester Road, Manchester, for free sample. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10d., 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. The last is the most economical to buy.

FREE FOR Unique STRENGTH Course 30 DAYS for WEAK MEN and WOMEN

THE USUAL PRICE OF
THIS FREE COURSE IS **5 GUINEAS**

TO THE NERVOUS AND THE ILL IT IS FREE FOR 30 DAYS.
APPLY TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET AND FULL DETAILS.

This fascinating book, which is gladly sent to all who apply on the coupon below for a free Five Guinea Strength course, contains a full detailed description of the Pulvermacher (all British) Body Batteries for creating new Nerves and Strength without resorting to drugs and medicines. So intense and penetrative is the natural Electricity poured into the weakened system by this wonderful strength-giving Body Battery that it has restored the **FAILING POWERS** and **DIMINISHING VIGOUR** of thousands of debilitated men and women at home and abroad. Each Battery consists of up to 100 complete Electricity-generating cells made on the Pulvermacher Patent flexible chain system to fit any part of the body or limbs like a glove. To wear even the most powerful appliance does not bother you a bit. It occupies no more space than the illustration shows. You can walk, ride, jump or run with it on. You can, if you prefer, wear it an hour or two now and then and leave it off when cured, or wear it for years if you wish. It stands any test known to Science. Its non-shocking continuous current, flowing only when the Belt is worn, penetrates to the remotest tissues and nerves, from the first moment, filling the weak with glorious New Life-Force, Vigour and Energy. It reawakens every form of debilitated tissue to instant activity, soothes pain, tones up the nervous system, accelerates circulation and promotes respiration, digestion, assimilation, secretion and excretion.

TO PROVE THIS WE ARE OFFERING 1,000 5-GUINEA STRENGTH COURSES ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

To all sufferers from **General Debility**, **Failing Strength**, **Lost Vitality**, **Varicose**, **Rheumatism**, **Kidney**, **Liver** and **Stomach Troubles**, **Constipation**, **Dyspepsia**, etc.; in fact, every weak man or woman who has tried drugs and medicines in vain.

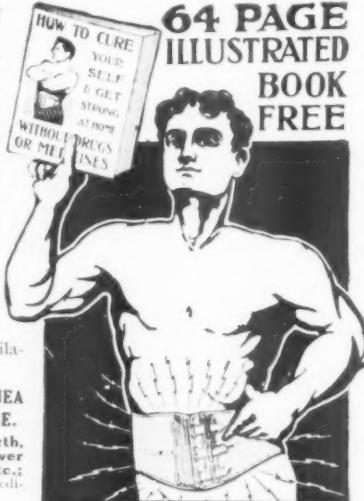
NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED.

22 Justice Street, Belgrave, London, S.W. Sirs.—Two months ago I purchased your Belt for Weakness and Nervous Debility, and I can honestly say that it is the best treatment I have used. I had been suffering for three years and spent pounds on drugs, but all were of no avail. I do no better. Since I used your Belt I have been getting stronger and better every day.

Aug. 28th, 1922.
W. DALBY.

The Pulvermacher Body Batteries for flooding the system with a continuous current of Natural Electricity have been strongly recommended by the leading physicians of NINE London Hospitals, over fifty members of the Royal College of Physicians of London, scores of Standard Medical Works, Physicians to Royalty, both in this country and on the Continent of Europe, many learned Scientific Societies, and also by thousands of cured patients. This overwhelming evidence should convince even the most sceptical that Health and Strength lies in the Pulvermacher Method.

Address: **PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE Ltd.**, 74 VULCAN HOUSE, 56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON. E.C. Open Daily from 9 till 6.



NEURITIS CURED.

31 Portland Place, Devonport, Sirs.—Ten months ago I purchased your Combined Band for Neuritis, being then in a very difficult case. I could scarcely bear to walk without my crutches, which were swollen to twice their natural size. The pain was agonising when I attempted to move. You will be pleased that all this has passed away and I can now walk in comfort. Yours truly,
April 28th, 1922.
MAX WINIKER.

Mar. 5th, 1922.
C. H. RICKARD.

USE THIS COUPON.

Any reader of this magazine who suffers from diminishing strength, weakness or general debility, or from any of the ailments described in this announcement, should write to-day (merely sending this Coupon and name and address) for this valuable 30-day Offer, which will reach you by return, together with a copy of the latest edition of our "Health Guide" Book on Curative Electricity, explaining how you may cure yourself and restore your failing powers without resorting to drugs. Don't delay.



Tell Everyone
I SUFFERED TWO YEARS WITH
Acute Acid Dyspepsia
OR STOMACH
INDIGESTION
ALL TREATMENT FAILED

Now I Eat Whatever I Want
Thanks to Your Wonderful Cicfa

Miss L. M., of Merton, writes: "I suffered for two years with acute Acid Dyspepsia. I had both hospital and home treatment and many patent medicines, but grew steadily worse, and was put on pre-digested food, which at last I was unable to take, and I gave up all hopes of ever being better; then I noticed your Cicfa advertisement in several papers, so I sent for a sample, and from the first dose I felt a different woman.

"I continued the treatment and now I am perfectly well, can eat anything I fancy, and I enjoy and retain it. Cicfa is wonderful. I feel I must thank you, for I know that but for Cicfa I should now be dead. I wish you to tell every Indigestion Sufferer, for these are facts."

A certain doctor holding the degree of M.D. wrote us recently that ordinary prescriptions failed to cure in more than nine out of every ten cases of Indigestion.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Miss L. M., of Merton, continued to suffer after hospital and home treatment, besides taking many patent medicines. Her digestion was so weak that she was put entirely on one of the well-known pre-digested foods. She grew weaker and weaker, and soon could not even take that food. Naturally, she gave up hope and expected to die, just as thousands of others have done, and are doing, because of this dreadful ailment.

The first dose of Cicfa gave her relief, and the improvement was so rapid that she was astounded. She ate with anxiety, but she soon discovered that when taking Cicfa she could eat more and more and digest it all, and very

soon could eat, retain and digest anything she fancied. Strength rapidly returned, and after three months she is a strong woman with a healthy natural appetite and perfect natural digestion which requires no assistance—that is, she is cured.

Being a woman, she truly wishes all Indigestion sufferers to know her story, because her statements are facts, and her testimony has not been purchased, but has been sent out of pure gratitude.

BEWARE! 47 different imitations of Cicfa at 6d. or 7d. Not one of them is in the least like CICFA. Not one of them was ever sold for BOWEL Indigestion until our advertisements appeared. ALL IMITATIONS CONTAIN DRUGS.

TO MOTHERS.
IS YOUR CHILD CONSTIPATED?
STOP THOSE PURGATIVES AND CURE IT.

CICFA (Child's Size) will cure it, because the child's Constipation is due to Bowel Indigestion, and CICFA cures Bowel Indigestion.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1s. 1d. (21 tablets), 2s. 9d. 63 tablets.

Cicfa (child's size), 1s. 1d. (30 tablets), 2s. 9d. 90 tablets.

If these facts have convinced you, and you are a sufferer from Indigestion, get a tube of Cicfa from your Chemist NOW, or TEST IT

—ABSOLUTELY FREE—

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and **ONE PENNY STAMP FOR POSTAGE**, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



CAPSULOID (1909), Ltd.,
79 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., London.

THE QUIVER, NOV., 1915.



HANDS—white and attractive. Skin—soft and smooth. Complexion clear and transparent. Thousands of women who now enjoy these charms and win admiration everywhere owe their beauty to Icilma Cream. If you have not yet tried this simple way to beauty write now for free sample (see offer below) and *use it*. From the first application you will see an improvement. Your skin will become clearer every day. Your complexion will begin to have that delicate softness and bloom which every woman desires. 1- and 19 per *pot*.

Icilma Cream

Of Chemists and Stores everywhere.
Icilma is pronounced—Eyo-Silma.

A Free Sample of the above preparation, together with a wonderful book on beauty, will be sent to any address on receipt of postcard. ICILMA COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 72), 39 King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

The Summit in Boot making —
The merits of
Southall's Ready-lace Boots

*My dear chum,
the Boot is perfect
and the Walking
is RIPPING*

**Far and away above
anything
yet
achieved.**

**Made like the old "Wellington" Boot —
They FIT LIKE a GLOVE.**

Undoubtedly the most *pliable*, *comfortable*, and *durable* of Boots made. They have no seams to hurt the foot, and no linings to harden and crack. Having a wide opening, they are easy to put on and to take off. Being always **READY-LACED**, one has but to buckle the strap. **SPLENDID** for sufferers with tender feet, corns, bunions, &c.

Made in Sizes and Half Sizes, 10 1/2 to 25, in Town or laceless.
**We make all sorts of ordinary Boots,
and at them with the Ready Lace.**
We also make SOUTTHALL'S ORIGINAL STRAP BOOT.
(The old favorite.)

Send Post Card for List and directions for Self-Measurement—
**R. SOUTTHALL & CO. (Dept. B), 88 Kirkstall
Road, LEEDS.**

WORTH WRITING FOR

A FINE BOOT
FOR MILITARY MEN
OR FOR WEAR
IN INDIA
AND THE COLONIES

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL
FOR GREY HAIR.

SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. **BROWN**, **BLACK**, **BLONDE**, **WHITE**, **BROWN**, **BLACK**, **AUBURN**, or **GOLDEN**. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over **FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND** USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver, or sulphur. A small, compact, accurate brush and bottle SEEGER'S is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle, 2s. post free 2s. 6d. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere.

HINDEN (WAVERS) LTD.,
Finbury, London.

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A
PACE
DAVIS
MAN**

**LEARN TO WRITE
ADVERTISEMENTS**

EARN 25 A WEEK!

Ad. writers earn large salaries. Learn this profitable business by Post. We will teach you thoroughly. Send for our beautiful Prospectus. It is FREE.

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Ask your Chemist for a Trial Box, 1s, of the
MEDICALLY RECOMMENDED
Keined for

ASTHMA

Bronchitis,
all Obstructions,
POWDERS &
CIGARETTES

ZEMATONE

Free pamphlet
and list of Druggists from Zematone Co., 49 P. Haymarket, London, S.W.
Sold by Boots and all Chemists, 1s and 2s.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa

GOING!

GOING!!

GONE!!!

CHOCOLATE IN PERFECTION



IS A DELIGHTFUL CHOCOLATE CONFECTION,
VELVETY & BOLD & QUITE DIFFERENT
FROM ANY OTHER."

HERE'S ONE FROM NIGERIA!

"The 'SWAN' has given me such satisfaction, especially in my deputation work when home on furlough, that I have never begrimed the expense of outlay. It was my constant companion—always reliable, and even sometimes when writing in the dark so as to preserve a hurried memo or address, it never failed to do its part faithfully. I like the ladder feed which always has ink as it were in reserve and ready for a moment's notice."

(Signed)



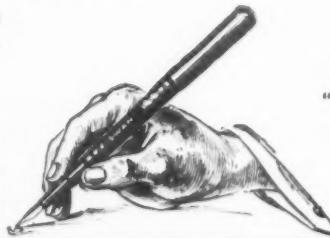
THE 6d "SWAN" FOUNT PEN

brings many such spontaneous expressions of satisfaction from all parts every day.

Prices from 10/6 to £20 from
any Stationer or Jeweller.

May we send our New Complete Illustrated Booklet?

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.
BRANCHES—38 Cheapside, E.C.; 95a Regent Street, W.;
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SELS; Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS; and at NEW
YORK and CHICAGO.



NOTE
THE
"SWAN"
LOOK

MACKINTOSH'S

If you paint a better picture, write a better book, or make a better Toffee than your neighbour, though you build your house in a Wood, the World will make a beaten path to your door. 22 years ago, John Mackintosh started making Toffee—making it better than it had ever been made before. The world recognised it—made that "beaten path" to the Toffee Mills, Halifax—then very small, but to-day the largest in the world. Beaten paths having been replaced by the "iron road," John Mackintosh now pays the largest Railway Freight account of any firm in Halifax. And the account is growing fast since almost everybody's been captivated by the great discovery—Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe.

(BD)

(P)

TOFFEE DE LUXE

WONDERFUL EYESIGHT DISCOVERY

English Specialist's Wonderful Achievement Results
in Remarkable Cure for Weak and Failing Sight

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION WHY THOUSANDS MAY ONCE AGAIN SEE CLEARLY

Remarkable Free Distribution of Full Official Particulars to Readers of "The Quiver."

ONE of the most important scientific events in the history of modern therapeutics is announced in the discovery of a wonderful cure for almost every form of eyesight trouble which may be said to completely reverse the whole treatment of these afflictions.

**NO MORE SPECTACLES, BUT A
PERMANENT CURE.**

To eyesight-weak people the new discovery proves nothing less than marvellous. No matter how long they may have suffered, how long they may have attempted to aid their evergrowing-worse bad sight by glasses; no matter whether they are twenty, forty, fifty, sixty, or even seventy years of age, the eyesight-weak have the promise of the brilliant specialist to whom this discovery is due, that their keen youthful sight can be restored.

How many people have noticed at business, in the factory, workshop, or office, among their own circle of friends and in the ordinary walks of life, that practically one in every three persons wears or has need to wear glasses?

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE TO BENEFIT.

For years the theory underlying the ideal treatment for bad sight has been known, and at last a British scientist has made it a possibility. He has turned the ideal cure into a practical fact, by means of which millions will benefit.

Mr. Levison desires to answer individually those whose sight is weak and who naturally will ask the question, Will it do my sight good?

In order to give this answer clearly in each and every case he has prepared printed particulars which explain exactly what the new discovery is, how it may be adopted in the home, and describe in a most interesting manner actual cases where this new discovery has been adopted.

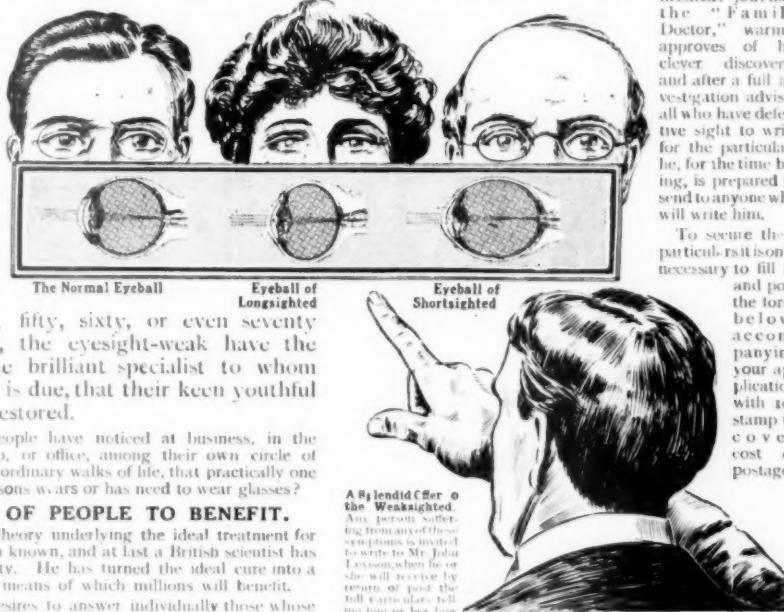
It may at once be said that those cases in which perfect sight is most speedily and permanently restored are:

1. FAILING OR WEAKENING SIGHT presenting itself after illness, overwork, worry, or in the middle-age.
2. SHORTSIGHTEDNESS, OR THE INABILITY TO SEE DISTANT OBJECTS CLEARLY.
3. BLURRING, when objects at first seen clearly seem to lose their shape and become cloudy.

4. TWITCHING EYES, due to nervous weakness.
5. HOT EYES, being the burning sensation where the eyes seem too large for their sockets.
6. WATERY EYES.
7. DISCHARGING EYES, when the sufferer finds the lids sticking together in the mornings.
8. UNEQUAL POWER OF EYES.
9. ACHING EYES.
10. RED AND INFLAMED EYES, occurring on exposure to cold and winds.
11. EYESIGHT HEADACHES, which indicate muscular and nervous strain caused by defect in the sight.

Naturally, Mr. Levison has already communicated his discovery to the scientific Press, and that authoritative medical journal, the "Family Doctor," warmly approves of his clever discovery, and after a full investigation advises all who have defective sight to write for the particulars he, for the time being, is prepared to send to anyone who will write him.

To secure these particulars it is only necessary to fill in and post the form below, accompanying your application with 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage.



A Splendid Offer to the Weakened.
Any person suffering from any of these symptoms is invited to write to Mr. John Levison, when he or she will receive by return post a full particulars telling him or her how the sight may be completely restored.

TO BE FILLED IN, CUT OUT, AND POSTED TO—

**MR. JOHN LEVISON,
64 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.**

Dear Sir,—Please forward me the full particulars of the new Eyesight discovery, according to your special offer in THE QUIVER. I enclose penny stamp to cover cost of postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

THE PERFUME OF
PRICE'S
Regina ORIGINAL
SOAP

captures everyone, for it is the blended fragrance of half a dozen sweet-smelling herbs and spices, some of which have held their charm since the days of Cleopatra. Its tempered sweetness strikes the golden mean, and appeals alike to man and woman. It exhilarates where the floral and chemical odours of many soaps depress. It remains constant and unchanged in strength and character to the last vestige of soap. Combined with the mildest and most emollient of soap bases, the qualities of this unique perfume make REGINA ORIGINAL in very truth the

QUEEN of SOAPS.

and it costs but 2½d. per tablet.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores.

A box of three trial samples of the Regina Specialised Soaps comprising one tablet each of the Nursery, Medicated and Original will be forwarded, post free, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of three penny stamp.

PRICE'S (D 13) BELMONT WORKS,

Battersea, London, S.W.

PER
2½ TABLET

RED NOSES

are a disfigurement, a distressing complaint that attracts unpleasant attention. I am daily curing sufferers of same. I will cure you by a simple home treatment at an infinitesimal cost. I also have a machine for misshapen or ugly noses. Write me in confidence for particulars **FREE**. Enclose stamp to pay postage. — Mr. B. K. Temple (Specialist), 39 Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.

The "SILKRITE" Regd. SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.

SILKRITE (Regd.)

The Countess of Winchelsea encloses 1/6 for a "Silkrite" Pen. G. Gittins, Esq., writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price." The LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 9), 5 Richmond Rd., Leeds.

OKTIS

are worn in all grades of Society.

In every land where smart clothes are an essential or where economy is desired. They "Double the Life of Your Corsets," and now that fashion demands a slim figure they are more useful than ever, for they gently repress the hips, and at the same time they preserve the correct shape of the corset and prevent all broken supports. **They Cannot Rust**, because they contain Rustless Zairoid, a material which has never been beaten for purposes of corset stiffeners.

Sold by all Drapers.



100 PIECES PURE WHITE CHINA,
21/-

Includes a complete Dinner Service for twelve, a complete Tea Breakfast Service for twelve, Hot Water Jug, Teapot, and a set of three Jugs. All to match and white, each piece thin and dainty, beautifully finished, and fit for any table.

Packed Free, Guaranteed Delivered Perfect; 21/- the Lot.

Money back if not delighted. Why not have your china bright and fresh from the kiln, and at half the price you usually pay? Our catalogues, showing the complete service, and testimonials from all parts of the world, will be sent to you Post Free.

Write for it now!

VINCENT FINE ART POTTERY, D, MOORLAND WORKS, BURSLEM, ENGL.



FITS CURED BY OZERINE

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of post card I will send you a bottle **absolutely free**.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
27 HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

post free 1/6

EASY CASH BACK

if not delighted.

5 YEARS GUARANTEE.

G. Tofts, Esq., writes: "I had a 'Silkrite' Pen three years ago. It is as good as ever."

G. Francis, Esq., writes: "Two dozen and one Pens have I purchased and my friends are perfectly satisfied with them."

Richly Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. 6d. Bargains in Jewellery, Cutlery, Electro Plate, Novelties, Post free!"



Chilprufe for CHILDREN

A COMPLETE RANGE

of Infants' and Children's Under-clothing, made from the finest PURE WOOL. The fabric is woven by us and finished by our secret process, which, whilst rendering it unshrinkable, does not destroy the nature and softness of the wool. The garments are skilfully cut, strongly made, and daintily finished, and are very easily washed.

The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene, whose authority in the matter of clothing must be accepted without question, have examined the "Chilprufe" garments and granted us their Certificate of Merit. This, in addition to the various other awards which we have gained, is sufficient assurance to all thoughtful mothers that the garments have real merit.

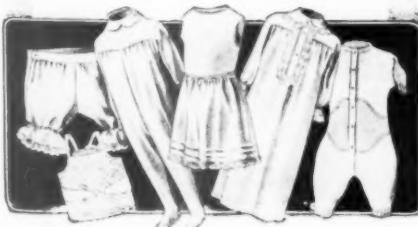
VESTS, STAYBANDS, PETTICOATS, BODICES, NIGHTGOWNS, SLEEPING SUITS, DRAWERS, BELTED COMBINATIONS, &c.

Of all Drapers and Outfitters, or address nearest shop on application.

Write for the "CHILPRUFE" Booklet
(Series 3919)

Fully illustrated and showing range
of Infants', Children's, and Ladies' Garments. Post Free.

The Chilprufe Manufacturing Co., Leicester



Q.



Do you always feel fit?

Fit in the morning when you get up after a good night's rest—fit during the forenoon after the first few hours of physical or mental labour—fit when you return home after the day's work—fit when the evening is past and you are ready to retire.

There is nothing like a cup of Vi-Cocoa to keep you always fit

Vi-Cocoa is nourishing food—as good as a beef-steak for really feeding properties. Vi-Cocoa is stimulant without reaction, natural, not artificial energy. Vi-Cocoa is a real tonic as well as a food—dispelling dyspepsia, indigestion, lassitude, and insomnia. Hundreds of thousands have proven it. Isn't it worth your trial? That's the best proof. If you doubt the experience of others you will believe your own.

Don't ask for Cocoa
ASK FOR

DR.
TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

xvii

Rest and Comfort

for the mother and health for the baby, follow the use of the 'Allenburys' Foods. They resemble healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility. Babies fed on the 'Allenburys' Foods invariably thrive well.

The Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

MALTLED FOOD No. 3.

From 6 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.

From 3 to 6 months.

RUSKS (Malted)

From 10 months.

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" Free.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S LTD., 37, Lombard Street, London.

THE "RED DWARF" STYLOGRAPH

WRITES SMOOTHLY, CANNOT LEAK, CONVENIENT SIZE, EVER READY.

is the best
in the world.

Post free

3/9

SEND
TO DAY.

All purchasers are delighted with the "Red Dwarf." We are receiving hundreds of testimonials and testimonials from all parts of the world.

J. KEARNEY & CO. (Sole Proprietors), 47 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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Advertisements in Provincial Newspapers.

Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a large number of the above, circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, *La Belle Sauvage*, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

TUMOURS

Abscesses, Ulcers, Tuberculosis, and Internally Grown, as cured by Vitaladatio. A valuable Home Remedy. After internal treatment, external operation, when all other treatments fail. Send post paid for free Trial Bottle (value 1s.) and testimonials to VITALADATIO, Ltd. (Dept. Q.V.), Park Square, Leeds.



COUPON. THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

The Editor of "The Quiver" will receive and acknowledge any Donations or Subscriptions for the under-mentioned Charities that are forwarded to him, addressed La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

London City Mission

HELP is URGENTLY SOUGHT in behalf of this well-tried and well-known agency, which for 25 years has laboured, in season and out, for the moral and spiritual good of the community.

The missionaries go from house to house, visit factories, workshops, wharves, public houses, and other places where working men are to be found, teaching them the importance of their souls, and even attending the death beds of hundreds of people, who might otherwise pass into eternity without the knowledge of God and eternal life.

£1,000 a week is required to maintain the present staff of 37 missionaries, the record of whose untired labours, with its glorious harvest of changed lives, can never be told.

During the Holiday Season, which alas! invariably shows a falling off in receipts, the Society's operations have involved an overdraft at the Bank of £5,800. This the Committee are now anxious to repay. Gifts or presents of any kind will be most gratefully received and acknowledged if sent to

*The Secretaries,
MISSION HOUSE,
3 BRIDEWELL PLACE, E.C.*

*Treasurer: F. A. BLAVAN, Esq.
Bankers: MESSRS. BARCLAY & CO., LTD.*

The Latest Report will be forwarded on application.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

The Knocking at the Door.



A timid little knock—they can hardly clamber up the steps, this little baby girl and her big brother of five. Another little baby girl at home is just a day or two old, but the poor mother had a drunken husband, and he was a brute, and he kicked her, and she died; and these little ones are trudging up these steps to where no drunken man can ever be cruel to them. Will you help us to answer the knock of such poor mites as these? 2s. 6d. Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Founder's Fund," may be sent to the Honorary Director, William Baker, LL.B., at Head Offices, 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

"IN HIS NAME."

12/6 Will Pay For

THE sum is so small that every hour of the day it is being spent on useless and trifling things. The pleasure it would provide is so great that the slum boy or girl dreams of its coming some day, yet hardly dare to believe it can be true when their turn for a holiday comes at last.

WHO WILL MAKE THIS LITTLE SACRIFICE SO THAT SOME LITTLE LONDON BOY OR GIRL MAY RECEIVE

A Great Benefit and Pleasure?

The Holiday Homes Fund hopes to be able to send 10,000 poor children for a Fortnight's Holiday. Such a Holiday would give a new lease of life to many a sickly child, and affords an experience that afterwards becomes a happy memory amid the unhappy life of Slumdom. All gifts for the Holiday Homes Fund of the R.S.U. and Shaftesbury Society will be gratefully acknowledged by

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P., Director and Secretary,

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION AND SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY,

32 John St., Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

A Fortnight
in the country
or at the
SEASIDE
for a
LONDON
SLUM CHILD

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



no harness, no lies, no fakes,
a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

Brooks' APPLIANCE CO., 638 Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

*The Earl of Shaftesbury,
President.*
134 beds always full.

Economically
Administered.
£12,000 a year expenditure.
Assured Income under £1,000.

PLEASE
HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

HACKNEY ROAD,
BETHNAL
GREEN,
E.

Late "North Eastern" Hospital.

33,000 Out-Patients annually.
87,000 Attendances.

Inquiry
System
in force for
prevention of
abuse.

No funds in hand.

THE INVINCIBLE TALBOT CAR

Over 50 Highest Awards
have been won by the
Invincible Talbot in Speed
and Hill-Climbing trials
this season.

Proof of its superior
power, the first essential
of an efficient touring car



Catalogue on request.

CLEMENT TALBOT, LTD.,
Automobile Designers & Engineers,
Barbly Road, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.

Irish Frieze Overcoats

30/- made to measure.

Sent Carriage Paid United Kingdom.

Woolly and warm, winter weight, strong in texture, they do not lose their shape and will keep out the bitter cold. With deep storm collars and belted back, they look and really are worth Three Guineas. You effect this great saving by cutting out all middle profits and dealing direct with us. Order "Donegal" Overcoat from us this Winter and see how our expert tailors and cutters do justice to these fine cloths. Misht is practically impossible—but we will return your money if you are not pleased with the garment. Sit down and write now for patterns.

Write To-day for our handsome book "The Story of Donegal Tweeds," also fashions for 1913, self-measurement forms, and a full range of patterns. Sent post free on request.

Donegal Tweed Co. (Mail Order Dept., F.H.),
Oldham Place, LIVERPOOL.

Also at DUBLIN, BELFAST, and DONEGAL, IRELAND.
Branches and Agencies throughout the World.



BLUSHING

Remarkable discovery that will interest every man and woman suffering from involuntary Blushing.

EFFECTIVE TREATMENT THAT PERMANENTLY REMOVES THE CAUSE.

Men and women who suffer from involuntary blushing need no longer despair. Out of a mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their self-consciousness can be so thoroughly removed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had this embarrassing complaint. Mr. S. K. Temple is the scientist who has formulated this marvellous home method that cures to stay cured. The treatment he prescribes goes to the very root of the disease, and cures it, so that the frequent blushing and flushing becomes a thing of the past. Mr. S. K. Temple wishes it understood that his method of cure is different entirely to the many others which have given only temporary relief. This new method is a simple home treatment that members of either sex can easily follow to a perfectly satisfactory issue—i.e. a permanent cure. By sending your name and address, and enclosing stamp to pay postage to **Mr. S. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39 Maddox St., Hanover Square, London, W.**, you will receive full description of this remarkable method which will enable men and women, previously nervous and shy, now to take their places in Society with pleasure and ease, and get greater profit from the business. The description is posted to you free, in a perfectly plain sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily you can be permanently relieved of blushing and flushing of the face and neck, and it will pay you to write to-day; don't neglect to do so.

FREE.

CONSTIPATION

Great as are the discomforts and pains that Constipation causes, there is besides the ever present danger of serious ailments that are directly caused by it. It has been said that nine-tenths of human illness springs from Constipation. This alone points to the great necessity that exists for attention as soon as it makes its presence felt. **Holloway's Pills** regulate the system and make each organ of the body perform its function in a free, easy, and natural manner.

IS
SPEEDILY CURED BY
TAKING

Holloway's Pills

* Q.

Now that AUTUMN is approaching and Fires will soon be required on Chilly days, the time is opportune to have your present Stoves fitted with

Adaptable "HUE" Barless Crates

By far the BEST and CHEAPEST of all Modern firegrates—see Testimonials.



Slow Combustion. No Litter.

Warms the room, NOT the chimney.

Will burn for hours without attention, and is guaranteed to give out **MORE HEAT with about HALF THE COAL CONSUMPTION.**

Can be adapted quite easily to any existing stove without removing the mantelpiece, and your local decorator can supply it from **15/- upwards.**

Send a post card for an **Illustrated Descriptive List**, giving details and prices, &c.

**YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
Dept. C.Q., STRATFORD, LONDON, E.**

Free Monthly Bargain List HIGH GRADE SECOND HAND FURNITURE

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Half the Cost and Double the Wear
of Cheap New Goods.

250,000 square feet of showroom
space fitted with £30,000 worth of
Genuine Bargains.

LONDON DELIVERIES ALL DISTRICTS DAILY.
COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

A Visit of Inspection will well repay.
SKETCHES & ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO POSTAL ENQUIRIES.

Furniture buyers (either large or small) will find this the best Emporium for their requirements in London, and if they cannot call should at once write for full descriptive Catalogue.

W. JELKS & SONS, 263-275 HOLLOWAY RD. N.
Depositories: 216 EDEN GROVE (adjoining).
Telephone: 1901 North. Telegrams: "Jelks, London."

W. JELKS & SONS
263-275 HOLLOWAY RD. LONDON N.

*None left !
what will he say?*

—and he enjoys H.P. Sauce so much because it tempts the appetite.

The real H.P. has a new and delicious flavour, different —quite different from any other sauce. You can taste the choice Oriental fruits and spices used in blending H.P. Sauce.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle of the one and only

**H.P.
SAUCE**

Grocers sell H.P. Sauce
in large 6d. bottles.

The McEwan Vinegar
Co., Ltd.
Birmingham.



P. P.

PLASTIC PICTURES
PLASTIC PICTURES

P. P.



ARE Clean, Bright and Effective.
ARE Captivate Children as well as Artists.
ARE Novel, Artistic and EASY.
ARE Stand out like Cameo Reliefs.
ARE Fascinating Work for Fireside or Drawing Room.
ARE Compel you to look at them.
ARE Charming when framed for the Wall.

OUTFITS complete with Plasticine in 10 Colours, Tools, Bronze, Colour Key, Directions and Set of 6 Outlines—No. 1 Dickens, 2 Historical, 3 Nursery. Price 2/-; post free, 2 1/2.

May we send you some further particulars and Illustration
of finished Picture in Colours? A P.C. will bring it.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd., 27 Bathampton, BATH

Holeproof Hose



DARN NO MORE

If they are not "Holeproof" we will give you NEW HOSE FREE.
"V. & H." Holeproof Hosiery is made from a specially British manufactured yarn. This yarn is lighter in weight and tougher and stronger than any other so pliable, it gives to constant pressure, is not thick and clumsy, but light, luxuriant, and elastic. There is hardly any spring or elastic stretch in ordinary hose, and this accounts for the fatal appearance of holes and thin places.

TRY THEM FOR TWO MONTHS.

Then, if within that time a hole should appear, send them back at once with our Guarantee Ticket which is sent with every pair we sell, and we will present you with new hose without extra cost.

The comfort and pleasure of good wearing hose to men conveys a sense of well-being and satisfaction all day long, while to business girls, and to ladies, especially when the work is daily darning it is invaluable. Price

Two Pairs of Men's Hose **2 10, postpaid.** **Two Pairs** of Ladies' Stockings **3 10, postpaid.**

Colours: Gents—Grey, Fawn, Tan, Draise, Purple, Navy, Dark Saxe Blue, Green, and

Black, and Grey, Brown, Saxe Blue, Navy, Champagne, Tan, and Black.

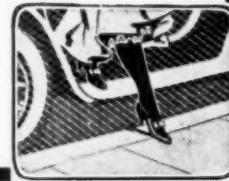
SILK HOLEPROOF. Socks, **7 6, postpaid.** **Two Pairs** Ladies Stockings **10 6,** postpaid.

Colours: Ladies—Black, Navy Blue, Empire Blue, Pearl-grey, Purple, White, Champagne, and

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THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

By THE EDITOR

I HAVE not been worrying readers unduly about the League of Loving Hearts for the last few months, as there have been so many other claims. But I must point out that we close our books on December 31, and we have still a great way to go before we reach the totals of past years.

I notice that a number of members have not yet renewed their subscription for the present year. The Christmas holidays will soon be upon us, and my experience is that a large part of our funds comes in between this and Christmas. I shall accordingly be watching my post with an anxious eye these next few days and weeks.

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including September 30, 1913:—

5s. each from "A Lisburn Friend," M. A. J.; 2s. 6d. from Emily Bramall; 1s. each from L. Smith, Mrs. Emily S. Haggard, Mrs. Bonnard.

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Drawn by
C. E. Brock



THE QUIVER



VOL. XLIX., No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1913

Our New Serial Story

CORRODING GOLD

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER I

ESTELLE

ESTELLE RODNEY had had a most discouraging day at her post in the Romsey Road Board School, Camberwell. The infants had seldom been denser, less malleable, or more tiresome. Some of them had cried and some of them had slept for the greater part of the afternoon.

Estelle attributed this state of matters entirely to the lack of fresh air. She was excessively fond of it herself; but over-indulgence of her craze for ventilating the room in season and out of season had resulted in a crusade of Camberwell mothers against it, and these had driven their protests home so effectually that explicit instructions had been issued to Miss Rodney regarding the opening of the windows.

The personal hygiene of that section of Camberwell infants left much to be desired, and the mingled odours of the classroom were such that the moment it was emptied of its human swarm at half-past three on this particular afternoon, Estelle threw all the windows open to their utmost extent. At the last one she paused, leaned her elbows for a moment on the wide sill, and looked out across the huddling roofs and spires, as if seeking some remote, almost impossible horizon.

There are parts of old Camberwell which are still beautiful and which are relieved from dinginess by patches of welcome greenery, but the side on which the infant mistress looked out was the quarter of the working hive—a labyrinth of mean streets whence the unhygienic infants sprang.

An immense disgust of it all, coupled with a strange weariness of life, oppressed Estelle Rodney, and she turned round and round on her finger a small, thin, old-fashioned ring, as if asking from it some solution of the problem of her life.

She was twenty-six years of age and had looks of a kind. In another sphere she might have been spoken of as a Diana or a Juno, being tall and generously built, with a handsome figure, a clever, intellectual face comprising a broad brow, thoughtful, if a trifle hard, grey eyes, and a firm and well-modelled mouth. Her garb was severely simple and eminently suited to her occupation—a neat, well-cut skirt of dark serviceable tweed and a shirt-blouse of Viyella flannel not too light in hue, trimly belted to her waist and finished with a knotted black tie, in which shone a plain gold safety pin. Her hair was abundant and becomingly arranged, if a little severe in style.

The effect was perhaps a trifle drab, but at the moment it was in keeping with her

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mood. She was thinking of her future and mentally looking down the vista of the years that she fully expected to spend in the school—years probably going on until she had reached the mature age of some of the other teachers, one of whom she knew for a fact to be forty-three. And it was an open secret that that teacher was only suffered to remain on the staff because the Board had some compunction with regard to dismissing a middle-aged woman who had nothing to live on except what she could earn, and who, if bereft of her post there, would probably fail to find another anywhere.

What the ratepayers might have had to say to this philanthropic attitude of mind they did not ask themselves, though each individual member was fully aware that Miss Inman did not earn her salary.

As Estelle left to go to the cloak-room for her coat and hat she encountered that lady on the stairs—a thin, meagre, rather pitiful figure, prematurely aged, with rounded shoulders and tight, skimpy grey hair screwed up into a knot behind, with the result that the somewhat large features seemed to be accentuated.

"You look tired, Miss Rodney," she said, and her sympathetic smile had a sudden sweetness which softened all the harsher outlines of her face.

"I am. It's the great unwashed that are responsible. My place is unbearable this afternoon. If I were a rich woman, I should come down to Camberwell and establish and endow a School of Hygiene for mothers."

Miss Inman faintly smiled. She was used to Miss Rodney's rather drastic remarks, and, as a rule, she enjoyed them. She had no interest beyond the Romsey Board School, and, had she been suddenly torn from her setting, she would probably have wilted like a flower long past its bloom.

No item in connection with the school was too insignificant to engage her breathless attention, a new coal-boy for the scuttles being sufficient to fill her with speculation for the rest of the day. She took a personal and vivid interest in every teacher and employee, from the headmaster down even to the charwoman who cleaned the schools each morning. She observed every change of dress as well as every variation of tone or mood, and two things about Miss Rodney to-day struck

her—namely, that she looked dingy and not so nice as usual, also that she was considerably out of sorts.

"I'm sorry you feel it all so much," she said. "Now, I can never be warm enough! My room has been sixty-five degrees all the afternoon, and look—my fingers are blue with cold!"

Miss Inman's circulation was bad owing to the insufficiency of the exercise she took and the inferior quality of the food she ate, whereas Estelle was a full-blooded creature who could endure any physical discomfort except that caused by lack of fresh air.

"I'm deadly sick of life at this moment, Miss Inman. As I was trying to hurl some perfectly useless information at these wretched infants this afternoon, I couldn't help asking myself whether the Almighty could ever have created me or any sensible, capable woman for such a destiny."

Miss Inman giggled, and her pince-nez fell off in the process and, to her great distress, alighted on the stone passage and were broken!

Estelle quickly stooped and picked them up.

"I'm sorry, Miss Inman, and, as it was I who caused you to break them, I'll take them with me and leave them at Mason's as I go by. I dare say he can have them repaired by to-morrow morning."

It was because she was so capable and so alert of thought that Estelle commanded respect. In certain directions she had great qualities of head and heart. What she wanted was more scope, a freer air, a life unhampered in its movements by system and curriculum. She felt her nature narrowing as the years were going by, and her whole being revolting against the process.

When she had put on her neat coat and her serviceable hat and had thrown her warm, fleecy Shetland scarf about her neck, she looked even older than her years.

"I needn't wait, as you don't go home my way, Miss Inman. So I'll bid you good-afternoon."

"Just wait a minute, and I'll go across the playground with you," said Miss Inman, struggling into a raincoat that had neither heat nor protection in it.

"Haven't you got anything warmer than that to put on?" asked Estelle with ready sympathy.

"Not at present. My coat and skirt have

CORRODING GOLD

worn out, and I gave them to the woman who comes in to clean my room. I can't afford to begin wearing my other just yet, as I am waiting till the January sales come on to buy another one. Last July at the Bon Marché they had some beauties at thirty-five shillings. I'm saving up for one of them."

Estelle quickly unwound her scarf and put it about her colleague's thin neck.

"Take that. I don't want it, really," she said. "It's mother who fusses about throat wraps. And it didn't cost me anything," she added as Miss Inman was about to protest. "It came out of the shop. Father had a stock that he couldn't get rid of, so he presented us each with one. It suits you better than me, anyway. I'm not one of the muffling-up ones."

Miss Inman's thin face glowed a little, and her nose assumed an even redder tint than usual on the point.

"You are a good sort, Miss Rodney! I often think of how good you have been to me all these years. You have never made me feel small and cheap as some of them constantly do."

"Why should I? You are every bit as good as I am. You are far too meek, Miss Inman — you ought to stand up to them and give them as good as you get. Vulgar lot, I call some of them. Well, I think I'll go. Good-bye."

Thus caustically dismissing, as it were, the whole staff, Estelle tripped out into the raw November air and made her way across the playground to the gates. It was certainly cold for November. A grey, threatening sky hung low, presaging either snow or that cold, biting kind of winter rain which is even more discouraging. But Estelle loved to feel the tang of it on her cheek. Although it was

only the heavy, crowded South London air that she had to breathe, she opened her mouth and lungs to it as if she loved and enjoyed it.

The school grounds, easily the most ample in the neighbourhood, were defined by a high railing and handsome iron gates, which gave the buildings quite an institutional air. No sooner had Estelle reached the gates than a man, evidently watching from the other side, crossed the roadway and advanced to meet her, with his unoccupied hand ready to raise his hat. Under one arm he carried a large flat portfolio, which might have contained drawings.

He had a tall figure, which he did not carry very well. His shoulders had the stoop of the student — a stoop that the carelessness of his dress seemed to accentuate



© P. 1913
"Take that. I don't want it, really," she said."

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

THE QUIVER

His face was an arresting one, being finely featured and suggestive of intellect, though it was marred by an exaggerated gravity of expression.

He was a frequent visitor at The Laurels, and Estelle's young brother Jack had attributed this gloom to the fact that he was called Eugene.

"What could you expect from a dosser called that?" he had asked with a healthy contempt, rejoicing at the same time in his own good old English name.

Estelle looked pleased—in a friendly way—to see him, but she betrayed not the smallest sign of self-consciousness or confusion. From her point of view, they were simply good comrades—nothing more. But his glance, as it rested on the trim figure and kind, strong face of Estelle Rodney, was undoubtedly eager.

She was the only woman that counted in his life, and she stood for all that womanhood can mean to an imaginative man. Estelle had no conception how Eugene Woods had idealised her. Probably she would have laughed had he told her.

"How did you get out so soon?" she asked when she had given her friendly nod. "I don't remember that Thursday's a short day at the Poly."

"It isn't; but I manœuvred to steal ten extra minutes in order that I might catch you here. Something has happened, Estelle they have offered me Tinayre's place."

"As head of the Art Classes!" she said inquiringly. "It'll make a difference, won't it, Eugene? I'm very glad."

"A difference of a hundred a year. Poor Tinayre goes back to his vineyards—so we are both satisfied. I thought you'd be glad."

"I am glad, of course. Everybody who knows you will be. I suppose it means more work?"

"I don't mind that. It will make other things possible," he said rather significantly.

"But it won't give you any more time for your writing, will it?" she asked with some solicitude.

"It will at least give me more heart."

"We had better walk on, hadn't we?" suggested Estelle; "at least, if you are going my way. They'll all be swarming out presently from the school, and you know what some of them are."

She spoke with quite a snap in her voice, and her pleasant face hardened.

"You're deadly sick of that crowd, Estelle," said Eugene quickly.

"Oh, I am! only goodness knows how sick! I've simply loathed everything today—even the kids. I could have slaughtered them every one!"

"You're overtired. Yours isn't a woman's work. It's killing you, Estelle," he said anxiously.

"Oh, no. I'm an able-bodied woman, as strong as a horse. It's only the spirit that gets the better of me. I'm most awfully interested in poor old Monsieur Tinayre. How did he manage ever to save enough to take him back to France?"

"He saved it by semi-starvation. In the last two years I know for certain that he never permitted himself on any occasion more than two meals a day."

"Happy France, to have won so much devotion from one of her sons!" said Estelle lightly. "Is there an Englishman anywhere who would cheat his stomach for the sake of his country?"

"There may be one or two, I hope, but I shouldn't like to be sure," said Woods with his queer, slow smile. "How you hit the nail on the head, Estelle! You are a perfect joy to me!"

"A sledge-hammer sort of joy, eh? And where is it Monsieur Tinayre has gone?"

"To Provence, to sit in the vineyards of his boyhood. That is how he expresses it."

"I wish him joy of them, and I hope they will come up to expectation when he gets there. To struggle for something so frightfully must mean that possession when it at length comes will disappoint, I think, for that is life."

Woods looked at the strong, fine face beside him with much feeling in his eyes. But Estelle had forgotten him. She seemed to be pursuing some train of thought suggested by Eugene's mention of the Frenchman's projected return to the land of his birth.

"If I have to stop much longer at Romsey Road, I shall behold in myself a second edition of Eliza Inman—wasted, worn, starved in body and in soul," she said presently. "The life of a teacher is no life for a woman. But Miss Inman is meek and good, while I am merely rebellious."

"It's one of the injustices of our time that women have to work as you do," said Woods passionately. "That is not what they were created for."

CORRODING GOLD

"There was more room in the world certainly when Eve had it to herself," said Estelle with a slight smile. "Well, tell me what you are going to do with this tremendous access of fortune that has come to you?"

He regarded her eagerly, fully alive to the opportunity offered by her question, yet a little afraid to grasp it.

He loved Estelle Rodney with the strong, fine passion of a man who, though thirty years of age, had never dissipated his gift of loving in philandering. A cramped and circumscribed youth, closely wedded to poverty of the most grinding kind, because the aspirations of his spirit were far ahead of his circumstances, had kept him austere and pure and singularly unspotted from the world.

He was the son of a small tradesman, and his mother, recognising in him undoubtedly gifts of a more versatile kind than fall to the lot of most men, had, in the face of much opposition, toiled and denied herself so that he might have the education fitted to his needs. Some years spent at the Polytechnic, where he was now the Art Master, had at least opened the door to the culture necessary for the maturing of his talents.

But what is culture?—rather a thing of the spirit, ingrained in the being, than acquired by meretricious polish. No word in the English language has been more completely wrenched from its true meaning or more persistently misunderstood.

Eugene Woods found in Estelle some strength and purpose perhaps lacking in himself. She inspired him to the highest endeavour—made him long to conquer the world for her sake. It was she who had encouraged him to write, some intuition assuring her that, though he was an excellent teacher of drawing, he might become a still more excellent writer of books.

Strange how the real gift, which is destined to illumine the life, sometimes comes to full growth so slowly that in its initial stages it is apt to be unrecognised!

Woods was just beginning the literary life, and had not as yet had even sufficient success to encourage him to go on.

Estelle knew all this, and she was deeply interested in his progress, but nothing more.

She was perfectly well aware, being one of the quickest and most observant of women, that Eugene was in love with her. But that knowledge did not disturb her very

much. She had the idea that she would never marry. Certainly she had no wish to marry Eugene. He was, in her opinion, too much of a big child.

Something in the atmosphere disturbed her at that moment, and, turning her clear, fine eyes to him, she caught the expression in his, and she began to quicken her steps, reddening furiously. She had no wish to receive a proposal of marriage from Eugene Woods in the Romsey Road at four of the afternoon.

"I think I'll take a bus," she said with an odd, unusual nervousness. "I was forgetting that mother has a tea-fight on this afternoon, and I promised to get home quickly."

"Presently, Estelle. Don't grudge me these few minutes," he said desperately, fearing to lose his opportunity. "I've something to ask you. Don't you think that two people could live together comfortably on two hundred and fifty pounds a year in a little house a little farther out from the city, perhaps—as near to the fringe of the country as would be possible for a man who has to earn his living in London?"

"I dare say. Thousands have to do it on less," answered Estelle, speaking at random.

"I can't bear to see you wearing your youth out in that incessant, sordid kind of toil," he said passionately.

"My youth! Oh, it's gone long since. I'm twenty-six," she answered lightly. "Besides, ordinarily I am quite happy and like Romsey Road immensely. They really are quite an amusing crowd—the staff, I mean. It's a little world all on its own, with heaps of comedy served up daily. Some day, when I am able to catch an inspiration from you, I'll write the 'Comedy of the County Council School.' I'm sure it would go down. Don't you think so?"

She was merely parrying with him—saying anything that occurred to her at the moment which might serve to stave off forbidden themes, while all the time she was keeping a strict look-out for her motor-bus.

"You've got to listen to me, Estelle, and to answer me too. Won't you marry me? If I had you beside me all the time, I'm sure I could write the book that you are always talking to me about. I feel that I have it in me."

"Marriage is fatal to genius," answered

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Estelle; "domesticity is its sworn foe. And it doesn't allure me, either. I'd liefer teach the Romsey Road kids than keep house any day! It would bore me to extinction in a week."

"Not if you cared——" he began.

Then Estelle turned to him and looked quite calmly and pointedly into his face.

"But I don't care, Eugene—at least, not to that extent. Marriage is a big thing—certainly the biggest that comes in a woman's way. It's too full of risks, and it might easily transform me into a fiend! I'm not taking these risks at present."

It was a very chilly answer to a sincere and impassioned offer; but Woods accepted it courageously. His love was no mushroom growth, but, on the contrary, it was a deep-rooted and strong affection which had developed slowly and which nothing would destroy or even diminish.

"Of course, I know I have little to offer," he began again.

But Estelle stopped him with uplifted finger.

"It isn't that, Eugene. You yourself must know that, if a woman cared at all, she wouldn't think of that. It's a poor kind of love that would weigh up every thing and would only be concerned as to what it was going to get out of marriage. No, no; you deserve something better! I can't give it to you. Let us be friends and comrades as we've always been. I don't want you to go out of my life," she added kindly.

This was a crumb of comfort, to which Woods clung desperately.

"I shan't. You needn't be afraid of that. I'm in it for all time," he said quietly. "I'll stand by, then, and work—heavens, how I shall work!—till I have something worth while to show."

She shook her head rather disconsolately, for that was not the point at all.

"It isn't what you can offer that would weigh with me," she reminded him. "If I felt like marrying you, it would make no difference to me whether you had one hundred or two hundred a year. Don't let us talk any more about it. And I hope what has been said won't make any difference—specially to our Saturday evenings at home. I'll expect you as usual on that day. Well, here's my bus. Good-bye."

She nodded brightly, told him to put on his hat, as people were staring at him, and darted off.

Once inside the bus, she closed her eyes and permitted her thoughts to dwell for a little while on the episode of the afternoon.

It had cheered her undoubtedly, for a woman past her first youth can never be quite indifferent with regard to a lover, even should he not be quite all that she could desire.

The Rodneys lived at Denmark Hill in a little cul de-sac called Bigwood Lane, where the houses, though small, were all detached and had quite pretty gardens.

They had lived there just seven years, though their earliest memories were of residence in a roomy old house above their father's place of business in the City Road. As the price of City property steadily advanced Samuel Rodney had grasped the fact that it would be considerably to the advantage of his pocket, as well as to the improvement of the health of his children, if he were to let the premises above the shop and to remove his household a little farther out.

He had hesitated a long time before he had taken this step, for he was oddly attached to the house in which he had been born and in which he had been brought up, and, moreover, he was very conservative in all his ideas. Nevertheless, on the whole, he had, sentiment apart, never had any reason to regret the change he had at that time made, for, after paying rent and taxes for the house in Bigwood Lane, he found himself fifty pounds per annum in pocket by it.

Estelle's face still wore an expression of deep thought as she got off the bus at the end of Bigwood Lane and walked towards the green wicket which gave admission to the small strip of garden in front of the house.

As she went through the gate she betheld a man on the step apparently ringing vainly at the bell.

The electric bell was one of a very inferior type and was constantly going out of order, and Estelle hastened forward to apologise to the man and explain why it had not rung.

She was surprised at his appearance. He was middle-aged and of very dignified carriage—a professional man, beyond doubt, she decided even before she observed the small brief-case that he carried in his left hand.

"I am afraid you are finding it difficult



"Presently, Estelle. Don't grudge me these few minutes," he said desperately. "I've something to ask you"—p. 5.

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to make yourself heard," she said with a smile. "It is a tiresome bell and is always getting out of order. I have a key, however."

"Thank you very much," he said, slightly raising his hat. "Am I right in thinking that Mrs. Rodney lives here?"

"Yes, she does—she is my mother," said Estelle courteously, and, fitting her latchkey in the door, she quickly threw it open.

CHAPTER II

THE BOMB-SHELL

AS they entered Estelle had to decide to which room she would take him.

The sound of voices and the smell of buttered crumpets proclaimed that the drawing-room was fully engaged. She opened the door of the dining-room, to find the table there drawn out to its full length and covered with articles which the working-party at Mrs. Rodney's had made for the annual Christmas sale for the funds of the chapel. Their minister was a bachelor, whose lack of a wife to direct the various activities of the women of his congregation had been in a measure supplied when Mrs. Rodney, great in good works and a very capable manager, had stepped into the breach.

The only other room to which a stranger might have been taken was the morning-room, and past experience inclined Estelle to believe that it would then be in temporary use as a cloak-room for wraps.

"I am afraid there is no proper place to put you in," she said with a charming and slightly apologetic smile. "My mother happens to have a working-party this afternoon. Will you come in here, please?" she said, leading the way to the dining-room, "and excuse all these things lying about."

"That is a matter of no consequence," answered the stranger pleasantly. "My name is Underwood, of the firm of Holt and Underwood, John Street, Bloomsbury."

This did not convey any very precise information to Estelle Rodney, though it had crossed her mind that he might be a lawyer.

She removed a large and particularly hideous sofa blanket in worked wool which was displayed on the most comfortable arm chair, drew the latter forward, and asked him to sit down, while she summoned her mother.

"It is my mother you wish to see?" she paused at the door to ask. "My father, of course, is at business in the City Road, and does not usually get home until about seven o'clock."

"My business is with Mrs. Rodney," he repeated with slight emphasis on the name.

Considerably mystified, Estelle went out quickly and closed the door. It was now dark enough to have all the lights turned on, and Estelle lit the gas in the hall and began to draw off her gloves.

She thought of sending in Julia, the little maid, to ask her mother to come out and speak to her, but, after a moment's consideration, she decided that that might be looked on as ostentatious and might give offence to some of the chapel ladies.

She knew them all, and could have numbered and named them on her fingers at the moment. Estelle did not share her mother's love for church activity, for she had made up her mind that such things have very little place in the system of religion. Such activity served merely as a sort of social chain, she thought, to bind numerous incongruous units together in imaginary oneness of purpose, and Estelle would have walked a long way round to avoid a working-party! In the oftentimes hard way that youth has of judging, she dismissed it all rather contemptuously, without ever bestowing a thought on the real kindness, self-sacrifice, and comradeship which make such combined effort a blessing to church life.

In ordinary circumstances her mother would have expected her to change her school garb for something more befitting the occasion. There was not time, however, to do that at present. So, with her gloves still in her hand, Estelle opened the drawing-room door.

It was a long narrow room with a French window looking out to the garden, and it was furnished in a very nondescript fashion with odd bits of furniture picked up at sales. In the City Road house there had been no drawing-room, but at Denmark Hill the daughters of the family had declared a drawing-room to be a necessity. It was by no means pretty, but it had a homely, attractive look, and the huge bunches of pink roses on the Early Victorian carpet had improved and mellowed with age and much usage.

Estelle beheld about twelve ladies of varying ages all busily engaged in consum-

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ing and, incidentally, praising the good things provided by their hostess for their enjoyment. Mrs. Rodney was an excellent household manager, and she particularly prided herself on her baking prowess. One entire morning once a fortnight was given up to it in preparation for the meeting of the working-party; and appreciation of her efforts was always ready and warm. Recipes were often asked for on these occasions.

"There isn't much use of passing on 'receipts'"—so she called them—Mrs. Rodney would rather proudly remark to her family afterwards. "It's the touch that does it, and it isn't every woman that's got the light hand!"

Mrs. Rodney sat behind her well-spread table, dressed in a gown of stiff black satin with a lace collar fastened by a cameo brooch. She was a large, ample, comely woman with a high colour, bright and rather restless black eyes, and quantities of very dark hair, which had once been curly, but which she now kept in order by a special brand of brilliantine. A band of black velvet and a bow on top completed her coiffure, which was considered eminently suitable.

Estelle nodded pleasantly to the assembled party, and then fixed her eyes on her mother's face.

"There is someone waiting to see you in the dining-room, mother."

Mrs. Rodney looked startled.

"Very awkward time to call," she said. "Who is it, Estelle? Couldn't you have asked her business?"

"It's a gentleman, and he wishes to see you particularly."

Her mother betrayed signs of perturbation, and the ladies sat forward eagerly, much interested in this most unusual break into the precedent of the afternoon programme.

Mrs. Rodney wiped her mouth with one of the Japanese serviettes, provided at sevenpence a hundred, which saved the laundry bill and were considered rather smart at Camberwell teas that winter. Then she rose with a rustle of skirts.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" she said. "Probably it is somebody who wishes to see Mr. Rodney. You are quite sure he asked for me, Estelle?"

"Oh, quite. I asked him twice."

"And you are quite sure that it is not somebody selling tea, or sewing machines,

or combined washers and wringers, etc.?" she asked severely.

"I don't think it is anybody of that kind," answered Estelle, smiling as she walked to the door, pulling off her coat as she went and handing it to her mother. "Please, put that down somewhere, mother. I suppose I had better stop here till you come back?"

"Of course. And see that everybody has a second cup, and ring for Julia if more tea is needed," she said, glancing with disapproval at Estelle's working garb.

"It's a pity—but there, they'll understand," she added.

With that she was gone, and Estelle, feeling her face flushing already with the moist heat of the room, asked whether the ladies near the French window would mind if it was opened a little.

At this Mrs. Atherley, the wife of the veterinary surgeon, and a small, weary-faced creature, ostentatiously rose and seated herself at the other side of the room.

"Discretion is the better part of valour," she announced. "I suppose you've been walking home, Miss Rodney, and feel warm with the exertion?"

"No. I came up the hill on the bus, but I have been working in rather bad air all the afternoon, and, somehow, one never gets used to it."

"Dear Mrs. Rodney's drawing-room is rather low in the ceiling, and, of course, there is a great deal of furniture in it, and that uses up the air-space," said Mrs. Craddock, the grocer's wife. "We take in a delightful paper called the *Connoisseur*, and we are gradually altering the whole style of our house. Austere simplicity is the note it strikes, and last week a writer advocated the Japanese idea of house decoration—one picture, one ornament at a time in a room until one gets tired of them. Then put out a fresh one of each. Edgar was quite taken with the idea."

Estelle's fine mouth trembled a little with inward amusement as she pictured Mr. Craddock, with his white apron very tightly drawn across his too ample front, posing as a devotee of Japanese art!

"How awfully funny!" giggled Clara Ironside, who played the American organ in the chapel. "A ripping idea for people who can't afford to buy many pictures or ornaments! What did you say was the name of the paper, Mrs. Craddock?"

The little woman, who before marriage

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had been a "first hand" in one of the Bon Marché departments, proceeded to enlarge on Japanese art, feeling that she had secured a special and not-to-be-neglected opportunity of airing her knowledge.

When Mrs. Rodney was in the room she quite naturally took the leading place among the ladies, and they all deferred to her. She was a very good-natured person and her heart was truly kind, but in some directions she was distinctly aggressive. Estelle had often felt thankful, especially on her mother's more active mornings, that she had an occupation that took her outside; and she had had a great sympathy with the views of a writer who in a recent number of the *Parents' Review* had an article entitled "The Menace of the Active Mother."

She listened to the conversation, but her thoughts were detached, naturally drifting in the direction of the dining-room, where an interview, more or less momentous, she believed, was now taking place between her mother and the stranger.

It was quite unduly prolonged. Five o'clock had struck, and Estelle was thinking of ringing for Julia to remove the tea things when she heard sounds indicating that the stranger was being shown out.

All the others heard them too, and, in some odd, instantaneous way, as if by common consent, they suspended their talk to listen and to wait.

The sound of murmuring voices lingered in the hall. Then there was a noise caused by the opening and the shutting of doors; yet still Mrs. Rodney did not hasten back.

Estelle felt herself getting nervous, and she was about to rise and investigate when the drawing-room door opened and the matron appeared.

Estelle never forgot to her dying day the expression of her mother's face at the moment. Her ruddy colour had paled with some inward excitement, her eyes gleamed, her ample bosom heaved.

The girl sprang forward.

"Dear mother, you have been vexed or troubled," she said impulsively, for Estelle's heart was really and truly kind.

Mrs. Rodney waved a hand of protest.

"No, no. Only a little upset. Let me sit down for a moment or two and drink a cup of tea."

"I'll bring some fresh," said Estelle quickly. "Everybody has finished."

Mrs. Rodney sank into a chair which had been vacated for her, and the most active and sympathising concern was depicted on every face.

Estelle was only a minute gone, for Julia, acting under severe instruction, had not for a moment permitted the large kettle to go off the boil on the gas-ring.

A cup of tea was quickly poured out, and Estelle made it to her mother's liking and handed it to her. While she was doing so she wished that all these women would have the sense to get up and go away, since the afternoon function was supposed to end with tea, and she was quite sure that her mother had something of importance to communicate.

They did not, however, betray the smallest intention of doing so; but, on the contrary, they waited with varying degrees of interest and ill-disguised curiosity for such enlightenment as Mrs. Rodney might elect to bestow on them.

"Now I feel better," said that lady when she had drunk three parts of her tea and eaten a morsel of rather leathery crumpet. "Ah, tea is a splendid stimulant! If some of our misguided friends would only realise that! But it must be good tea and be freshly made," she added viciously, "if it is to help one. Some of the tea one gets in houses where one might expect better things is, to say the least of it, highly injurious and improper."

One or two members of the party guiltily flushed, because "Days-at-home," however skilfully managed, present a difficulty in moderate households, where the quantity of tea to be consumed has to be taken into consideration.

Presently she looked round with a comprehensive smile, which, however, she quickly quenched.

"Ah, yes, life is a very strange thing; and even the most commonplace destiny is capable of being filled with romance! I have just heard something astonishing, almost overwhelming. I had a brother. He emigrated to Australia—let me see, it must be quite thirty years ago—and nothing has ever been heard of him since—"

Mrs. Rodney paused there, not caring to add that an immediate departure from his own country had become necessary, if he wished to continue a free man.

"He was my only brother—not particularly brilliant, a plodder rather than a meteor," she continued grandly. "But the

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way in which he has got on just shows that the parable of the hare and the tortoise still holds good.

"He has done well, dear Mrs. Rodney? How gratifying!" murmured Mrs. Craddock excitedly.

"Ah, yes, he has done splendidly; but, unfortunately, he has not been spared to reap the harvest of his labour and his success. The gentleman who called this afternoon was a lawyer come to announce his death and other very important matters in connection with his estate."

"How interesting!" "How sad!" "How strange!" were some of the murmured comments on this announcement, which Estelle listened to with a growing impatience.

She wanted the visitors to go away; she had the feeling that it was even indecent for them to linger, prompted to do so, as she was sure they were, by no motive save that of sheer curiosity.

But nobody observed either her restlessness or her rather pointed movement towards the door, and her mother went on talking.

"The ways of Providence are very wonderful! I remember quite well the night on which my brother Edgar left home. We lived quite in the country in an old manor-house near the New Forest."

This was stretching a point with a vengeance, the mansion in question having been merely a farmhouse belonging to a quite small holding that had been held by her family for a period of years from the adjacent manor of Lipscombe.

The spirit of adventure had come upon him, and he did not want to occasion unnecessary pain to the old people by any sort of leave-taking. So he left without saying good-bye, but he could not go without telling me, for we had always been inseparable. It was in the dead of night, and we parted in the moonlight at the back door. I gave him five pounds that I had saved up and kept in an old money box; and it was veritably bread cast upon the waters. I never could have expected such a return!"

"Then your poor brother, though an exile, died a rich man abroad?" suggested Mrs. Craddock, who was always the chief spokeswoman of the working party.

Mrs. Rodney inclined her head.

"He has left a great estate," was her answer, "a sheep-farm and a great deal of

money. He has never married, and I, his only sister, am his sole legatee. Now, my dear friends," she added, "in the circumstances I am sure you will excuse me, for this is a great upset and I must be alone with my family to recover myself."

They all rose rather hastily, murmuring that of course she was perfectly right.

"I suppose we may offer congratulations as well as condolences?" murmured Mrs. Craddock as she took her gloves from her reticule and began to pull them on her thin, work-worn hands. "Thirty years is a long time to be away, and Australia is a very distant country. It is hardly possible in these circumstances that grief can be so very acute!"

"You are wrong, Eliza. The ties of blood cannot be weakened either by lapse of time or greatness of distance," observed Mrs. Rodney reprovingly.

"Well, all I hope is that it won't make any difference to us all, and that we shall not lose you from Denmark Hill or from the chapel," said Mrs. Atherley. "I, for one, shall go home and fervently pray," she added piously, "that this accession of fortune will just provide increased channels for your generous activity."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Rodney graciously. "I have bestowed my confidence on you because you are all such old and valued friends, but, of course, I do not wish this talked about, especially in the chapel. I assure you it will make no difference to me personally. I hope I have too much common sense and proper feeling to be uplifted even for a moment by the deceitfulness of riches."

It was rather a fine peroration, and Mrs. Rodney continued to hold forth spasmodically in this high strain until the door had closed behind the last of the band of visitors.

Then she simply flopped into the chair nearest the hall fireplace and called feebly for Estelle.

"Oh, these women! They were nearly the death of me! But didn't you think I carried it off rather well on the whole?"

"It was like somebody acting on the stage, mother," answered Estelle with her usual uncompromising bluntness. "It did not sound a bit real. I suppose it was true what you told them?"

Mrs. Rodney sat up suddenly, offended by the tone of her daughter's voice as well as by the nature of her remarks.

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"True! It is perfectly true! That was Mr. Andrew Underwood, of the firm of Holt and Underwood, solicitors in Bloomsbury. It seems they have a corresponding firm in Melbourne who wrote to them to make inquiries about us."

"And Uncle Edgar really has left a fortune, then?"

"He has. A very great fortune! Mr. Underwood spoke of two hundred thousand pounds, and there is the sheep-farm besides."

"Good gracious! Two hundred thousand pounds!" exclaimed Estelle. "Then daddy will be able to get a rest at last!"

Her voice softened, and it was easy to gather from that where the tender spot in Estelle's heart was.

"But, mother, was all that true that you told them about the way in which Uncle Edgar left England?" she questioned. "I never heard the story before."

"It was quite true that he stole away in the middle of the night, and, if he hadn't done so, he would have been in gaol next morning," replied Mrs. Rodney with a strange snap in her voice. "And it is true about the money as well. I had to give it to him because he made me. I didn't want to in the very least! So, if it's the truth you want," she said indignantly, "there, you have got it, Estelle! I never saw such a creature for revelling in disagreeable facts! I suppose you think I ought to have told them all that without varnishing it in the slightest degree."

"I don't think you should have told them anything," Estelle answered quickly. "Everybody in Denmark Hill and right down in Camberwell will know all about it by bedtime to-night—most of them before even father has heard it."

"Could I help that? Your father is at business—so please be reasonable. Now, I wonder when Kathie will be home? She is the one who always understands things and takes the proper view. I think your nature is hardening, Estelle. Perhaps that is due to your kind of work, but it is regrettable. A woman should be kind and tender and not hard and critical, as you are."

"I don't mean to be, mother. But, somehow, I hate the idea of all these people discussing us and our affairs to-night over their supper, and wondering what we shall do with the money! Perhaps, after all, there might be some mistake, or some hitch. Then think how cheap we should all feel!"

"There can be no mistake or hitch. Mr. Underwood spoke quite positively. I don't suppose you are very observant, or you might have noticed that he was a very superior kind of man—one evidently of high professional standing. And he was very respectful and deferential to me, and most anxious to be of use. I'm to call at the office of the firm to-morrow morning with your father."

"Of course, he would be all that you say, hoping that you will continue to be his rich client," said Estelle with a smile. "Well, I do wish that father would come home! Don't you think he has looked rather worried of late, mummy?"

Just very occasionally the old childish name for her mother would slip out, though Mrs. Rodney had forbidden its use since her children had grown up. She allowed it, however, to pass unchecked this time.

"Of course he has," she replied. "Business has not been good of late, and it has worried him dreadfully, because he feels that he really ought to dismiss John Glide. He is very fond of John, of course, but he really can't afford to pay him his salary."

"I can't imagine the City Road shop without John Glide," said Estelle. "Do you remember what a little nipper he was when he went as errand boy to the shop just before we came out here to live?"

"Yes, of course, I remember quite well," was the answer. "Didn't I provide him with a complete set of underclothes and give him many and many a meal?"

"But John has never forgotten that, mother. He has been most grateful and kind always."

"Oh, yes. I am not complaining of John. Why are we discussing him now? Of course, your father will give up business at once. Oh, when one actually begins to think what this change of fortune will mean, one's brain reels! It will mean that you will all give up working."

"Right-o! When does this new kind of millennium begin, mater?" called a cheery boyish voice from the end of the passage.

A lad of fifteen came into the room, tossing his satchel off his shoulder and flinging his school cap with the red and white badge into a corner.

"I hope it's going to begin now on yours truly, for I've had simply the rottenest day," he continued.

Jack, the second son of the family and the fourth child, was a handsome, open-

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"He has left a great estate," said Mrs. Rodney,
'and I am his sole legatee'" — p. 11.

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faced lad, with a tall, well-knit figure and a roving eye, which won him heaps of friends. But he was no student, and his school life had been singularly barren of achievement.

It had been decided that on account of his meagre show of ability he must go into the business in the City Road, and make up by plodding attention to routine what he lacked in initiative.

The prospect appalled Jack Rodney, who was a child of the sun and air and whose greatest longing was for country life. It is possible that some strain of the old yeoman blood was in his veins. Anyhow, the problem of his career was troubling both his parents and himself at that very time.

"Sit down, Jack, and hear the great news," said his mother, her bosom swelling with pride. "We have had a visit from a great London lawyer this afternoon, who came to tell us that your Uncle Edgar Peacock has died in Australia and left us a very large fortune and an immense sheep-farm—"

Jack's sunny eyes grew round with the wonder of it.

"Oh, how ripping! And shall we all go out there and settle on the place? Oh, do let's!"

His mother shook her head.

"No, no, my son! But the possession of the fortune will make a great difference to us all. Perhaps now you will be able to go to the University."

"Oh, pax, mater! You promised to let me off that rot ever so long ago," cried Jack ruefully. "Can't you put in a word for a chap, Este?"

Estelle laughed and ran her fingers rather softly through his thick brown curls. It was easy to see that Estelle Rodney was devoted to the men-folk in her home. They had never had to accuse her of lack of sympathy or understanding.

"That seems like the sound of a key in the lock," cried Mrs. Rodney excitedly. "Can that be Kathie home already? Now we'll hear something worth while!"

CHAPTER III

IN THE CITY ROAD

THERE are some old-established businesses in the City Road—certain retail shops—which seem oddly to preserve the flavour of the days when it was common for

burgesses who traded there to make modest fortunes before the tide of fashion rolled westward.

To this class belonged the haberdasher's shop which bore above the doorway the name of Rodney and Sons. A small, quaint signboard on which was depicted a golden lamb symbolised the fact that the shop dealt primarily in woollen articles. That sign, painted by a once-famous artist who had squandered his talent in the pot-houses of the day, had suffered many things at many hands.

It had been removed from time to time by those heads of the house who regarded it as grotesque and altogether inappropriate to modern usages, and contemptuously compared it to the signboard of a public-house.

But the present tenant of the old shop did not so regard or despise it. He had been an odd, studious kind of boy, fond of possessing quaint things and of poking into old records. That liking had grown and strengthened with his years, with the result that, when he arrived at manhood and the business passed into his hands, he unearthed the old sign from a hiding place in the cellar or the attic—he was never very clear which—had it cleaned, re-gilded and restored, and put above the door, where it was not at all out of place.

It was intended, of course, to represent the golden fleece of which the garments offered within were supposed to be made.

The quaint conceit pleased Cyrus Rodney, as it had pleased the little apprentice, John Glide, who had risen from the position of errand boy to be first assistant in the shop. In fact, he was now the only assistant.

Several people wondered why Rodney's son, Cyril, the eldest of the family, did not occupy that position. But Cyril was too ambitious to be satisfied with that post, or even with a share in the City Road business; he had inherited more of his mother's acumen and foresight than of his father's dreamy, old-fashioned notions, and he had decided quite early in his career that the City Road premises in the natural order of things was doomed.

He aimed at bigger things—at nothing less, indeed, than becoming, if at all possible, a partner in some large wholesale house for the supply of goods to such businesses as theirs, a house in which fortunes could with certainty be made. With that end in view he had got his father to speak for him to a firm in St. Paul's

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Churchyard, and had entered their extensive place of business when he was sixteen years of age, after having served only a very brief term in the City Road shop.

He had now been eight years in his present employment, and was traveller for a certain district in England—a post which necessitated frequent and lengthy absences from home. He was a successful traveller, possessing, as he did, all the qualities essential to that somewhat difficult calling, and he was looking forward to the day when he should have a share in the business and so be able to set up a home of his own.

He had been engaged for four years to a girl who was a member of the chapel which he attended with his parents, and though Carrie Bygrave would willingly have married him on the respectable salary which he now earned, Cyril said loftily that he had no intention of venturing on matrimony until he had some better prospect than that of merely "grubbing along," as he elegantly expressed it.

Cyrus Rodney was very fond indeed of the old shop and of his work in the City Road. He was bound to it by many traditions of memory and association, and it had been rather a pang to him to behold the old house above it which, to his certain knowledge, had sheltered five generations of Rodneys, given up to the occupancy of strangers for storage purposes. These tenants had also wanted to lease the shop, but he had strenuously refused to shift his business to another locality. And, indeed, for him to have done so would have been quite a fatal step, for the old-fashioned customers who had been in the habit for years of buying certain articles at Rodney's would never have taken the trouble to follow him to these fresh quarters.

The customers were nearly all City men who, having proven the excellence of certain articles of attire to be had in the City Road shop and approving Cyrus Rodney's personal interest and old-fashioned courtesy, had continued to extend their patronage to him over a long period of years.

But these were dwindling in numbers, for the younger generation imagined that smartness even in underwear belonged exclusively to the West End.

At the end of each quarter, when Rodney made up his balance-sheet, his heart sank as he beheld the shrinkage of the credit side, and he found it increasingly difficult as time moved on to obtain the necessary

money to carry on his household at Denmark Hill, though it was not conducted on extravagant lines.

Three of the children were now self-supporting, and the two girls paid a modest sum each week for their board—an arrangement which their father hated, but which his thrifty wife had insisted on as giving the girls an opportunity of learning the spending value of money.

Two were wholly dependent—Jack and little Louie, the baby and flower of the flock; and the problem of Jack's immediate future was beginning to press for solution.

As Cyrus Rodney sat poring over his desk under the flaring gaslight on a murky November evening, his kind face wore a distinctly worried look.

It was about half-past six; business was suspended for the day, and John Glide was putting up the shutters, while his master made a note of the earnings. There had been considerable fog in the city that day, though the atmosphere had been quite clear on the outer fringes, and trade had consequently suffered.

"This has been a disappointing day, John," his master said when he came in with the keys of the shutter padlocks and laid them on the desk.

John was a tall, handsome young man, and in his shirt-sleeves he looked extraordinarily boyish. His face, flushed with the exertion of putting up the heavy shutters, was an open and winning one, and his keen grey eyes dwelt with affectionate interest on his dear master's face.

The relations between these two were rather idyllic and altogether exceptional in these days of keen commercial and industrial competition. Glide had never ceased to be grateful for the helping hand that had raised him from the gutter to a respectable place in the world of men.

He knew nothing about his parentage, and he had been a waif of the streets, selling newspapers at the nearest corner to Rodney's place of business. The child's pitiable condition had touched Rodney's kind heart, and he had enlisted his wife's practical sympathy on the boy's behalf, had taken him into his employ, provided him with food, clothing, and a warm bed among the bales of merchandise in the back premises, and for fifteen years the bonds had gone on strengthening until the two were now like father and son.

Indeed, Rodney was far more intimate

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with John Glide than he was with either of his sons. Cyril he stood in awe of, feeling in his presence that he was regarded as a person of no importance and as one who, somehow, had made a mess of things in general. Jack he dearly loved, but that happy young animal, with his passion for sport and outdoor life, puzzled him, and it was not possible to conceive of his pursuing successfully, or even contentedly, the even, dull tenor of daily existence in the City Road shop.

Glide, having been brought up, in a sense, with his master's family, was intimate with all its members; but of late, for certain reasons which will immediately become manifest, Mrs. Rodney had discouraged his visits to Denmark Hill and had pointedly instructed her husband that he was not to continue to give him free entry to the house.

The assistant had dared to raise his eyes to Kathie, the second daughter—a petite, charming creature, on whose future her mother was already building the highest hopes.

Kathleen had the charm which Estelle, with all her solid qualities, lacked. She was bright, quick, elusive, artistic in her conception of ordinary affairs, picturesque in appearance, and interesting in personality; and, being secretary to a lady whom Mrs. Rodney, unacquainted with the world of books, imagined to be a shining light in the literary world, she had prospects of too bright a character to include within their scope a person like John Glide as a possible husband.

"The weather has been against us, sir," said John cheerfully. "I could have counted the folk that went by on the pavement this afternoon."

"Yes, that is true; but business is not good, John—not good at all! In fact, it is causing me the very keenest anxiety. After all claims are met, the margin of gain is very small. Indeed, I am afraid to tell my dear wife how small it is."

He ran his fingers up and down the columns of the ledger; but John Glide, from whom he had no secrets, hardly required to follow him—he knew to the fraction of a farthing what were the profits of the house.

"Perhaps we buy in too dear a market, sir," he said modestly. "Everything everywhere has advanced in price except with us. I've pointed out before that we could hardly go on profitably selling at the old prices

when the cost of purchase for us has gone up more than ten per cent."

"You may be quite right, John; but, as I have pointed out to you before, Rodney's have never kept but one quality of goods—the best. Then, as to price, how could I raise it on my old customers? They would not like it, John—in fact, I believe they would go elsewhere for a cheaper, even if adulterated, article."

Glide was silent for a moment, for this sort of argument, with which he was perfectly familiar, was difficult to refute. He had far too much affection and respect for his master to thrust his own opinions on him. But during the last year or two he had endured many moments of anxiety and dismay in contemplation of the future. He could not deny that, regarded from the keen modern standpoint, Rodney's business methods were hopeless, and that, sooner or later, they would have to be abandoned or the business would abandon them.

Cyrus Rodney, though a sound Liberal and Nonconformist, was conservative in every relation of his life, extending his conservatism down to the very smallest detail in his business. His conservatism was, indeed, an immense granite wall on which the persuasive, gentle wave-lap of John Glide's keener perception in business matters made not the smallest impression.

Sometimes the problem of his own future rather appalled John Glide, for he was virtually wasting his virile years in the City Road shop, learning nothing fresh and advancing himself by not a single step.

But, as has been said, the relation between these two was idyllic, and did not admit of being subjected to the usual tests.

"People have laid in their winter stocks," he observed at last, though quite conscious of the futility of this plea. "We can't expect to do much better now till the turn of the year, when people will begin to require thinner things."

"Ah, yes; of course there is that to be thought of," assented Rodney, trying to speak more cheerfully. "And we must take the fat with the lean—eh, John?"

"Yes, of course; but, sir, have you thought any more about the suggestion I made last year—do you remember? I suggested that we might open a ladies' department for gloves and pretty neckwear, and even for blouses. I am sure there's money in these trifles, and there is no shop near us selling anything of that kind."

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"This has been a disappointing day, John," his master said when he came in with the keys"—p. 15.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

Rodney looked the strong disapproval that he felt.

"I should dislike doing that very much, John; it would be undignified. Rodney's have been men's mercers since the beginning, I should like them to continue so until the end."

Glide was on the point of saying that in that case the end could not possibly be far off, but out of consideration for his master's feelings he refrained.

"And besides, who would buy the articles you suggest?" continued Mr. Rodney. "Ladies do not come to the City Road to shop."

"Not for that purpose only, but a good many ladies do pass up and down it. For instance, there are all the young ladies engaged as typists and clerks in this neighbourhood. You know that pretty often they have come in and asked for gloves and handkerchiefs."

"Occasionally they have, I admit; but I dislike the idea, John—I dislike it intensely. It would alter the whole character of Rodney's—take away its flavour, so to speak. But I am quite willing to talk it over with

Mrs. Rodney—in fact, I will do so to-night. Perhaps you had better come home with me to supper to-night, John, so as to be ready to bring forward your arguments in favour of this tremendous change."

A sort of eager, pleased look leaped into the young man's eyes, but a moment after he seemed a trifle reluctant to accept the invitation.

"If you wish it, sir, certainly; and if you think Mrs. Rodney would be pleased to see me," he stammered.

"Why, of course she will! What a strange thing to say!" observed Rodney hastily, as he slid off his high stool which, covered in ancient black hair-cloth, had stood in front of that desk for nearly a hundred years. "You haven't been at The Laurels for a long time, John."

"Not since September, sir—just after you returned from Clacton," answered Glide, who had a very lively recollection of Mrs. Rodney's icy reception of him on that occasion.

Her coolness towards him had arisen from the fact that during the family's absence at the seaside he had ventured to escort

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Kathleen twice to the play—an attention which Mrs. Rodney considered presumptuous and of which she highly disapproved.

Kathleen liked John Glide: deep down in her heart she even loved him; but at the present time she was passing through sundry mental phases which may be explained later. She had become conscious of the power she possessed to influence others. Her charm, her beauty, her quick, alert personality were receiving recognition among those whom she regarded as the great ones of the earth. She had, in some slight degree, been intoxicated by it, and had, in consequence, lost her sense of proportion.

So in the meantime John Glide had to stand back. He had done so because, mingling with his faithful affection, there was an indomitable pride which would not suffer him to make himself cheap.

Glide helped his master into his shabby overcoat with that care and attention which had never failed in all the years they had been together.

It grieved him to observe the fine lines of care that were more deeply marked than usual on his face, and the whitened hair about the temples, though Rodney was not an old man, as age is accounted in these days.

Each evening the same small routine was observed—so many doors carefully fastened and the padlocks safeguarded; though Rodney often jocularly remarked that members of the light-fingered gang were hardly likely to tamper with their safe. These would only take risks where they had the certain chance of bigger booty.

Rodney usually carried the day's takings in a small black leather bag. On this occasion Glide relieved him of it at the street door, after he had once more examined the locks and the shutter fastenings; and he was truly sorry that his burden should be so light.

Rodney, however, naturally a cheerful man—somebody at Bethesda Chapel had called him “a real Christian optimist”—recovered his spirits before they got out at the station and walked down the hill to Bigwood Lane, in which his house stood.

It presented a very cheerful front, and Rodney pulled out his watch at the gate to see whether they were later than usual.

“Ah, I forgot! This is the working-party day, and my wife was to have some sort of exhibition of the ladies’ efforts

through the summer and autumn. Wonderful organiser, Mrs. Rodney, John, and never spares herself! But I rather hope that the ladies have gone away.”

Glide smiled covertly behind his slight moustache at these words, and he, too, fervently hoped so. Only his strong desire to see Kathleen had tempted him to face the possibly Arctic brightness of Mrs. Rodney’s smile.

The moment the key was fitted in the lock, four persons came out of the drawing-room to meet the master of the house—Mrs. Rodney, flushed and quite evidently excited; Estelle, looking rather regal in the old velvet frock that she had substituted for her school garb; Jack, in his Eton jacket, with his hands thrust deep in his bulging pockets; and little Louie, aged nine, in a skimpy white frock, made rather short and having the effect of making her feet appear abnormally large and her legs abnormally fat! Her rosy face, however, was beaming, and her two long pig-tails with their blue bows flapped cheerfully.

Rodney smiled on seeing this family party, and he stood aside hospitably to permit his assistant to come forward.

“I have brought John Glide home to supper, my dear,” he said to his wife, with a slightly deprecating air. “You all look very cheerful and happy. I hope your afternoon was a success, Louisa.”

“Oh, yes—that is, I have not given a thought to it; there are other things, Cyrus,” she answered significantly. “Ah, good evening, John,” she said, as if she had just noticed him. “Please come in; supper will be ready soon.”

She gave him only two fingers, and her manner was a trifle more frigid than usual. In an instant she had reflected that John Glide might as well hear the great news at once, and so be able to grasp the fact that the gulf between him and Kathleen would now be unalterably fixed.

“I miss Kathie,” said Rodney; he was essentially a home-loving man, and had never in his life been tempted to spend an evening on his own pleasure outside.

Wherever he had gone he had invariably taken some member of his family with him. Such a practice is not always good for a man; it stamps upon him too indelibly that domesticity which, though a good thing in the home, is apt, when too much insisted on, to militate against a man’s popularity outside.

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In the limited world of men to which Rodney had access, though generally liked, he was considered a bit soft.

"You may hang up your overcoat on that peg, John Glide," said Mrs. Rodney graciously. "Come into the drawing-room and hear what a tremendous thing has happened!"

It was Jack who helped Glide off with his coat, and at the same time squeezed his hand affectionately.

"How are you, old chap—all right?" he said in the full boyish tones that, though off-hand, can express so much. "We're playing Surrey on Sat. Ripping match!—must get quit and out to Guildford by three!"

Glide nodded, pulled Louie's pig-tails, respectfully greeted Estelle, and then they all drifted into the drawing-room.

Rodney was quite accustomed to the importance that his wife attached to the insignificant happenings of her days, and, in consequence, he was prepared to hear merely some item of chapel intelligence.

It was Louie who gave the information away with all the startling vividness characteristic of her age.

"We're millionaires, daddy, and we're leaving this house and going into a great big one down at Hyde Park, and we're to have oceans of servants and carriages and horses; and mummy says that I shall ride in the Row every morning, with a groom behind!"

Rodney laughed delightedly. Not without imagination himself, he was quite ready to be interested in the child's fairy tales, and even to encourage their unfolding. He had often found a dream take the sordid edge off the cares of a grey business day.

His wife, however, drew him down to the sofa. Glide took a chair near the door, Estelle sat down on the piano stool, while Jack, with his hands still thrust deep in his pockets, stood with legs astride on the hearthrug.

"It is quite true, Cyrus," his wife said loftily. "The most wonderful thing in the world has happened to us! My brother Edgar has just died out in Australia, and left an immense fortune to me, his only sister. Yes, Cyrus, it has actually happened! Estelle will tell you; it was she who admitted the lawyer, who came all the way from Bloomsbury to inform me of the fact."

"Bless me, Louisa, you quite take my breath away!" said Rodney, mopping his

forehead. "How is it that we have never heard from him all these years? If he were alive, how much better it would have been to have written and to have received friendly letters in return. This sort of thing does no good to anybody; it just fills one with regret because of all the opportunities that have been missed. You have never believed that he was alive all these years, Louisa, have you?"

"Naturally I have never thought about him, but apparently he has been very much alive. You are not realising what I am telling you, Cyrus," she said reproachfully. "It is a very large fortune in money, and a great sheep-farm, besides, that he has left me. It will alter everything, and you will not need to go back any more to the City Road."

"Oh, but, Louisa, that would not be possible! What I mean is that one must still go on honourably working. The bread of idleness is not sweet, is it, John?"

"Don't ask John, dad; he has never eaten it," put in Jack facetiously.

Glide sat uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, hearing this announcement with considerable dismay. If it were all true—why, then, Kathleen was undoubtedly lost to him for ever!

"What has become of Kathie?" asked Rodney again, as if aware of the trend of his assistant's thoughts.

"She will not be home until later. Mrs. Dyner had an 'At Home' this afternoon; Kathie took her dress down this morning. You know perfectly well that Mrs. Dyner cannot possibly do without Kathleen on such occasions. She depends on her to see that everything goes smoothly. It is quite wonderful to think how she manages all these distinguished people, moving about among them as if she were one of them! I was very proud of her on the one occasion when Mrs. Dyner was so good as to send me a card for one of her 'At Homes'."

All this was primarily and specially intended for John Glide's benefit, and he did not miss a word.

"Well, what I want to know is—is there going to be any supper?" observed Rodney good-humouredly. "We shall all discuss this better after we have eaten something. John and I had a very modest luncheon today—a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the back shop; though I must say, John," he added, "that your coffee would be hard to beat."

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"Well, thank goodness, that undignified way of living will come to an end at once and for ever!" said Mrs. Rodney with a snap in her voice. "Estelle, you may go and see what Julia is doing—or, no, I had better ring!"

She herself moved to the bell-pull with as much dignity as she could command, beholding in imagination, doubtless, lackeyed attendants flying in response to her summons.

Instead, however, Julia, with a much-tousled head and an undoubtedly dirty apron, appeared, open-mouthed, at the door. The vision of her was so comical that Jack burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Is supper nearly ready, Julia? We are all waiting," said Mrs. Rodney with as majestic an air as she could affect.

"Hit's a-gittin' hon," answered Julia calmly. "His thet hall? Hi quite thought hit was coal as was a-wanted!"

She distinctly tossed her head as she disappeared, and Estelle, with a small humorous smile playing about her interesting mouth, went out after her, reflecting that it would be much more dignified to keep Julia, who had sprung from the purlieus of the Walworth Road, strictly in the background while these intimate matters were being discussed. She certainly did not harmonise with their mother's assumption of dignity!

"Shall we take Smuts to Hyde Park, mater?" inquired Jack with his mischievous smile.

His mother withered him with a glance. Suddenly Glide rose from his chair.

"If you will excuse me, Mrs. Rodney, and you, sir, I think I will not wait. You will have much to talk about that you do not wish a stranger to hear. I will say good-evening."

Mrs. Rodney extended a gracious hand, and with a look silenced the protest that she observed trembling on her husband's lips.

"John shows a quite nice feeling, Cyrus, and he is right. Good-evening, John. Some other evening we hope to have the pleasure—at least once before we leave Denmark Hill. Good bye just now."

She had quite the *grande-dame* manner,

and Rodney looked round rather helplessly, sure that some strange, new, and quite unwelcome force had entered into their lives for the sole purpose of disturbing and complicating them.

He was unambitious himself; he had never asked more from fortune than just immunity from sordid care and the wherewithal to make his dear ones happy and comfortable. A bit of a philosopher in his way, he had been known to remark to John Glide that the middle of the highway was the happiest and the safest place, and that the greatest jewel within the reach of humanity was contentment.

Estelle, passing through the hall with part of the supper equipage, was surprised to behold Glide being helped into his overcoat by his devoted ally Jack.

"Are you going before supper, John? Don't—it's just coming in," she said kindly.

"It is better that I should go, Miss Estelle," he replied in a lowered voice. "You will see that, I am sure. This is a private and family occasion."

"Oh, but I think we always feel that you are one of us," she said, smiling in her friendly fashion. "Well, if you must go—good-bye; but I don't like it—I don't like it at all," she added. "It is such a long time since you were here before. You used to come quite often once upon a time."

"Once upon a time!" repeated Glide, and his smile was slightly melancholy.

But Estelle's warm hand-clasp sent him comforted on his way. It seemed to promise in the future all that the past had held, and it certainly indicated no abatement of her sisterly regard.

"I'm sorry, John," she murmured as he departed.

Jack accompanied him to the gate, and when he came in he banged the door and deliberately kicked the leg of the hall table, the brilliancy of whose polish was one of his mother's household fads.

"Tell you what, Este," he said in a savage undertone, "that was a beastly shame of the mater! She simply kicked John out! It's the limit, I tell you—the very beastly limit, and I don't mind if I tell her so!"

[END OF CHAPTER THREE]



FEAR OR FAITH?

An Essay on Religion and the Modern Man

By A. C. BENSON, M.A.

"Religion," says Mr. Benson, "is too often represented as something dark and menacing, with a book and a scourge, and the threat, 'Disobey me if you dare.'" A faith of this kind, he claims, is sterile. **If religion does not mean joy, security, light-heartedness, it means nothing at all.** People may disagree with some of the conclusions of this striking and out-spoken article, but it is bound to awaken thought.

I

I HAVE heard stiff-lipped pietists complain, in pulpits and out of them, and I have read complaints by good people, that the sense of sin is showing a deplorable tendency to decrease in the world. Such persons seem to me, like the nightingales in the classical poets, to sing, leaning their breast against a thorn. It is a self-made kind of sorrow. Is it not, much of it, due to the fact that we know more about life and its limitations? Have we not found that sin is very often a thing not to be combated by moral denunciation so much as by fresh air and exercise? There was a deep morbidity in the old idea of sin, because it was based on the theory that man's position in the sight of God was to be an object for His wrath, and that His love was a concession, sparingly granted to a few as a special favour. There is very little in the Gospel which would lead one to believe that a crushing sense of moral failure is desirable. The Gospel invitation to man is not so much "Depart from me, ye cursed!" as the message "Come and see!" Forgiveness in the Gospel depends much more on our power of forgiving others than on our private sense of unworthiness.

Love, not Sorrow

Love, and not sorrow, is the Gospel secret of life, because the shame that comes by love is a richer thing than the prudence which comes by fear. It is a saner and more wholesome view of life to feel oneself a beloved son to be welcomed, rather than a worm to be trampled upon. There seems to me to be neither dignity nor hopefulness in a desolating sense of sin, and the best of

all preachers is the man described by Elihu the Buzite in the book of Job: "A messenger, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness." The ideal of man seems to be shifting away from the dread of transgression, which is, after all, an individual concern, to mutual help and effort, which is a social conception; and that is what, more than anything else, accounts for the change, that we are passing out of self-centredness and into co-operation; and thus religion is beginning to take a new position among us. Let me say that I mean by religion the personal tie of love and duty to some Power certainly *in* the world, and probably *behind* the world. The reason why love and duty do not always seem to combine is because love is not perfect and the unison not absolute. Duty supplements love, or is perhaps the shadow of love; it, at all events, shows that love is there, just as the night shows us that there is something between us and the sun.

The child which loves its parent is much less conscious of its parent's presence than the child which fears its parent, because love is a fact, like the solid earth, which we assume rather than argue about; while fear sets us arguing and making excuses. The disappearance of the sense of sin means that we are more content to live, while the sense of sin made men afraid of life and anxious to have done with it. So that here, at all events, there is pure gain.

II

THERE is a friend of mine who is, I have reason to know, a very religious man, in whose company I often am; and yet, as I was reflecting the other day, I

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have never heard him say a religious thing in his life. I have heard him discuss the technicalities, the ordinances, the ceremonies of religion with gusto; I have heard him judge other people hardly, in a way which reveals that he has a strict standard of duty; but I have never heard him say anything which would lead one to suppose that he regarded religion as a source of strength or comfort, and still less of joy and delight. It is true, I believe, of an Englishman, that, as a rule, his religion is that part of him of which he does not speak; but the man, as a rule, who regards religion as too sacred a thing to speak about is apt also to regard it as a thing which is too sacred even to think about! He regards it as a holy kind of mystery, going on somewhere, and undoubtedly true, but which is not a part of his life in the way in which his affections, his interests, his income, or his profession, his books, or his clothes, are a part of himself. It is a convention, a rule of taste for the most part. The old-fashioned, well-bred person thought it disloyal to discuss his relations or his friends, vulgar to speak of money, irreverent to speak of religion. He regarded conversation not as an expression of opinion, but as a device by which one avoided expressing one's opinion; and this false shame, this avoidance of intimacy, this elaborate disingenuousness, are all part of the Anglo-Saxon love of propriety, their craving for privacy, their claim to enjoy their own thoughts in silence, which makes progress so difficult because it is so hard to discover what anyone really thinks and believes. We pride ourselves on independence, when we are really so afraid of criticism that we dare not say what we feel. It arises from a real lack of mutual confidence, a deference for opinion, which is not really a respect for it, a deep secretive-ness of spirit.

III

I LISTENED the other day to a very characteristic English sermon; it was an elaborate and outspoken indictment of all the people who in one form or another shirked life—the indolent, the timid, the cowardly, the indecisive. The preacher made what he called a frontal

attack on moral cowardice, against all the men and women who joined in occupations and talk of which they did not approve, for conventional reasons, and because they did not wish to appear peculiar or particular.

Courtesy and Convictions

It was very English, this sermon, in its bluntness, its combativeness, its lack of inspiration. It recommended an unlovely attitude, an attitude of priggishness, of loudness, of contradiction. The preacher did not see that the frame of mind of the people whom he called cowardly is often a natural kind of courtesy, indulged in by modest persons with no very firm convictions of their own. It is, of course, both mean and cowardly to suppress really strong and deep convictions out of mere civility, though even then there is no reason why convictions should not be expressed civilly. But where the discourse failed was, I thought, in its lack, as I have said, of inspiration; it reminded me of the horrible old type of education which consisted in beating little boys for being ignorant. It is no use calling people hard names for not having convictions. What one has rather to do is to present convictions which are obviously true and beautiful and desirable. If religion is to be a mere conglomerate of intellectual propositions and technicalities and ceremonies, it is simply another burden laid on humanity. Its only force is in lightening burdens, in making men free and joyful; it must be a well of life.

IV

A WELL of life! That is what we all want: something to refresh and sustain and enliven; a spring of feeling which turns duty into pleasure and endurance into triumph; if religion does not mean joy, security, light-heartedness, it means nothing at all. If it means a shadow of anxiety, of scrupulousness, of complexity, cast over life, a multiplication of small claims and minute rules, with a bad prospect at the end of it, then it is useless for life, and if it were true and so unwelcome, then we had better banish it from our minds, and live with

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such energy and cheerfulness as we can attain. Justice is, we know, represented figuratively as blind, and armed with scales and sword : a gloomy idea of justice that, as a thing which one has to make terms with, because it is there, and because it is strong enough to make itself felt. But religion is too often represented, in men's minds, as something dark and menacing and keen-sighted ; with a book and a scourge, with the threat on its lips, " Disobey me if you dare." And thus it becomes a power to make terms with and to obey, because of its vindictiveness and severity ; a thing which we would blot from heart and mind if we could, and go singing on our way.

V

ITS vindictiveness—that is the horror of it ; a stern law-giver, who makes rules, not basing them upon hope or beauty or aspiration, but on the principle of the schoolmaster, who said, " I don't see Smith ; go and find out what he is doing, and tell him not to." A power that thwarts and prohibits, a tyrant, the essence of whose laws is that they are unreasonable, and run counter with a Satanical ingenuity to human impulse. It is the dreadful sterility of that kind of faith which is so devastating, so negative.

A Hideous Truth

Of course, it has a sort of hideous truth about it. If one follows ease and impulse and pleasure, one comes to grief ; but why does one come to grief ? Not simply because some jealous power has thus willed it, but because happiness does not lie that way. If a heart responds to no other motive than that of fear, then perhaps fear must be employed to make him less inconvenient to others ; but it does no sort of good to himself ; he simply abstains because he dare not indulge ; he lives in sullen rebellion, knowing what he wishes to do, and afraid to gratify his wish ; but he makes no real growth at all ; he is simply like the ivy which is clipped because it will disjoin the stones on the wall ; but all punishment is, or ought to be, the last resort, for it is a confession of failure ;

it assumes the absence of any possibility of good motive ; it says :

" But seeing I am stronger, thou shalt learn To do my will, or die."

I am far from saying that this is the only form in which religion is presented ; but I do say that there are many—too many—people in the world who so regard it, with a vague respect for its strength, and a definite dislike of its oppressiveness.

Positive Religion

And this is, to a great extent, the reason why this is thought and called an irreligious age. The old sombre, truculent conception of religion is not believed in, and it has become a bugbear, at which the impudent make grimaces and run away. What we want is to make it a positive thing, to get it out of the hands of respectability and conventionality, to find it out to be a kind of wealth which enables one to do without many things ; not a coercion which makes one carry a number of burdens in whose usefulness one does not believe. Religion is in its essence a joyful freedom—moral health, not moral invalidism ; an energy which can dispense with rules ; an irrepressible kind of cheerfulness, which cannot regard anything as final or hopeless or gloomy or appalling.

VI

THIS was surely what religion was meant to be, the essential opposite of despair ; an assurance of a great, noble, splendid destiny awaiting everyone, the spirit of brushing away failures, not of emphasising the sense of sin ; a voice which says, " It does not matter ; try again"—not a voice which says, " Every choice, deed, act, word is infinitely and fearfully momentous !" If we believed the latter, and had once badly broken down, there would be nothing for it but to sit ruefully awaiting our doom ; and the best way of using life would be to withdraw from it as much as possible, and read a pious book in a corner. That was the shadow of monasticism, that it stood for a terror of life and action ; and the moment that religion ceases to be high-hearted, and even gay, that moment it is faithless and suspicious, lingering ruefully among the shadows of life.

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VII

I BELIEVE, then, that a new kind of religious spirit is awakening in the world, and that much of it is due to the progress of science. Science begins by destroying superstition, because it destroys unreasonable fears. It shows that there is a law of danger and disaster, and that when we incur calamity, it is not that we are the victims of a specific ill-will, but that we have offended against law. If one puts one's finger in a flame, one suffers because one has trespassed among conditions which are inconsistent with comfort; the fire has no malice against us. The human heart, through long ignorance, is apt to personify all agencies, evil and good alike; yet what Nature punishes is not sin, but excess. It is amazing how attached humanity is to the theory of judgments, in spite of the Saviour's definite teaching to the contrary. Mark Patteson, in his strange "Memoirs," tells a story of his being present at a gathering at Newman's house at Littlemore; it was a circle that was greedy of marvels and miracles. One who was present told a story of a sinful person, a miner, I think, who had used in conversation at an ale-house the asseveration, "Strike me dead if it is not true," and was struck dead on the instant by a spasm of the heart. But the scientific view of such a story is not to accept that as a special providence, but to discover, if possible, how many people had used the same asseveration without being struck dead. Coincidence is always possible in the world, and it is all a question of percentages. But the fact remains that many human beings are more impressed by such a story than by a hundred stories which would prove that such a speech was innocuous.

The Will and the Body

Gradually the conception arises in the minds of men that the essential thing is to arrive at a knowledge of the laws of Nature, and to base their security upon knowing what they can do and what they cannot, rather than upon a terrified propitiation of a hostile and jealous power. The result of all this upon popular con-

ceptions of religion has already been tremendous; but we are as yet only upon the threshold of a knowledge of psychological laws. Even now we are beginning to see that much of what we call sin is a disease not always curable; what we do not as yet know is how far the mind can triumph over the body. There does seem to be a power of using the will to help the body, and the great outcome of this is that we are learning that fear is not a wholesome frame of mind at all. This is the great fact which lies behind Christian Science—that hopefulness is a condition of healthiness; and though this principle has suffered from being stated in too dogmatic a way, it is better to believe in the non-existence of evil than to be too conscious of its force. As Lord Melbourne once said to Queen Victoria: "Depend upon it, ma'am, one can't make a greater mistake than that of overrating one's enemies."

VIII

WHAT, then, I would believe is that in this respect religion is passing out of the shadow of morbid individualism. That it is being recognised that religion lies on the side of strength, serenity, courage, and cheerfulness, and not on the side of dread, self-affliction, scrupulousness, and ruefulness. The old sense of sin encouraged the feeling of worry, the anticipation of disaster, the misery of helplessness. The new faith is that it is, on the whole, good to live; that it is an opportunity, a desirable privilege, a big and generous chance. The new religion is not afraid of enjoyment; it enjoys leisure, and it tries to enjoy work. It looks upon sorrow and suffering rather as remedies than punishments; it reckons up the blessings of adversity rather than regards them as bad marks given for failure. It does not retire into solitude, but it cultivates generous emotions, free relations with others, social comforts; it is easy to call it hedonistic and pleasure-loving; but if it loves happiness, it is because it believes that to be the intention of God.

The new spirit is finely expressed in Rolland's great book, "Jean Christophe." The hero is talking with a sorrowful and anxious woman, who is

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condoling with him on having parted with a friend.

"How sad life is!" said Madame Arnaud, after a moment.

"No; life is not sad," said Christophe. "But there are sad moments in it."

Madame Arnaud went on, with veiled bitterness:

"We love, and then we love no longer. What is the good of it all?"

Christophe replied:

"It is good to have loved."

She went on:

"You have sacrificed yourself for him. If only our self-sacrifices could be of any use to those we love! But it makes them none the happier."

"I have not sacrificed myself," said Christophe angrily, "and if I have, it is because it pleased me to do so. There's no room for arguing about it. One does what one has to do. If one did not do it, one would be unhappy and suffer for it! There was never anything so idiotic as this talk of sacrifice! Clergymen, in the poverty of their hearts, mix it up with a cramped and morose idea of Protestant gloom. Apparently, if an act of sacrifice is good, it must be besotted. . . . Good Lord! if a sacrifice means sorrow to you, and not joy, then don't do it; you are unworthy of it. A man doesn't sacrifice himself for the King of Prussia, but for himself. If you don't feel the happiness that lies in the gift of yourself, then get out! You don't deserve to live."

This does not, of course, state the whole case; but it is a fine doctrine, for all that, that a sacrifice must be an act of joy, or it has little virtue in it. The truth under it is that we must trust life and love, not mistrust them, and that we grow nobler so, and not by stifled sighs and over-weighting fears.

IX

BUT the last and greatest thing of all is this. Is there in religion a real power of gaining a strength and a courage

which one feels oneself to lack? The whole question turns on that. If this is an actual, indubitable, verifiable fact, it is all that matters. It must not be a fancy, a pleasant imagination, but a thing which everyone can test for himself. It is of no use trying to persuade oneself into this belief, merely because it is just a comforting theory, and helps one to scramble along. A man must be able, after a failure, to turn to God and say, "I have failed again; I need strength; send me strength!" If it comes, all is well. If it does not come, all is confusion. That is the point which lies behind all religious experience, and it must not be a thing which happens in some cases, because then there may be other explanations of it; it must happen in all cases. It need not be that a man ought to be able to pray to be made perfect, and expect to be made perfect. If that were the test of faith, then all the evidence goes the other way. But he must be able to declare with entire sincerity that there has been an accession of some kind, enough to justify him in believing that there is an answering power behind. That is a question which each must answer for himself.

I have no doubt myself about the matter, and it is there that my religion lies. It has been a slow process enough. I have not lost my faults, and in my pilgrimage I have acquired other faults. But I have in my heart the splendid hope that we are advancing into a fuller life; experience has not been a wholly ignoble thing; and though the progress is mysteriously slow, there remains the larger hope still: that in dying I have not done with life, but that I shall go forward, through experiences undreamed of, myself and none other, into a hope and a tranquillity and a joy which too often, alas! I cannot practise here.



"SO LONG AS YE BOTH SHALL LIVE"

A Story of Married Life

By L. G. MOBERLY

THE village church of Merrydale was thronged on Aline Drake's wedding-day. From far and near the country folk flocked to see the marriage of "their Miss Aline," the fair and gracious girl who had lived amongst them from her earliest babyhood. Those who could not squeeze into the packed building overflowed into the churchyard, waiting there, in the June sunshine, until the first notes of the wedding march pealing out on the organ heralded the coming of the newly-married pair.

"Bless her heart, there she do come, the pretty!" one old woman exclaimed fervently, as Aline, on her husband's arm, passed out of the dark porch into the sunlit churchyard.

"Like a lily in the garden she do loo's," another voice murmured audibly, and Aline turned her face and looked at the speaker with a smile. The crowd of men and women, and chattering laughing children, pressed close in on either side of the flagged path to get the fullest possible view of the tall girl in her shining draperies; and many a one in the crowd realised the aptness of Granny Sterne's remarks. The white-gowned form with its golden crown of hair brought to the mind an involuntary picture of the lily flowers, tall and stately, that grow in many a cottage garden. The childlike purity of her eyes, the serene sweetness of her smile, helped to carry out the resemblance: there was something in her whole bearing which made you remember the poet's words:

"So held she through her girlhood,
As it were an angel-watered lily;
That near God grows and is quiet."

The radiance of her face as the sunlight fell upon it was good to see. Her lips were just parted in a smile; there was a faint flush upon her cheeks; her eyes shone with a great joy, and though she looked from one to another of the kindly faces watching her, and laughed a low laugh of pleasure when the children scattered roses at her feet, her heart was filled with one thought only, a thought that set itself to the music of the pealing organ behind her, the crash of bells overhead.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."

A little cheer went up from the crowd in the churchyard and round the lich-gate, and streaming along the lane beyond, as the carriage containing the bridal couple drove quickly away towards the Hall; and Aline leant from the window and smiled and bent her golden head in acknowledgment of the loving greeting. Then she turned to the man by her side, and put her two hands into his, which held them closely.

"It is such a big thing we have done to-day," she said impulsively; "it is to last as long as we both shall live."

"Are you afraid?" he replied, and for answer she laughed, a laugh of sheer gladness, whilst his eyes looked deep into hers.

"But what I do say is—Miss Aline, her's too good for he," Granny Sterne was confiding at that same moment to a group of respectful listeners still lingering round the lich-gate; "Miss Aline, her's one in a thousand. Her man's neither more nor less than one of them that are plentiful as blackberries in any hedge. She do think he's a king, but he's naught but common clay—naught but common clay!" she repeated with emphasis.

"They do say he've made a pile of money, they do say so!" an old garter in the most spotless of smock-frocks said slowly, his eyes fixed with respectful deference on Granny Sterne's shrewd face.

"They do say—they do say!" she responded scornfully. "What do it signify whether a man a' got gold in piles or a handful of pence in a stocking? If he be common clay, common clay he do be; and his gold is naught to it one way or another. If he be a king, a king he do be, even though he wear a beggar's rags. And Miss Aline's man's no king—I tell 'ee that; her's married a man of common clay!"

None of the gracious young bride's friends and relations would have echoed the old village woman's words. The wedding guests, assembled in Squire Drake's garden, vied with one another in declaring that in all the world no more suitable bridegroom could

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have been found for Aline than Jem Raeburn. And certainly, as he stood on the lawn beside his bride, his appearance seemed to justify all the praises that were being bestowed upon him. Tall and well built, with handsome dark face and laughing eyes, whose blueness made a startling contrast to the darkness of their lashes and brows, he looked, as one sentimental lady remarked, "an ideal mate" for Aline, with her delicate fairness, her clear grey eyes, the crown of her golden hair. And not one of that select company assembled to do honour to Squire Drake's lovely daughter, would have dreamed of endorsing Granny Sterne's words, or stigmatising the handsome bridegroom as a man of common clay.

Roses had strewn Aline's pathway as she left the church; as she drove away from her girlhood's home roses were flung into the carriage—great crimson roses, velvety and soft, and white roses whose petals fell in a shower upon the girl's gown; roses pink and yellow and deepest orange lay about her, a torrent of colour and fragrance. And as she gathered them into her hands, and laid the cool blossoms against her flushed cheek, she said softly: "Roses, roses, all the way. Jem, whenever I see roses and smell their sweetness I shall remember our wedding-day, and its promise of roses, roses, all the way for you and me."



"Spare no expense. It is imperative that we should make a big splash over this party. Have banks of roses round the ballroom, up the stairs, anywhere you like. Let everybody realise that we can spend money like water, and be none the worse for it."

"But, Jem, it seems such wanton waste."
"Nonsense!"

There was a roughness in her husband's manner which Aline had never heard in it before; he stood beside the writing-table in her boudoir looking moodily, not at her, but out of the window towards the park.

"This is business, not merely pleasure. It may make all the difference. O! well, there is no necessity to enter into details, only do what I wish, spare no expense over the party, and ask everybody who counts. Don't forget the Stalybridges."

"Must we ask them? I do so dislike Lord Stalybridge; he is a bad man through and through."

"Nonsense," Raeburn repeated roughly. "He has never said or done anything in your presence to which you could take exception, has he?"

"Certainly not!" There was a sudden proud lifting of Aline's head. "I only know intuitively that the man is bad, and I wish you need have nothing more to do with him."

"Intuitively, intuitively!" There was a mocking note in Raeburn's voice. "A woman thinks she can guide herself and everybody about her by intuition. It is a merciful thing that men go upon more rational methods, or the world would come to a pretty pass. Stalybridge is necessary to me in business ways, that is the point," and without allowing his wife time to answer his speech, he walked out of the room, letting the door clang sharply to behind him.

For a moment or two after he had gone, Aline sat very still, her eyes looking straight in front of her, her lips closed tightly, a look of pain and bewilderment on her face. Though five years older, that face had the same expression of serene sweetness that it had worn on her wedding-day; the eyes were still clear and pure, but they were troubled now, very troubled. She had no clue by which to account for her husband's rough words and moody manner. It was difficult to imagine what could have brought about this change in him; he was so prosperous, so universally acclaimed as the successful man of the hour. Puzzle over the question as she would, she could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, and with a sigh she returned to her writing, and to the arrangements for the great party upon the splendour of which Jem seemed to set so much importance. Once she looked up from her writing-table towards the trees whose green branches waved softly against the blue of the June sky, and again a little sigh escaped her; and a sudden wish swept over her to leave this rushing, busy life that she was bound to live in London as a rich man's wife, to go back to the more peaceful existence of the country, where life seemed to be lived nearer to Nature, nearer to God. But in a moment she was scolding herself for her own longings.

"In His will is our Peace," Dante's words flashed into her mind, and remembering them, she smiled. The Presence of God



"The whole effect is a triumph," Lord Stanlybridge said to his hostess"—p. 60.



*Drawn by
Stanley Dove.*

together, were the happiest parts of her existence.

She made the best of the remaining parts, entertaining as Jem wished, playing the rôle of hostess with the graciousness that belonged to her, receiving courteously all those to whom Jem wished her to show courtesy, occasionally shrinking a little from some of the men he brought to the house, wondering at the necessity for knowing them. But their importance in a business connection was impressed upon her by her husband; and her faculty for idealising the man she loved having remained much what it was on her wedding morning, she seldom disputed Jem's judgment.

The party which he had planned so elaborately was one of the events of that season, and for long afterwards Raeburn's "Festival of Roses," as people called it, was the talk of all those who had been present, the envy of those who were uninvited. There were roses in the wide hall; garlands of roses up the great staircase; banks of roses in the reception rooms; the air was fragrant with

was as much with her in the bustle and din of London as in the profoundest depths of the country; the Power

of God was as closely round her here as in the most desert solitude of the wilderness; it only rested with her to put out her hand and use the Power about her—it was her own fault if she ever let slip from her memory the wonderful promise, "My Presence shall go with thee." The smile lingered on her face as she wrote invitations, and made all the elaborate arrangements for their party just as Jem had wished; and her face wore its usual serenity when presently she went up to the nursery to enjoy the time she never failed to set apart for her babies.

Those times in the nursery, and the rare occasions when she and Jem were alone

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their sweetness; their petals—crimson, orange, pink and white—dropped at the feet of the guests in patches of delicate colour.

"The whole effect is a triumph, an absolute triumph," Lord Stalybridge said to his hostess, in the low voice which she disliked as she disliked the whole man. In his presence she felt she was coming in contact with something noxious, something of the reptile kind, though she would have found it hard to explain why he impressed her in this particular way.

"You are to be congratulated," his smooth voice continued, "you and your husband. But one lives in a perpetual attitude of congratulating him, he is so clever at carrying things through."

Lord Stalybridge's dark eyes looked into hers with a significant glance whose meaning she did not understand, though she instinctively resented it. On the afternoon following the big party she understood it.

She was alone in her boudoir, resting, book in hand, by the open window, when the door opened, and Mr. Danby, the senior clerk in her husband's office, was ushered in. His white face and scared manner were so unlike his normal bearing, that Aline sprang to her feet with a startled question on her lips, and for a moment Danby looked at her blankly as though speech were impossible. Then he said brokenly:

"They've taken him away—he told me to come and tell you—and he says your money's safe."

How Aline unravelled the meaning of the words, which at first were quite incomprehensible to her, she never knew, but at last it was borne in upon her that Jem had been arrested for fraud—extensive and far-reaching fraud—and that her world was falling all about her in ruins.

She recalled Lord Stalybridge's meaning glance when he had spoken of Jem's cleverness, and from Danby's incoherent sentences she gathered that her husband had strained every nerve to obtain the name of the well-known peer, and of other influential men, as directors of his latest venture.

The reason for the splendid entertainment given on the previous night was revealed to her in a lightning flash of understanding. Jem had been anxious to display the evidence of lavish wealth, and to flatter and propitiate the men for whose support and money he wished. It had all been part of a gigantic

fraud, and she had lent herself to the forwarding of Jem's dishonourable schemes.

Dishonour—and Jem! The combination of the two words seemed monstrous, impossible. Through the weary hours following Danby's visit she felt as if she were living in a nightmare from which she could not wake. It was her father's coming which roused her at last from that sense of nightmare bewilderment; but when he came into the room, a great bunch of pink roses in his hand, she put out her own hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"Not roses!" she said breathlessly, "I can't bear any more roses, they make me think—they make me remember." She broke off suddenly, because of the surprise on Squire Drake's face, but the warm fragrance of the roses he carried brought suddenly back to her mind the memory of her wedding-day—of the roses strewing the path across the churchyard, of her own happy words to Jem: "Roses, roses, all the way!"

Last night, too, her house had been full of the sweetness of roses, but to-day the piled-up flowers were all dead, and the light of her life had gone out with them. She could not bear the sight and the fragrance of roses any more.

"My dear child!" Her father's tones were very tender. "I want you and the babies to come home with me. It is quite out of the question that you should stay here. They tell me bail will be granted, but you cannot stay to meet the man who is nothing but a felon—nothing but a felon!" the Squire repeated firmly.

The sense of nightmare cleared away from Aline's brain, she stood very still, very upright, looking squarely into her father's face, a strange shining gleam in her eyes.

"He is still my husband," she said.

"Worse luck, yes," the Squire said. "My dear, I can never forgive myself for having allowed you to marry the fellow. How could we guess that he was such a whitened sepulchre? The only possible thing for you to do now is to come back to us—to leave the man—to cut yourself utterly adrift from him."

For one moment Aline's clear eyes looked straight into her father's angry ones, then she said quietly:

"I shall never leave Jem; I shall never cut myself adrift from him. I took him for better, for worse. With all his goodness and

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all his badness, he is mine, and I shall never leave him!"

" You are talking nonsense, dear child!—all this trouble has upset your brain. Jem will almost certainly get a long sentence of imprisonment."

" Then I shall wait for him till he is free, and we will begin life again together. However wrong he has been—I am his wife—and I will never give him up—never, never."

None of her father's entreaties served to turn her a hair's-breadth from her determination, and the Squire had perforce to return home without his daughter, although he took with him the babies and their nurse, leaving Aline in the great desolate house to face her husband's home-coming "on bail."

The light of sunset was shining into her boudoir when she heard his heavy, dragging step outside, and when he opened the door and slowly entered she drew a quick breath of dismay. Her big husband with his handsome face and laughing eyes had vanished, and in his place was this man who stooped a little, whose face was white and haggard, whose eyes were full of shame and despair. He stood just within the doorway, as though not daring to come near, but in two quick steps she was by his side, her arms round his neck, his face drawn down to hers.

" I thought your father would take you back to the old home," he said hoarsely; " he came to see me; he told me he would make you go with him. It would have been best for you."

" Make me go?" She drew away from him for a moment. " Nobody could make me go away from my husband. You and I are one, so long as we both shall live!"

" I've saved your money from the smash," he said huskily, putting his arms about her, and looking wistfully into her face. " I don't

want to exonerate myself. I used money I oughtn't to have touched, making sure I should get it all back. I've just got to bear my punishment. But I've saved enough for you 'out of the wreck."

" Would that money be enough to pay back all—that you——?" she paused.

" That I stole?" he spoke grimly, " probably it would. But every penny of it is invested in your name. It can't be touched. It will keep you and the babies safe—and I am ready to pay the penalty. You and the babies must go to your father—and—when I am free again, I shall go to the farthest ends of the earth to work out my salvation as best I may alone."

" I have thought of a better way than that," she said, and her voice was very low, very tender: " father and mother will take care of the babies for us—yes—that part of what you have planned will do. But—all the money which you say is mine must be used now—directly—to pay what is owing. Every penny must be paid, and you and I will go to another country, and begin our life together—and some day, when the home is ready for them, the babies shall come to us there."

" It is out of the question," he began vehemently. " I am—not worthy of your love, not fit to touch the hem of your gown; our lives ought to run apart from now; I am not worthy."

" Not fit? Not worthy?" She answered gently. " But I did not marry you only for the good times. We took each other for the good and bad alike, and we've got to help each other away from the bad, up to good—up to God! That is what our marriage must mean to us, my dear—we will go out and begin a newer and a better life, keeping only to each other 'so long as we both shall live!'"



Photo: C. Reid



Babylon Unearthed.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood.

The man on the left stands upon a piece of brick pavement which formed part of the long street named after Daniel; along this street Daniel himself must have walked up and down countless times. On the right—in the hollow—is the gate named after the goddess Istar. The walls are adorned with reliefs of the bull, the holy animal of Nebo.



Bridge over the Euphrates
at Jerablus (ancient Carchemish).

*Photo : American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

TO NINEVEH AND BABYLON BY TRAIN

Romance and Wonders of the Bagdad Railway

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

The iron road has made its conquests all over the world, but the possibility of travelling by train not only to Nineveh and Babylon, but over the site of the Garden of Eden, is one of the wonders of the near future.

ALTHOUGH much has been written upon the political significance of the great Bagdad Railway, little or nothing has been said about those old historical or sacred cities it will be the means of linking up with Europe by an iron road. Indeed, within the next two years one ought to be able to journey from any of the great railway centres of Europe, such as Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, to Damascus, the oldest city in the world, by rail over the Bagdad line, and also to the sacred cities of Palestine, to say nothing of taking a peep at the Euphrates valley, the alleged site of the Garden of Eden, and then on to Mosul, that flourishing little village that has sprung up upon the ruins of ancient Nineveh, while Bagdad, the engineers tell us, will be reached within three years, near which lie the remains of Babylon, that mighty city reared amid such splendour by Nebuchadnezzar. This linking up of Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia with all their sacred and historical cities with Europe is one of the most interesting features of this great undertaking.

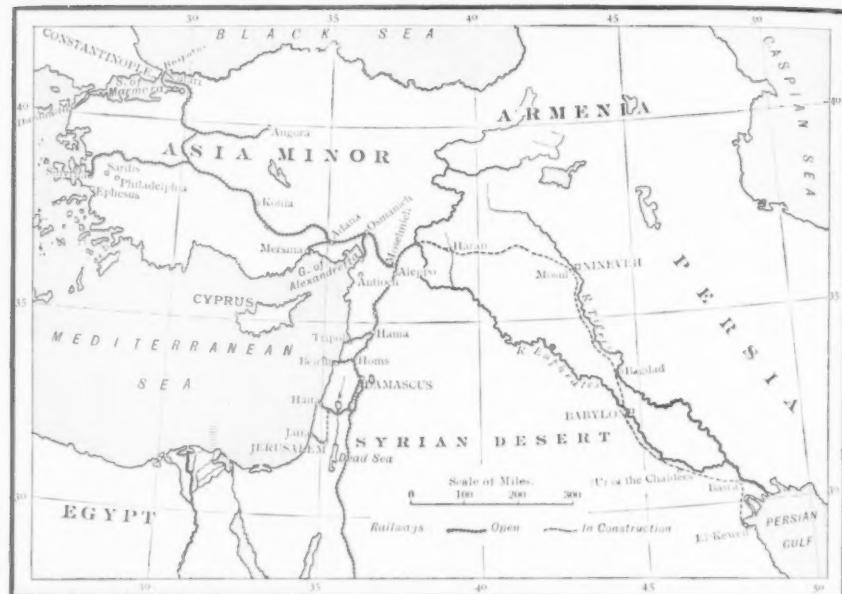
Before describing the progress which has been made during the past few years, some

reference to the history of the undertaking is essential. Indeed, it is safe to say that no enterprise has caused European statesmen so much anxiety as the Bagdad project. Here it should be explained that the railway is being built by the Germans, with German material, and by German engineers on Turkish territory, with the full sanction and approval of the Ottoman Government. The money to carry on the work has been advanced by German banks upon guarantees being given by the Turkish Government. So far about £10,000,000 has been sunk in the enterprise; but it is clear that another £10,000,000 will be needed to carry the rails into Bagdad, which, if the present rate of progress is maintained, should be reached within the next three years.

Britain's Objection

The political objection, so far as England is concerned, to the undertaking was that the promoters should seek the Persian Gulf as their terminus. This was but natural, as eighty-eight per cent. of the trade of this region is in British hands. Our argument was that we had spent blood and treasure freely in opening the Gulf to trade, and that

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Map of the Bagdad Railway.

the maintenance of British supremacy there was an integral part of our Asiatic policy. This objection has now been satisfactorily cleared away by the proposal put forward in Constantinople by the Turkish authorities, and approved by Germany, whereby the last section of the route, that from Bassora to the Port of Koweit, will be built by British capital and be under British management, while Great Britain is to be also given the administration and control of the harbour of Koweit. With this question settled, all differences between this country and Germany vanish.

The Start

Having briefly alluded to the political history of this wonderful undertaking, let us glance at the progress so far accomplished. Starting from Scutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, on the other side of the Bosphorus, the line runs in a south-easterly direction across Asia Minor to Aleppo, in Northern Syria, whence it strikes eastwards to Mosul, on the Tigris, to turn again southward to the Persian Gulf, a distance of some 1,870 miles. So far the rails have been laid to the Euphrates, and at the moment

an army of 72,000 men are at work upon the railway. Aleppo, in Northern Syria, has been converted into a great railway centre. Indeed, it is the principal base of operations, and huge quantities of railway material have been collected here. Locomotive works and repair shops have been built as well as large temporary barracks for the workers. On what is known as the Aleppo section there are now five hospitals with ten doctors and many nurses, who attend to all cases of accident and sickness among the workers free of charge.

The enterprise may be divided into four sections, the first extending from Konia to Adana, the second from Adana to Aleppo; the third from Aleppo to Mosul on the Tigris; and the fourth from Mosul to Bagdad. Over the three sections stretching from Konia to Mosul, an army of 72,000 men are at work. From Konia the line has already been opened to traffic as far as Ulukishlar, at the very foot of the Taurus Mountains.

A Difficult Feat

The lifting of the track over these mountains and dropping it down again into

TO NINEVEH AND BABYLON BY TRAIN

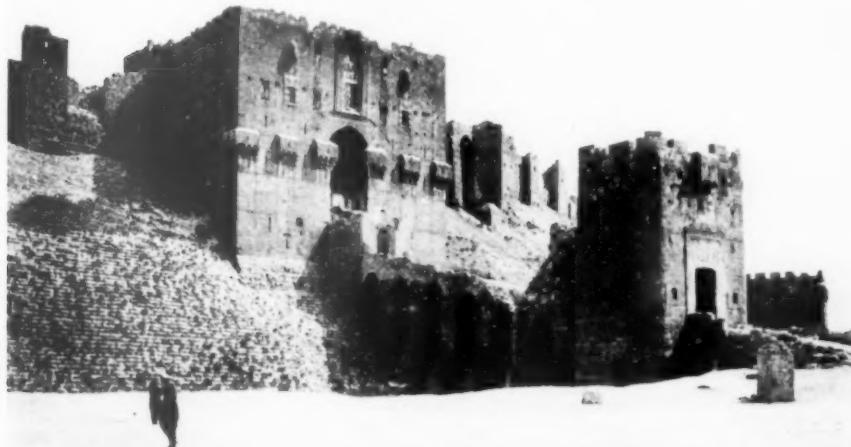
the Cilician Plains on the other side is proving a very arduous and difficult task. However, capable engineers are now grappling with the problem, and it should be overcome within the next eighteen months or so. There are some particularly deep chasms to be spanned, and much blasting away of rocks to provide a bed for the rails. No less than thirty-five costly bridges and viaducts of varying sizes are being erected here. Meanwhile the rails are being rapidly pushed westwards towards the Cilician Plains, as well as eastwards in the direction of Aleppo. For some months past railway material for this section of the undertaking has been sent up over the short French line from Mersina, a small port on the Mediterranean, to Adana. This railway was built some years ago by the French, but has now been purchased by the Germans.

Over the Euphrates

Then from Aleppo, the principal base of operations, the builders have pushed eastwards towards the Euphrates, which has now been reached, and northwards again to Osmaniye, on the way to Adana. The activity at Aleppo is remarkable. A few years ago it was a sleepy, old-world Syrian

city; now all is bustle and activity. At the present time building material is being brought over the French railway from Tripoli. From this port a train of twenty to twenty-five cars of railway material reaches Aleppo daily. Soon the erection of an imposing station will be commenced at Aleppo, to cost over a million Turkish pounds. Aleppo is not on the main line; Moselmieh, a little to the north, will be the junction of this great system of Asiatic railway; but all trains will go to Aleppo over the short branch line connecting it with the junction. A temporary wooden bridge has just been built over the Euphrates so that the rails may be laid with all speed to Mosul. This temporary bridge will be replaced by a permanent handsome structure of steel and iron, which will occupy three years in erection. The river here is nearly a mile wide in flood time, and the currents run very strong. It is ultimately intended for Alexandretta, near the north-east corner of that part of the Mediterranean, to be the Syrian port of the Bagdad Railway, and from here a branch line has been built connecting it with Osmaniye.

Taking the road from Scutari to the Euphrates, the existing gaps do not amount to more than a hundred miles, and the



Castle at Aleppo.

Photo American Colony, Jerusalem.

THE QUIVER



The Last Rail laid
in Mesopotamia.

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

engineers have promised to connect them up within the next two years, if not before. This means that within that period one will be able to journey by rail from any of the great centres of Europe to Constantinople, thence by ferry boat across to Scutari, and on again by rail to Aleppo and the Euphrates. As Aleppo is already joined up with the railway from Damascus, which, in turn, is connected with the Haifa line, it will be possible to reach the sacred cities of Palestine from Europe by rail. It is even proposed to ultimately throw a bridge over the Bosphorus, thus giving a through railway communication between Europe and Asia.

Let us, in imagination, take a journey over this wonderful railway and note the historical country it passes through and the sacred sites it links up with Europe. Leaving Scutari the line skirts for some distance the shores of the Sea of Marmora and then strikes inland across a thickly-populated and well-cultivated plain to Konia. This is ancient Iconium, a very old city, and said to be the first place to emerge after the Deluge. St. Paul visited it twice, once

in company with Barnabas and the other time with Timothy. Indeed, for hundreds of miles through Asia Minor here the railway track follows one of the most ancient highways in the world, the grand route between the Orient and Europe. Xenophon travelled it with Cyrus, as also did Alexander and St. Paul. Hittites, Assyrians and

Greeks have used it; Romans, Byzantines, Persians, Mongols, Crusaders, Ertoogrul, the founder of the Turkish Empire, and a long train of conquerors, down to Ibrahim Pasha of about half a century ago, have passed and repassed along here with their mighty armies, their captives, and their spoils.

Crossing over the Taurus Mountains by means of mighty bridges and viaducts amid some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world, we descend into the Cilician Plains to Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, and even to-day a no mean city. Once on the sea, it is now several miles inland. It is in the centre of a busy cotton-growing country, and only modern methods and modern

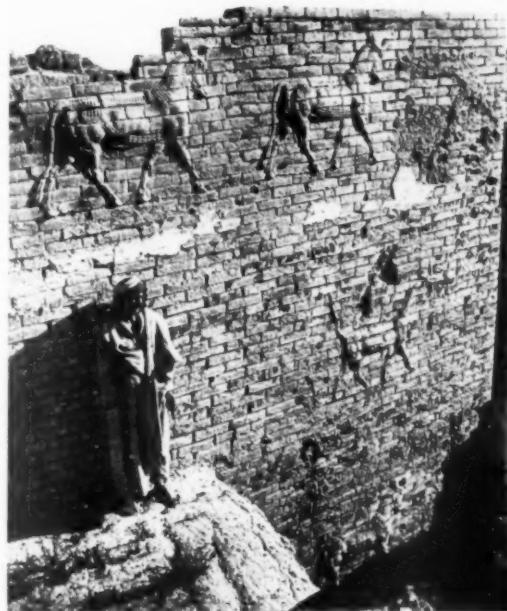


Where the French and German Lines
meet at Aleppo.

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

TO NINEVEH AND BABYLON BY TRAIN

machinery are needed to turn this vast district into an exceedingly rich one. Then on the outskirts of the plains are known to exist vast deposits of coal, iron, copper, lead, chrome, etc., as yet undeveloped. All applications for concessions to work them have so far been refused. So the journey continues over the rolling fertile plains to Adana, a busy eastern city, and thence on another fifty miles to Osmaniyeh. It lies at the foot of the great Amanus range of mountains, pierced by the railway by means of a six-mile tunnel. Emerging through the tunnel we descend and continue our journey southwards to Moslmich, a quaint beehive village from which a branch line runs to Aleppo. This latter place is the capital of Northern Syria, and is famed for two things—its cast'e and its boils. The latter is a kind of skin disease which prevails in this region. It takes six months for the eruption to come to a head, and another six for it to disappear, leaving a nasty scar behind. Natives, foreigners, and even dogs and cats are subject to the malady, and visitors are sometimes attacked



The Sacred Bull of Nebo,
Babylon.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood.

by it long after they have left the place. The castle, which stands on a hill in the centre of the town, is one of the finest edifices

of its kind in the world, and has withstood many notable sieges. The tradition is that it is supported upon eight thousand pillars. Christians, however, are not allowed to enter it.

From Aleppo we can either take train southwards to Palestine, passing through Hama and Homs to Damascus, and thence on to Nazareth by means of the Haifa Railway, as well as to Jerusalem, or go eastwards to the Euphrates and



Engineering Camp
at Alexandretta.

Photo: American Coking
Journals.

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on to Babylon. We will take the latter journey for the present, and, passing over more or less wild and barren country, we soon reach Jerablus, on the Euphrates. This is ancient Carchemish, the famous Hittite metropolis. For some time past excavators from the British Museum have been busy here, with the result that the old walls of this once great stronghold as well as many of its great palaces have been unearthed. From the carriage windows one can see the huge mounds, all that remain to-day of this once proud capital of a mighty kingdom. The bridge is carried over the river here by taking advantage of two islands which divide the stream into three. A few years ago Jerablus was a remote spot enough, known only to a few archaeologists, and to local authorities as a place of outlaws. Now it has quite a considerable European population, Germans, British, and Greeks; it has offices, workshops, a hospital, trim camps, a garrison, tramways, and steam-engines.

Crossing the Euphrates by the temporary bridge, the track runs to Haran, the place from which Abraham set out for Canaan after the death of his father, Terah. The next stopping-place of importance is Mosul, on the Tigris. It is built on ground that once was a suburb of Nineveh. From the city one can see the mounds, all that remain to-

day of the glories of the capital of ancient Assyria. Nineveh has a history that stretches throughout a period of nearly two thousand years, ending with the fall of the empire of Sennacherib in 620-605 B.C. From that time until Layard, with reverent hands, unveiled the palace of Assurbanipal and Sennacherib, and unearthed the literary chamber containing the famous Deluge tablets, the ruins of Nineveh, for two thousand five hundred years, slept undisturbed. The remains of this once flourishing city are still to be seen, and an enterprising German is building a hotel close by, believing that many people will travel over the Bagdad Railway to see them. Then here is a lofty monument crowned by a mosque, said to mark the burial-place of Jonah.

From here the railway will follow the right bank of the Tigris to Bagdad, a distance of some 400 miles. Many Biblical scholars place the Garden of Eden here, between the Euphrates and the Tigris. This is now to be reclaimed and once again made fertile. English engineers have already invaded the region and are building a great dam across the Euphrates, not far above Bagdad, by which water will be carried over the land, as is done in Egypt and in India. That the soil is exceedingly rich there can be no question. Ancient writings confirm the wonderful fertility of the land here, Herod-



The Principal Street
in Alexandretta.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

TO NINEVEH AND BABYLON BY TRAIN



A View of Hama
(the Hamath of the Old Testament).

Photo : American Colony,
Jerusalem.

dots declar ing that grain commonly re turned two hundredfold to the sower. Pliny says that wheat was cut twice a year, and that a third growth afforded good feeding for sheep. The country then was studded with a vast number of mighty cities, and fruit and nut trees grew wild. Now it is barren and desolate, not more than fifteen persons to the square mile dwelling in this region, which was once the granary of the world and the abode of millions.

Not far below Bagdad lie the ruins of ancient Babylon, which, in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, was the wealthiest and proudest city in the world. For some time past a band of enthusiastic archaeologists, under the German Oriental Society, have been excavating here. A large area of the city has already been laid bare. Wide paved streets have been cleared, private houses uncovered and explored, while an expert architect has traced the walls of the city a long distance, and made drawings to show just how Babylon once looked. But the greatest of all has been the complete excavation of the vast palace of King Nebuchadnezzar. This enormous building has a frontage of 1,200 feet and is 1,500 feet deep. Here was discovered a stone lion of enormous size. Too heavy to remove, it has been mounted on a pedestal built of bricks taken from the palace walls. Beneath the lion's

body is a prostrate human figure, which the lion seems about to devour. A slight stretch of the imagination might easily associate this stone lion with the story of Daniel in the lions' den. In one chamber was found a splendid bas-relief in dolerite of Nebuchadnezzar himself. His robe, sandals, and quaint kinky beard, worn in tight curls which we always associate with pictures of old Assyrian and Babylonian kings, are all carved with much skill and great attention to detail. Among the "finds" is a stone goose, hewn from some hard black rock and polished like onyx. From the inscription on it, it is clear that this goose was a measure of standard weight. Many tablets have also been found which tell of the wonderful civilisation which flourished in Chaldea thousands of years ago. They tell of the habits of daily life, marriage and social customs, etc., prevailing long before Christ.

When the Persian Gulf is reached it is but a hand's-throw, as distances go nowadays, across Persia into India, and it is surely not too much to expect that the Bagdad enterprise will eventually be the means of linking up this great Eastern empire with Europe by an iron road. Thus is the East being brought into close touch with the West, and all that remains of the ancient and proud capitals of Assyria and Chaldea being made accessible to civilisation.

THE WITCHERY OF KINDNESS

A Story of the Church Catholic

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE

THE Church of St. Clement was in the main street of Middletown, and was architecturally worthy of its ecclesiastical dignity. It was the mother church of all the churches in the district. Conscious it seemed of its parochial distinction. A venerable pile it was, solid and strong, stately and beautiful. Though its constituency had been divided and sub-divided, it still retained the premier congregation. Old families continued to come, though their homes were in the suburbs. There was something in the church which created the worshipful feeling. The service was simple and reverent, the teaching evangelical and earnest. The organ was the finest in the town, and the choir commanded the town's best talent. There was the air of prosperity and strength about St. Clement's. The sensational was inconceivable about it. Simple intimations were the only advertisements required. The parish church was full of dignity.

Under the Rev. Cecil Dennis's rule St. Clement's became a greater power. He was in the zenith of his strength, an attractive and telling preacher, a skilled organiser, devoted to every phase of parish work. He was in the closest alliance with the clergy of all the parishes, and set the pace throughout the town. As the Vicar of the parish church, he was the spokesman of the Establishment in every municipal celebration.

A splendid type of a man he was. He looked his full six feet. Well-groomed he always appeared, and his clean-shaven face was pleasing to see. His eyes were full of intelligence and authority. The people loved him for everything, but most of all for his care of his mother. The Vicar was a bachelor. His mother was the mistress of his home. A dainty old lady she was, and, proudest of all, when, leaning on the arm of her son, she crossed the flagged path which led from the vicarage to the church. In her love of the services, and her reverent and simple ways, she set the high example to old and young, to rich and poor.

Almost within the shadow of St. Clement's, in Queen Street, stood the big square chapel

of the Independents. In the long ago it had been a famous and thronged meeting-house. There were traditions of its great and palmy days. Famous ministries had been exercised within its walls, eloquent preachers had thrilled the crowds. Once the sittings were at a premium. It had been a common thing for scores to be turned away.

A variety of causes had contributed to its decline. Middletown had spread itself around, and the suburbs drew out the populace. Other Nonconformist churches were built, and these depleted Queen Street. The immediate area was under a blight. Slums became conspicuous. Almost imperceptibly at first, and then with startling swiftness, the famous chapel became a problem. It was spoken of as a "down-town cause."

There was a remnant of loyal and dogged souls who meant to stand by Queen Street. Some of these came miles each Sunday to carry on the Sunday School, and to augment the congregation. It was the problem insoluble to them why St. Clement's should be filled and Queen Street almost empty. Desperate and repeated efforts were made to resuscitate the church and to refill the pews.

Pastor succeeded pastor. The coming of a new man was always an opportunity for a renewed attempt. A year or two became the limit. Queen Street was just a starting-place for newly-ordained men. As the years went on the few became fewer and the struggle more heart-breaking.

Though the churches were so close together, there was a deep gulf between them. St. Clement's regarded Queen Street with haughty contempt, Queen Street eyed St. Clement's with sullen envy.

It was the Vicar's mother who caught sight of the tiny paragraph in the evening paper,

"Dear, dear!" she cried. The Vicar was having his late and solitary supper. "Those poor people in Queen Street have invited another minister. 'At a members' meeting of the Queen Street Independent Church, held on Monday evening'—she was reading the note—'it was decided to give a call

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to the Rev. James Regent, of the Midland Theological College. Mr. Regent was the senior student, and has a brilliant academic career. The call has been accepted, and the new pastor will begin his ministry on the first Sunday of next month."

"Poor chap!" was the Vicar's pitiful comment. "He is to be commiserated. He cannot know the trials to which he comes. Why don't they sell the place? We would buy it for an institute!"

"Have you told them that, Cecil?" his mother kindly queried.

"Oh, no! How could I? They would be hurt and offended. They are all very sensitive, I know."

"But how very dreadful it is for their pastors! Think of this young fellow coming now! It will blight his mind and sour his soul."

"Probably he won't be here long. He'll have the sense to move on when the way opens elsewhere." And with that the subject dropped for the time.

By and by, the Vicar saw the startling posters. The deacons of Queen Street were boozing their "new man." All Middletown was made to know that the Rev. James Regent was beginning his ministry in their midst. The college dons came down for his ordination, and the Independents of the district for miles around gathered to give him a welcome. The local papers excelled themselves in the excellence of the reports they gave. A fine résumé of the new pastor's address was printed. He seemed to recognise the prob-

lem of the church. He announced his intention of working in the immediate neighbourhood. He was prepared for any and every method by which he could reach the people at their doors. The non-churchgoers—these were the people to seek.

Cecil Dennison smiled indulgently when he read the dreamer's speech.

Quite often in the succeeding weeks the Vicar caught sight of the newly-established pastor. He had not called upon him. He hardly thought it worth while. He did not expect that James Regent's stay would be protracted. He guessed that he was "the new man." He had the ministerial garb and gait. The new pastor was quite as tall as he, but thin and angular. A striking face



"I beg your pardon! Ah! you are ill! What is the matter?"—p. 42.

Drawn by
W. E. Webster

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he had, full of thought and pensiveness. Like himself, he was clean-shaven, but his hair was black and long. Even at a distance the Vicar could see that James Regent was not robust.

In many ways Cecil Dennison discovered that the pastor was busy in the parish. That he was a homilist the Vicar divined in the suggestive subjects announced. The old chapel was lit up on week-nights. There were services in flats, and James Regent was persistently visiting.

It was really absurd, but the truth nevertheless—the Vicar knew the pastor and the pastor knew the Vicar, and yet neither spoke to the other. Often they were in the same street or court, and, though their eyes met, there was no real recognition.

Only once the Vicar was startled into a nod. It was the veriest accident. James Regent had been visiting a man who was dying of cancer. The Vicar also had the man on his list. All within the parish were his, he was wont to affirm. As the Vicar entered, the pastor came out. It was surprise that compelled the slight inclination. Immediately the Vicar held himself erect.

James Regent found his charge difficult and exhausting. With all the abandon and hope of youth he had flung himself into his work. If success could yield to faith and work, to devotion and concentration, he meant to achieve it. It was nothing to him that others had failed. Why should Queen Street be despised and St. Clement's appraised? The success of the Anglicans was a reproach the Nonconformists should wipe out. There were plenty of people to fill both churches, and, indeed, all the churches of the town.

The pastor's friends had urged him to go gently. They could see that he was using up his physical resources. James Regent's motherly landlady was ill with fear. His cough sounded ominous in her ears.

It was a wild, wet night in early December when the Vicar found him at his gate. Cecil Dennison was rushing home with his umbrella close in front of him. He almost knocked the other down.

"I beg your pardon!" was the Vicar's ejaculation. "Ah! you are ill. What is the matter?"

In the dim light of the street lamp he peered to see who the man could be.

A stifled moan fell on his ears, and the

other held a blood-stained handkerchief and pointed to his lips.

In an instant the Vicar recognised the pastor, and a great pity surged in his heart.

"My poor fellow!" he exclaimed. "Come in with me! Here, take my arm!"

James Regent was helpless with terror. The sight of blood had unnerved him.

The Vicar slipped his arm around him, and gently led him on. Up the garden path they staggered, and on to the vicarage door.

"Mother! Susan! Jane!" he called, not loudly, but in the tone which brought his household to the hall. "Jane, 'phone for Dr. McDougall, and ask him to come at once.—No, no! Upstairs! To my bed! He'll be best there!" And, still supported by the Vicar's strong arms, James Regent was helped aloft.

The doctor was there even before they could get the sick man into bed. Dr. McDougall was all alert. With consummate skill the patient was tended.

James Regent was all unstrung. He trembled in his fright. And he had thoughts of others, of his landlady and of loved ones far away.

Dr. McDougall knew the worst. His smile was not professional. His confidence was sincere.

"Now, my friend, you've got to lie still and keep silent," so the doctor began, after he had applied the means of remedy. "You have been working beyond your strength, and you've overstepped the mark. This is Nature's warning. I don't suppose there will be any further haemorrhage, that is to say, if you keep calm. Don't worry! You'll need a bit bracing up when this is over. I'll call and tell your landlady where you are. Now, you'll be all right here. Don't argue about Disestablishment and Apostolical Succession or Home Rule," he smiled. "Leave all these until a more convenient season and then I'll be umpire while you two gladiators tear each other asunder."

The Vicar had a good straight talk with the doctor downstairs. His mother was in attendance on the invalid.

"The case is just as I put it to him," Dr. McDougall declared. "He's not strong, but he's not a weakling. All he needs is to take care. This will teach him the lesson. You keep him quiet, and, by and by, he should get away. A voyage would build him up for years. I don't suppose the fellow's

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"The Vicar offered to do whatever was necessary, and by nods and signs James Regent made his wishes known."

Drawn by
W. E. Webster.

had a proper holiday since his school-days. These Dissenting chaps are demons for study and work."

It was soon noised abroad that the pastor of Queen Street was a patient at the vicarage, and the Vicar was bombarded with questions. The vicarage, too, was besieged with inquirers. The callers were not only the members of the chapel, but many from the district who had just discovered that the pastor had a place in their lives.

Silence was the law in the sick room, but both the Vicar and his mother were drawn to their "guest," as they called him. His great eyes followed them everywhere and spoke the thanks he felt.

Then the Vicar became his deputy. There were the pastor's sick cases and all the aged ones he was wont to visit. The Vicar had offered to do whatever was necessary, and by nods and signs James Regent had made his wishes known.

"Oh, I'll call on the lot and give them your kind regards," the Vicar laughed. "Yes! Yes! I'll pray with them all."

The Vicar became his amanuensis. There were letters to his father and mother, to college chums, who were more than brothers. The Vicar even wrote to the pastor's sweetheart.

The pulpit had to be supplied, and Cecil Dennison was the intermediary between the pastor and his deacons. For the first time he was present at a meeting of a diaconate. They had wished to make him chairman, but he had smilingly declined.

"I'll tell you what I've come about," he rose to explain. "Mr. Regent is getting over this spell nicely, but he needs to be toned up, and the doctor suggests a long sea voyage. What do you say to a trip to the Canaries for him? Of course, you will want to have it in hand, but I should be glad, and some of my friends will be glad, to have a share in the business. I don't want to be interfering, but he's such a splendid fellow, and ought to have a grander ministry here than ever, that we ought to keep him in hand until he is quite fit. You don't mind my saying all this? My mother has fallen in

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love with him, and I certainly like him immensely."

It was all arranged and without any fuss. The Vicar and the secretary and treasurer of Queen Street were the three who journeyed with him and saw him safely on board.

All through the months of his absence the Vicar was devoted to his interests. The more he did for Queen Street, the more sincerely he wished it well. It became his aim to further its projects, and to keep its people together. On Sundays he looked in at the Sunday School to give the scholars the latest news of their minister.

And there were none in Middletown who were heard to criticise the Vicar's generous way. He was met with genial banter. It was said that he was a Nonconformist Conformist and an Anglican Dissenter, but every heart went out to him in admiration and praise.

When James Regent came home, there was a public reception. The Vicar was compelled to preside. The Queen Street deacons would hear of no other arrangement. The meeting was a municipal benediction. It did all hearts good. Without the sacrifice of any conviction, all parties were able to meet in the common recognition of each other's good work, and in hearty commendation for the future.

James Regent was almost overwhelmed

in the greeting he received when at length he was called upon to speak.

"It was well worth while being ill to come to this," he quaintly confessed. "Surely, this is the magic of love, the witchery of kindness. How can I thank my friend, the Vicar of this parish? How can I thank his mother, the elect lady of our town? I shall die in their debt, but I hope to live and serve and prove how much I appreciate their goodness. Who would have thought that such a thing could be? There were barriers once between St. Clement's and Queen Street. Though we were within a stone's-throw of each other geographically, we were living in separate spheres. Now we are close together, and the Vicar's love has wrought the wonder. He has been my faithful deputy. I am his debtor for life."

Nobody wondered that afterwards the two were often together. They discovered affinities and mutual interests in recreation and devotion, in books and sermons, in social service and in the Kingdom of God.

And St. Clement's pursued its way with ever-increasing success, and the chapel of the Independents recovered much of its early glory. Best of all, religion abounded in Middletown, because men saw the life that is higher than creeds, and the faith which works by love.



MY LIFE, AND HOW I FACE IT

I.—THE SILVER-LINED CLOUD

An Invalid's Record

By W. STEWART ROYSTON

This is the first of a series of **real life stories** of people in different walks of life, told by themselves. Few men have been called upon to endure more suffering than the writer of this article; but few have shown more courage, more daring, more heroism in a difficult task.

SUFFERING and helplessness need be no more a bar to service for others than the g'ass in our windows can keep out the sunlight. That, retorts some reader, is just the arm-chair philosophy of some young man in full health and strength enjoying the summer sunshine. He is not cramped and confined like me.

Well, here is my record. Read it and judge whether I am able to write of the Silver-lined Cloud.

My home is situated on the old road where in days long gone by the coaches used to travel from the Mersey seaport city to the great cotton city. My room faces directly south, so that the sunshine is with me half the day.

Before the Cloud came

The first part of my education was obtained in the village where I still live. I can picture those happy, light-hearted days, when but a tiny tot in school I saw my dear father distribute the prizes to the deserving scholars. I cannot speak of my education being finished, for it was in my sixteenth year, when all was full of bright and hopeful promise for the future, when studying at the local grammar school, where I had only been one year, I was taken seriously ill with an affection of the brain, losing the power of sight and the use of the left side of the body.

At the end of six months there was some improvement in my condition, and on the advice of three physicians, one the late Sir William Roberts, I was removed to the Royal Alexandra Hospital, at Rhyl, in North Wales. There everything that medical skill and the kindness of nurses could achieve was done; and what lessons were learnt while there! After a course of

treatment in the hospital for nine months I returned to the loved ones at home. My general health had improved and the precious gift of sight was completely restored, yet the loss of power on the left side still continued. To my great joy when I reached home I was able to get about on a specially constructed tricycle.

The Loss of Freedom

Alas! however, on Jubilee Sunday, June 20th, 1897, when the whole nation was in the midst of its rejoicing, my beloved father was suddenly taken away. At this great blow another serious breakdown supervened, and from that day to this I have been a helpless invalid, confined to bed or to my couch with very many bitter paroxysms of the keenest possible suffering. No man knows the coward he may become until suffering holds him in its clutches and pain tortures the weakened body, and added to that a sensitive brain. Then the loss of Freedom! Oh, the loss of Freedom! To hear the lark singing its glorious song through the open window, and in the distance see the ships going down to the sea, and witness the horny-handed toilers in the fields near by, and to be held down by feebleness and disease! Oh, Freedom! To those who have lost it how precious, how priceless!

But it is brooding over life's trials which makes them hardest to endure. Losses, crosses, blighted hopes, ambitions, longings we hoped for—all dashed aside, and through no wrong or fault of our own. Silence here needs heroic courage.

God has placed upon me a heavy and terrible burden, but He has been merciful in providing me with many helpful

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blessings. I am thankful for the trees and the beautiful flowers, and for the birds and their sweet song. Again, how could I be utterly unhappy with a devoted mother, sisters and brothers, and loyal friends far and near, some I have never seen, who have given me the best of the best they can give? It will be difficult to find words in which to speak of my treasured mother. I know very well what a grief it is to her to see her first-born suffering and afflicted, as it was to my lamented father, but together they resolved that neither of them should ever utter a murmur.

The Silver Lining

My mother's love has been life, hope and strength to me. No labour would be too hard for her dear sake, could I but offer it; and no wealth too great, could I but win it, to lay at her feet. I can only say that if any virtue lives in me she has sown the seeds of it, and guarded and protected it by watchfulness and prayer. And my godly father! Though his love, his wise counsel and protection are not here, yet his memory abides, a silent fount of influence, inspiring me to undertake these little services which in my weakness I am able to render. What a mercy stone walls cannot a prisoner make of the mind. Though all my days—some of them too terrible to be pictured in words—are spent on a bed of suffering, around on every side are very many tokens of affection, from the highest in the land, from the Queen on the throne, to the Mayor of my native town. With the many tokens the loved ones' fingers—to use the words of the good Bishop of Liverpool, who visits my bedside—have made "a room fit for a prince." What a pretty tribute to hear paid to one's devoted mother and sisters, who have given the biggest portion of the "silver lining to the cloud."

If we carry our burdens on our lips instead of on our backs we soon shut out the sunshine. By filling the mind all day long with thoughts of what we might have been, or what we might have had—it is that which makes us grow selfish and self-pitiful. Our faith will increase the strength of its roots if we plant around it

our blessings. A whitewashed wall and no loved ones might have been my lot. What brings the silver lining to the cloud to-day is to find out a way to do some act of kindness—or as many as possible—to all those who, by their loving kindnesses, are helping to keep me brave!

I cannot—must not—speak of the splendid ambitions that I entertained before the great affliction came into my life—the rich promise that can never be fulfilled. I must not speak of the splendid openings that have been offered to me without the seeking, and excellent remuneration proffered, too, by business firms whose names are known to all your readers—offered in ignorance of my utter inability to accept them. But it is no use opening the sore. Writing is not easy, for I am unable to sit up, and it is only on the peaceful days that I am able to be lifted out on my couch for a short while. This will enable my readers to realise and marvel at the things I have *done*.

It would be thought that there is little indeed that one can do, confined as I am. I tell the story so that others in like circumstances may do their best, and that those enjoying health and strength may be grateful. May the latter never see things with my mind's eyes!

Things done

Well, in the first place, children I dearly love, and seven years ago, along with a friend, I joined in starting a "Pansy League," the object of which is to instil in the minds of our young people a desire "to be thoughtful of others."

There never was a time when both old and young needed more to practise this golden rule. This work has brought me a large number of real, very appreciative letters, and it is a great pleasure to have helped in some measure the young life of not only one nation, but in all parts of the world. I shall hope to keep alive the work being done for the children there.

It is wonderful what an amount of real joy it is possible to give with what seemed a tiny effort, as when one of my pencilled paragraphs appeared in support of the National "Fresh Air Fund"—which His Majesty King George is one of the first to assist each year—and a large number of

MY LIFE, AND HOW I FACE IT

those forsaken creatures of our slums were taken into the country for a whole day. One did indeed discover the silver lining of the cloud to hear of a poor wee mite on returning to its dismal home exclaiming: "I've been to heaven to-day, and d'aps going again next year."

With a desire to make my fellows *think*, and at the same time advance the cause of pure literature, I have for very many years sent out into the world many reflective "Thoughts," and it would surprise those who have sent me such cheering letters of appreciation, after reading these "Sparks" of thought, to know most of them had been gathered from the backs of envelopes, where they had been pencilled down in the dark, and often during sleepless nights! Though many of them have been lost, owing to the inability to decipher my own handwriting, yet the gathered ones never fail to find a vacant place waiting for them through the kindness of editor friends.

Some years ago I became acquainted with an institution which is to-day doing a most noble work among a class of people whose needs are too often forgotten. The work was open to great expansion, but unfortunately was hampered through lack of funds. This set me thinking out plans as to how best to reach those who had the power to do what was so much needed. There

was a period of about two years between the carrying out of my first and second plans, and I really did not know if anything had resulted from the efforts, but the third scheme did indeed crown the rest, for, on the very day the final plan was published, there appeared a paragraph in another part of the paper in which the public were informed that a sum of money running into *five figures* had that day been bequeathed to the institution I had been championing for some years.

Though taking no credit for this, it was indeed a remarkable coincidence.

Our local infirmary being found too small for its growing needs, the next difficulty was to raise money for its enlargement. Along with other things a scheme of mine was set afloat and proved so successful that on the very day a famous statesman came down to open it a sufficient sum of money was paid in, so that it



Mr. W. Stewart Royston in his "Room fit for a Prince."

Photo: *Pictorial Agency*.

was opened free of debt. At the special request of the Governors the Secretary was deputed to come out to my home to convey their warmest thanks, and so pleased was the Secretary that he kindly offered to bring out the best ambulance in the infirmary that I might be taken with all care and carried round the institution, and, he said, "be a witness of what my efforts had helped to do." Of all the other nice things said by the Secretary—well, readers must be left to guess.

THE QUIVER

It is not often one is denied the pleasure of seeing with his own eyes what he has helped to erect.

There was a new church needed in a parish wherein I was once a happy schoolboy. A number of my suggestions appeared in certain places behind a pen-name which has been used for some years, with the result that the subscription lists grew longer and longer, and at last the debt on the church was wiped out.

An amusing sequel to my efforts as a church builder was to hear of the vicar going to the public library and making a diligent search through the directories for the address of his mysterious helper. Needless to say he went away unrewarded after all his trouble, for it is doubtful if that pen-name is to be found in the most up-to-date issue of Post Office directory. In its adoption lies a sacred story, and it is my one great wish that it may be possible to make it the tool to carry out much more work in the service of others in days to come.

In the affairs of my native town it has been busy with suggestions for which its Mayor has made complimentary remarks, and in more than one instance has money been borrowed by the Corporation to carry out my schemes. County, town, and parish have carried out suggestions made behind that pen-name, and in one instance the matter suggested has formed a subject for debate in the House of Commons. So, if the frame be broken and weakened, the mind is alert and ever ready to give of its best for the good and welfare of King and country held so dear !

The "Gratitude" Scheme

It is not always an easy matter to find out a way to help without such being discovered, as in the case of the scheme inaugurated to raise a portion of the large sum of money still required for the completion of the great Cathedral in Liverpool, whose foundation stone was laid by King Edward "the Peacemaker" nine years ago. It will never be known what comfort and strength have come into my suffering life through the fatherly love and care of the saintly Bishop of Liverpool. How I have longed to find

out a plan which, if supported by loyal Church people, would end in the completion of that great and noble work, which would never have been commenced had it not been for the inspiration of Dr. Chavasse behind it.

To-day there are very many wealthy merchants and shippers within and without the diocese of Liverpool, who have reason to feel deeply grateful for their earthly blessings. It is to them I appeal to lend their support to the "Gratitude" scheme, and so make for me another silver lining to the cloud. What real joy should come into the hearts of Liverpool's wealthy citizens that an opportunity has been given to return a tithe of their earthly loan in building up stone by stone a beautiful tribute wherein future generations could worship their Heavenly King !

None of our lives need be useless. Every true seed we plant finds an imitator, though we may never know it.

Of all those years I can picture as spent in the days of happy boyhood—ah! and many of those spent in suffering—within the shelter and love of a lamented father, I never knew him when he was not doing something for others. There stands erected within our village church a token of esteem for twenty-seven years' service within its walls. But the monument which is best is "the silent force of influence" in the heart of his first-born. The seed of goodness, the true "silver lining in the cloud," has been planted, cared for, and protected by a devoted mother's love. Sometimes when looking back over all those long, weary, suffering years I wonder that good mother, sisters and brothers have been so patient, so untiring and tender with me still. But it is a vow made long, long years ago, "To learn to suffer without complaining." Though the task never grows less difficult to learn, yet in the "trying" I have found love in its richest beauty, and loyalty of the noblest kind.

Suffering and adversity have garnered for me the gems of the earth whose locks have silvered in the waiting. Oh, the comfort—the sweet solace—never to have been forsaken !

[No. 2 in this Series—"Six Eventful Years"—will tell the story of a governess, and how she faced the world alone in London.]



"There was just enough on the next page
for the minister to read in a breath"—p. 51.

Drawn by
E. B. Hodgson.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL BOOK

And its Secret

By J. J. BELL

THE old woman hurried down the short garden path and was just in time to open the gate for the minister.

"A terrible cold day, sir," she said. "We didn't hope to see ye the day, after the east wind had got up."

The young man, whose complexion bore witness to his three-mile struggle against the bleak gale, did his best to smile.

"I kept thinking of the cup of tea you promised me," he replied, whereat she looked pleased. "I hope the east wind has not caused your husband more suffering, Mrs. Ratray," he added, as they moved towards the cottage.

"Ah, Peter's rheumatism is gey bad, puin man," she said, with a sigh that changed to a small laugh. "But oh, sir, he's that happy the day!"

The minister tried not to look astonished.

"Well, that's good news anyway!"

"The post brought him a fine surprise, this mornin'."

"Capital!"

"But," she went on, ere he could wonder which of the three roving and neglectful sons had remembered the old man, "but he'll tell ye a' aboot it hissel'. He would be vexed, maybe, if I was to tell ye first. Step inside, sir, step inside, and haste ye to the fire." She raised her voice. "Peter, the meenister's come, after a'!"

If the Rev. Thomas Bird had more than once been tempted to turn his face from the east wind and let it blow him back to his cosy study, his perseverance on the path of duty was now surely rewarded by the old man's hearty, "Ye're vera welcome, sir." And if any of his human sympathies had

THE QUIVER

been frozen on the way, they were promptly thawed when the old man, with an obviously painful effort, stretched out the seamed and seared right hand that in all probability would never toil again.

"Sit ye doon, Maister Bird, sit ye doon. Ye'll excuse me for keepin' ma sate. I'm awfu' stiff the day—fair useless. Jess"—over his shoulder—"are ye gettin' Maister Bird a dish o' tea?"

"I am that, Peter," Mrs. Rattray replied, already busy at the dresser, "and proud to dae it. It's no' everybody would hae come three mile to see ye on sic a day, man. Eh?"

"It's fine to be remembered," said Peter, so gratefully that the young man warming his chilled hands at the glowing hearth gave an embarrassed laugh and remarked that he had been out in worse weather.

"Ah, but ye're faithful," the old man declared. "Never a week hae ye missed since the rheumatics got the better o' me—and that was three month back. But I didna look for ye the day; the weather got that wild. And, mind ye, I was partee'lär anxious to see ye the day—was I no', Jess?"

"Deed, ay. Are ye no' gaun to let Maister Bird see the book?"

"Tits, woman! I was comin' to that," he returned a little sharply, as though she had spoilt a surprise. The ill-humour passed as quickly as it had come. "Come and gie it to him, Jess. Ma fingers is useless the day."

She came over at once and took the loosely-wrapped brown-paper parcel that his left hand had been holding—unconsciously, perhaps—against his heart. She handed it to the minister and went back to her hospitable duties.

"Open it, sir, open it," the old man said eagerly. "It cam' wi' the post the day Jess is makin' a cover for it. But your clean hands 'll no' hurt it. Read the letter first, if ye please. Read it so as we can hear it, sir."

The letter, which accompanied a volume in scarlet cloth, bore the heading of an important publishing house and ran as follows:

"Peter Rattray, Esq.,

"White Cottage, Fairport, Scotland.

"DEAR SIR,—At the request of the author,

Mr. James Y. Service, who is at present abroad, we have pleasure in sending you herewith a copy of his novel, 'Reported Missing,' which we published last week.

"We are, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"GRAY AND GRAHAM."

"Ay, that's it!" the old man cried in a tone of supreme satisfaction. "And noo—before ye look at the book—I'll tell ye aboot Maister James Y. Service."

"Aw, he was an awfu' nice lad," said the old woman, who, having come forward again, was setting the teapot on the hob and preparing to make a slice of toast.

"Hand yer tongue, Jess!" he exclaimed. "It's me that's tellin' the meenister. . . . Aweel, sir, I was for sayin' it was a peety ye never seen Maister Service, but it was afore your time. It was the summer afore last that he took lodgin's in Fairport. He was writin' a book then, they said, though he didna speak aboot it. But him and me got acquaint on the shore, and many the night's fishin' we had theegther. And as Jess was sayin', he was a nice lad, and a terrible one for stories. He was aye wantin' to hear aboot ma sea-farin' days, and I tell ye, sir, he kep' ma memory workin' hard, for ma sea-farin' days was in ma youth. But I could mind ma adventures no' that badly, and he would aye say something or speir (ask) something when I was like to forget, something that would set me rememberin' again. And whiles, after the fishin', he would come in here wi' me, and Jess there would mak' a dish o' tea—he aye praised yer tea, wife—eh?"

"Whisht, Peter! D'ye want me to burn the meenister's toast? But oh, sir, ye should hae heard Peter then! They would be at it till eleeven o'clock at nicht! And I'll no' say but what the maist o' Peter's adventures was new to me."

"Peace, woman, peace!" cried Peter. "Can I no' get speakin'? Weel, sir, that's a' I've got to say aboot Maister James Y. Service i' the meantime. Noo, if ye'll be pleased to open the book—"

"But this is very interesting, Mr. Rattray," said Mr. Bird, opening it at the title page, but regarding his host. "In the *Herald* this morning I read a notice of this very book. The reviewer described it as the most vivid and convincing story of ship-

A VERY SUCCESSFUL BOOK

wreck he had read for years, and prophesied for the book a great success."

Peter Rattray gave a gasp, but recovered himself almost immediately, and, ignoring the fact that his wife had allowed the bread to drop on the stone and was blissfully continuing to toast the prongs of the fork, listening greedily the while, said, with dignity: "Would ye be pleased to say the words again, sir?"

When Mr. Bird, gravely and distinctly, had repeated them, the old man, as with a rush of comprehension, raised his right hand, smote his knee, and—groaned.

"Oh, Peter, hae ye hurted yersel'?" sighed his wife.

"Me hurt masel'! It was the rheumatics! Pay attention to yer toast!"

Mrs. Rattray barely suppressed a wail and fled to the dresser for a fresh slice of bread; while Mr. Bird, who had apparently noticed nothing, proceeded to quote further from the reviewer.

"My! that's splendid!" said Peter, smiling ere the twinges had entirely subsided. "But noo, sir," he continued, "would ye be pleased to turn to the next page and read what ye behold there?" He broke into a little chuckle; his countenance fairly beamed.

There was just enough on the next page for the minister to read in a breath:

"DEDICATED TO
PETER RATTRAY,
WHO SPUN THE YARNS
NOW WOVEN INTO THIS TALE."

"And that's me!" cried Peter.

"Ay, it's just him!" laughed Jess, returning to the fire. "I'm sure I never thought to see the day when ma Peter's name would be in print! Was it no' real kind o' the lad to—?"

"Woman!" exclaimed her spouse, "is it the day or the morn that the meenister's to get his tea?"

"Tits, Peter!" she retorted mildly, "can I no' get sayin' a word?"

"A word! A speech, ye mean!"

Mr. Bird, who was now accustomed to their tiny tiffs, concealed his amusement, and solemnly congratulated the host on the honour done him.

"Honour! My! I wouldna change places wi' the King! I'm the proudest man in Scotland!"

"All the same," said the minister—his eyes on Chapter I., for he, too, had written a book (a secret as yet)—"you must accept the credit the author gives you in his dedication. I take it, Mr. Rattray, that this book would not have been written but for you. The author says as much."

At that the old man fell back in his chair. His face glowed; his voice shook as he inquired: "Maister Bird, dae ye mean that?"

And again Jess forgot her toast to gaze from the one to the other.

"Why, certainly," the young man replied. "The dedication is an open acknowledgment of your inspiration. I don't suppose you've had time to read much of the book yet, but—"

"He wanted me to read a bit," put in Mrs. Rattray, "but then he wouldna let the book oot o' his grip."

This time Peter ignored her. "And will—will ma name be on a' the books that he's got printed?" he asked the visitor.

"Surely," said Mr. Bird. "You see, Mr. Rattray, your young friend has felt so indebted to you that he could not help telling the world your name. And if you feel proud now, I think you'll feel prouder later, even if the prophecy of the *Herald* reviewer is only moderately fulfilled. But, as I was going to say, when you have read the book you will know better the meaning of the dedication. I dare say you will have read it through—and so shall I: I'll order it tonight—by the time I come along again; and then we shall be able to discuss it, and you shall tell me how much of it is yours." He looked kindly at his host. "It will be tremendously interesting for me, I can assure you," he added.

But the thing seemed to have got beyond the old man. He merely nodded when the minister's voice ceased, and then dropped into a dreamy silence that lasted until tea was ready, and his wife informed him of the fact.

"Ah!" he murmured absently, "it beats everything! Ma name on a book! . . . And I never had muckle notion o' books afore. It was terrible kind o' the lad. . . . Maister Bird, I think I would like to feel the book again."

The minister rose, replaced the Brown paper, and laid the parcel in the left hand, that signalled cautiously for it. And once

THE QUIVER

more the new book lay against the old heart. It was still there, the minister noticed, when he came to take his departure.

"No doubt about its success," he said to himself, and perhaps he felt a little envious. Would anybody ever prize his own book so?

II

ONE of Mr. Bird's city friends was the head of a public library, and for the next three months or so he obligingly sent Mr. Bird all the press notices he encountered relating to "Reported Missing." It was inevitable that some should be unfavourable, but at least three out of every four praised the book warmly and expressed confidence in the author's future work. Every Thursday afternoon, just before setting out for White Cottage, the minister went carefully through the week's budget and selected the "good ones" for reading to the old man. Afterwards they would be pasted in the scrap-book which he had given Peter when the cuttings began to accumulate, and which Peter valued almost as much as the scarlet-covered volume itself.

To Peter Rattray these Thursday afternoons were charged with anticipation, excitement, gratification.

"Weel, what are the critics sayin' this week?" he would ask almost before the minister could sit down. And later: "Ye might jist read that bit again," or "That's no' as guid as some ye had last week," or "Man, that's the best yet!" He became rather autocratic, too, and would shock his wife by his frank demands on the minister's good nature. "Na, na! that critic hasna got the notion right. Turn up chapter nine, and ye'll see . . . There ye are! Was I no' corree'?" Hah! it wasna likely I would ha'e let the lad blunder over a thing like that. I doobt that critic's never been to sea except in a row-boat . . . Noo gang back to chapter five. Read the bit aboot the fog. I mind the night I told the lad that bit. He's got it doon word for word—or vera nearly. . . . My! it's a great book, is it no', sir?"

In these days the Rev. Mr. Bird was surely a minister in the fullest sense of the word. Patiently and cheerfully he served the old man, who was frequently tiresome in his repetitions, not always easy to humour, and

apt to be childishly foolish in his so recently developed conceit. Jess saw it all, and loved the young man.



With the coming of the warmer weather, Peter suffered less; but it was plain to those who knew him that he would never be fit to go back to his trade again. In May it became necessary to dispose of the little boat-building business that had kept him and his family in modest comfort since his retreat from the sea thirty years ago. His sons were abroad. Jess wrote to the two whose addresses she knew at the time. Would they not come home and carry on the old business? But one of them was about to get married and settle where he was; the other didn't fancy the trade, and, besides, he was "broke" for the time being and wasn't going to come home to live on his parents.

The proceeds from the sale were not large. Enough to purchase a joint annuity which would permit of the old people remaining in the old house with just enough to keep body and soul together—no more. Jess perceived at once the cheese-paring that would have to be done, and looked forward with something like terror to another winter. Peter, now able to sit in the sunshine, would not realise what his change of fortunes meant until autumn revived the old aches and he was denied the little luxuries that had hitherto helped him to endure.

The minister could only guess at the truth. It was Jess's face betrayed her anxiety she herself was too proud to declare it. Mr. Bird felt more uneasy every time he met her. He had a large heart and a small salary. His was a poor little parish, and he gave many of his people more than words. During his two years of ministry in Fairport he had just avoided getting into debt. There was very little in the material way he could do for the Rattrays, assuming they would accept help of that sort, which he was inclined to doubt. And the summer came and passed. . . .

It was during the walk home from White Cottage, one Thursday in September, that the idea sprang into his mind. He did not welcome it then, yet it remained, annoying him, encouraging him by turns. A month later he found Peter in the clutch of the

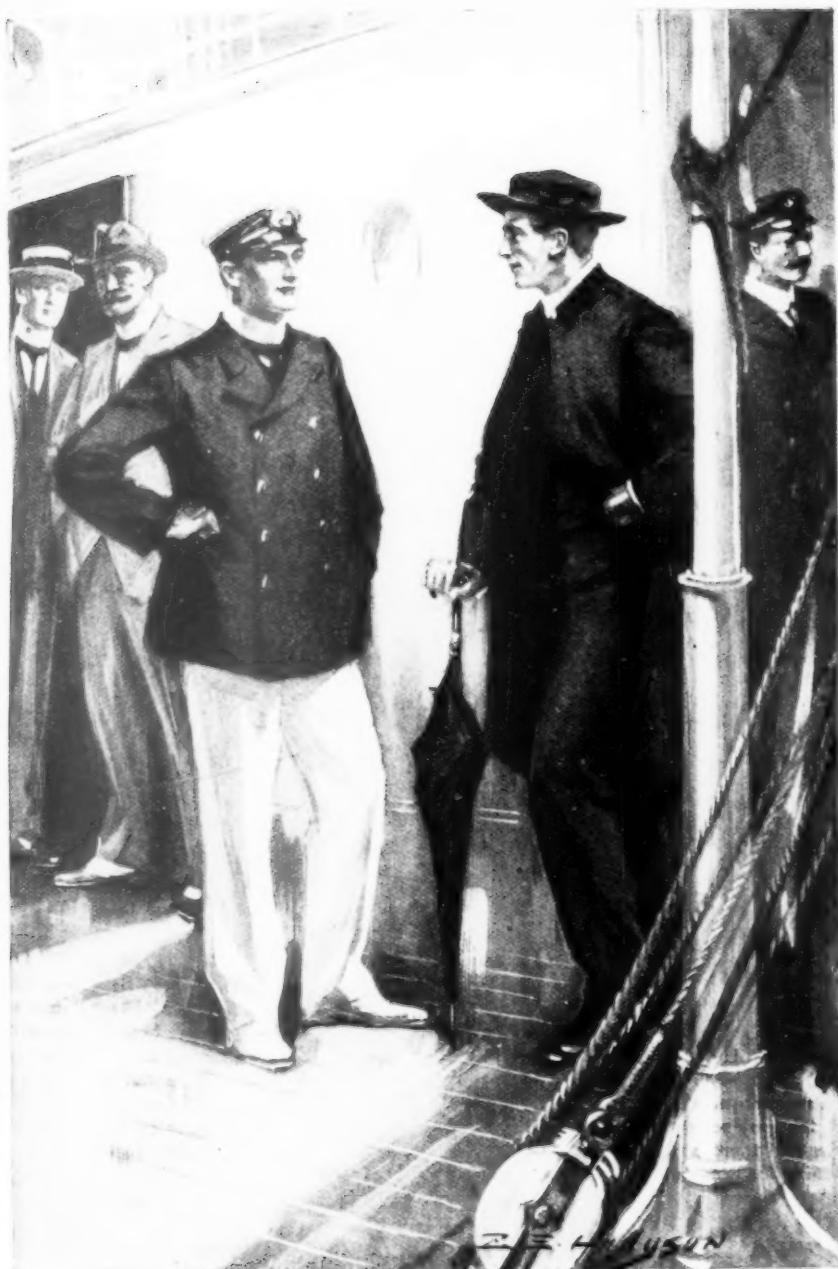
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"Mr. Service, I am the man who wrote
to you about old Peter Rattray" — p. 55.

Illustration by
E. S. Hargason.

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old enemy, and thereupon the Idea took mastery.

Mr. Bird spent that evening in writing a letter to the author of "Reported Missing." It was the most difficult, the most delicate piece of composition he had ever attempted. For each of the two sheets that eventually went into the envelope, a dozen went into the fire. The letter ended thus :

"Please understand that Peter is altogether ignorant of what I am doing. You have made him so proud that I think he would never forgive me were he aware. Had his health been good and his business going on, I would regard him as the happiest man of my acquaintance. If anything could make him forget his suffering and lack of little creature comforts, it would be the sight of his name on your book, for he clings to the book and its success as though his whole worldly support were in them. Should you find it possible to do anything for him, might I respectfully suggest that you offer it to him as *a share of the profits on the book?* Then his pride would not be touched unkindly, and his joy, I feel certain, would be full. Pardon all this from a stranger at his wits' end to help a mutual friend."

For the next three weeks Mr. Bird suffered a good deal from depression alternating with wild hopes. At the end of that period he simply despaired. He was in the very depths when the typescript of his own book came back from the seventh publisher to whom he had submitted it. With a groan he cast the parcel across the room, sprang up, got hat and coat, and left the manse.

It was only Tuesday, but he decided to walk to White Cottage. The east wind was blowing as it had blown against him on the same errand nearly a year ago; but now he took a savage satisfaction in facing it. He would win through the difficulty somehow. He would get Jess to confide in him, and he would beg or borrow that which she most required. Let the grey skies scowl, let the grey sea snarl, the bitter days would pass and there would come a season of clear shining for these old people. He forced himself to believe it. Meantime he was bound to do his best to cheer them up, and as he tramped along he charged his spirit with hopefulness. And so, chilled, but cheerful of countenance, he came at last to the cottage.

But was this Jess who opened the door to him—this old woman all smiles though her eyes held tears?

"Oh, sir," she cried, "it jist needed your comin' to mak' it right. Sich news, sich news for Peter!" She had so far forgotten herself that she took his arm and dragged him into the kitchen. "Peter dear, he's come, he's come!"

And there was Peter, tied to his chair by a common weakness of the flesh, yet looking like a king on his throne.

"Read it, sir, read it!" he exclaimed, and held out a registered envelope. "Read it, and rejoice wi' Jess and me."

The minister managed, without disturbing the other contents, to extract a letter.

"Read it so as we can hear it," Peter commanded.

And the minister read :

"S.S. Blantyre,
"London Docks,
"October 15th, 1911.

"MY DEAR PETER,—

"It has been in my mind before now to write to you; but I have been on the move ever since I saw you, and, besides, I wanted to be able to let you know the result of our book. Well, here it is. I do not suppose the thought ever occurred to you, but I made a bargain with myself that you should take half of the spoil. I heard from the publishers lately, and got a settlement of the royalties due on the first six months' sales. In case it should be handier for you, I enclose your share in notes and a P.O.—£85 10s. I understand we might have done worse as books go nowadays. The reviews were good, anyway. Let me know if you would like to see a few. At present I am not thinking of another book. Were I out in your fishing-boat or sitting at your fireside I dare say I'd want to do another. And perhaps the time may come. I wish I could have brought the enclosed to you instead of posting it, but a run to Scotland is out of the question just now. I am purser on this unfashionable but seaworthy craft—in the Australian trade—and we sail on Thursday. Best of luck to you and Mrs. Rattray; may you both have health and happiness.

"Your one-time collaborator and
always your friend,
"JAMES Y. SERVICE."

A VERY SUCCESSFUL BOOK

The old man held out his hand for the letter. "Gie the money to Jess," he said, "Weel, Maister Bird, what think ye o' that?" he asked, beaming.

"He's a good fellow," replied the young minister, a little dazed, "and £170 for a first book seems to me excellent." And under his breath he added, "God bless him!"

III

IN the following spring an amazing thing happened to Mr. Bird. His book was accepted, and by the firm that had published "Reported Missing." Its publication was promised for the autumn.

He could not resist mentioning the matter to Peter Ratray on his next call, just to see how the old man would take it. Peter was indubitably pleased that any good thing should happen to his friend, but it was impossible for him to keep a note of patronage out of his congratulations; indeed, the note was so distinct that Mr. Bird found it difficult to retain a grave countenance.

"And I'm sure I hope it'll be vera successful," was Peter's final remark on the subject. After which he proceeded to quote from some of the reviews of his "own" book, and later requested his visitor to read sundry selections from the same.

In July the minister took a holiday. He went to London by water, a trip he had promised himself for years. To make the acquaintance of his publisher, from whom he had had several encouraging letters, was, however, the primary motive for taking the journey now. Having written for an appointment with the great man, he had received a cordial note inviting him to lunch, and so he left Fairport in the best of spirits.

During the short voyage he bethought himself of another author, and wondered whether the latter was still purser on the *Blantyre*, and whether, by any chance, that ship was at present in port. On arriving at London he made inquiry, and found, to his satisfaction, that the *Blantyre* was within his reach, though advertised to sail that afternoon. With much trouble he found the ship. He found the purser, too, but had to await his turn to interview that busy, brown-faced, bright-eyed young man. And when his chance came at last, he saw that he could have but a few words.

"Mr. Service," he said, "I am the man who wrote to you about old Peter Ratray

at Fairport. I hope my letter won't prevent you now from shaking hands."

For a moment the purser frowned, then his face cleared, though it flushed. He held out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right. You did well to write to me, Mr. Bird. I hadn't forgotten Peter, but—" He halted, looking a little embarrassed. "If you don't mind," he resumed, "I'd rather hear about Peter than the—the other thing. How did he get through the winter?"

"Wonderfully. The book and you—I must say it at once, Mr. Service—made all the difference. I wish you could see him."

The purser smiled and sighed. "So do I. That was a good time I had at Fairport. I thought I was going to be an author then—I mean a big author."

"Aren't you that now? I never saw a book so well reviewed."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," Service said in a lighter tone.

"I should hope not! Well, now that you have written one very successful book, when shall we see your second?"

Service laughed and shook his head. "I haven't the slightest idea." He glanced quickly round him, and the minister saw himself in the way. People were becoming impatient for the purser's attention.

"I'm sorry," said Service presently, "but it's my ill-fortune to be on duty. I hope we may meet again. Remember me to Peter and the old lady. It was good of you to look me up."

They shook hands as friends do, and the minister made way for others.

At lunch with his publisher next day he spoke of Service.

"Ah, yes," said the publisher, "that book of his was a big disappointment. We had the greatest hopes of it—a remarkable first effort. But who shall prophesy a book's fate?" He looked inquiringly at his guest, who was staring at him in a curious fashion.

"A disappointment?" said Mr. Bird slowly, after a long pause. "I understood it was a very successful book—for a first book, at any rate."

The publisher shook his head. "It ought to have been a very successful book. I may tell you, Mr. Bird, my belief in it was so strong that I nearly advised—a mercy I didn't—Service to go in seriously for writing novels. I think he had the ambition, for he

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told me once that as soon as he could scrape together a hundred pounds—he's quite alone in the world, I believe—he would stay ashore and devote himself to writing for a year, and see what happened. But I don't suppose he ever reached the hundred, poor chap, or else he changed his mind, for he still follows the sea, as you have just told me. Well, he did his best, and so did we, and that's all about it."

The minister's puzzled look had given way to one of concern—or was it consternation?

"Mr. Graham," he said, with forced calmness, "if my question is not too outrageous, I beg you will answer it. After-

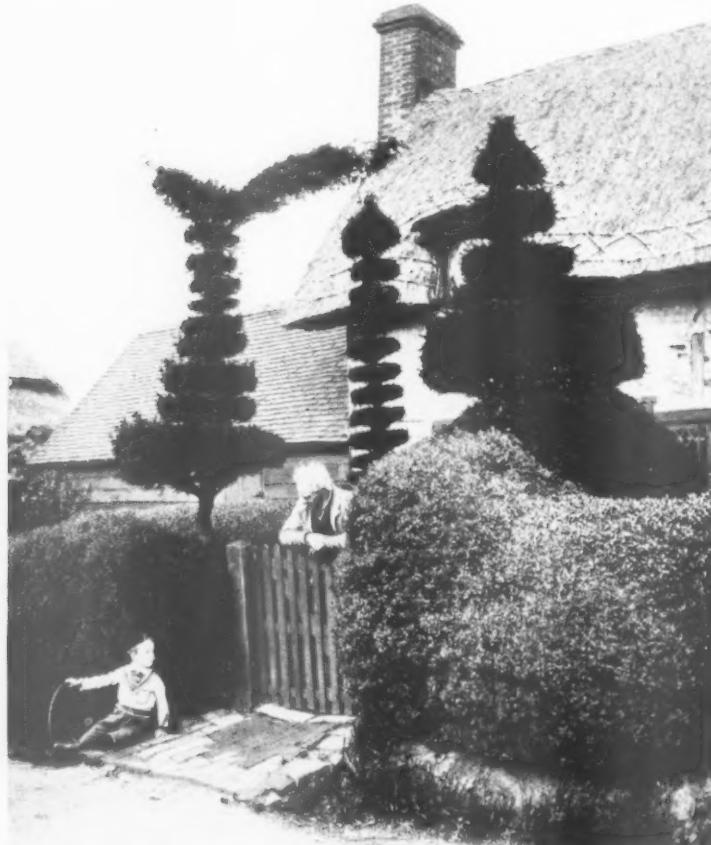
wards I will satisfy you that my motive is not mere curiosity."

"What is the question, Mr. Bird?"

"How much money—did Mr. Service make out of 'Reported Missing'?"

The publisher hesitated. "It is not usual," he began. Then he met the minister's eyes. "Between ourselves, Mr. Bird, Service's total royalties amounted to a little less than twelve pounds, and the book is as dead as a herring."

"Twelve pounds," softly echoed the minister, and sat awhile in silence. At last he said, "Mr. Graham, I still think it was a very successful book, and I am going to tell you why."



"Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young."

Photo by
J. G. Hale

A MINIMUM WAGE FOR MINISTERS

An Unusual Plea for an Unusual Class

By DENIS CRANE

We have heard a great deal of late about the minimum wage for various classes of workers, but few need it more than those in the Church. Many preachers are scandalously underpaid, yet they cannot agitate. I asked Mr. Denis Crane to investigate carefully the whole subject, and here is his report.

THE nation has of late years shown a laudable, if somewhat belated, desire to set its house in order. The Churches—in open conference, in secret conclave, and in individual pulpit—have, with thunderous resolutions and fervid rhetoric, urged it on.

Now at last the ordinary citizen, panting a little from his unusual exertions and alarms, is beginning to retoft upon the Churches, albeit in no unfriendly mood, "Don't push. Set your own house straight."

And the retoft has point; for, truly, in the Church to-day there is an incredible amount of sweating, grave waste of resources, and, in certain sections of it, more inequality of burdens and rewards than in any other sphere of life.

For Honour's Sake

Admitting that the Church is not to be judged by ordinary business standards, and allowing for the fact that, to a degree unknown in other institutions, she is at the mercy of circumstance, there yet appears to the plain man one internal reform that, for her honour's sake, she must straightway undertake. It is the fixing of an adequate minimum wage for her ministers.

A few years ago the ministry was regarded by that elusive individual, "the man in the street"—or, at least, the ribald type of him—as a sluggard's paradise; and by some, even to-day, it is considered more or less a sinecure. But times have changed swiftly of late, and where the truth is known the spirit of this newer age demands for the parson, as for the miner and the mechanic, a living wage, promptly paid, for an honest day's work.

To this demand the Church is slowly responding, and some deplorable evils have been swept away; but that there are still real grievances, imposing a heavy toll of crippled efficiency as well as of anxiety and

suffering, it is the object of this article to show.

Of the six principal Nonconformist Churches in this country, four have for some years past recognised the principle that every minister should have assured to him a stipend sufficient to raise him above anxiety and care. They are the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan Methodist, the Primitive Methodist, and the United Methodist Churches.

Two others, the Congregational and the Baptist, have now come into line by establishing special funds whereby the ministerial wage within the respective Unions will be increased to an agreed minimum. The Church of England, in which grave inequalities still abound, has no adequate provision of the kind, nor is any in immediate prospect.

The Presbyterians inaugurated a sustentation fund as early as 1879, and although there would seem to be some strain in maintaining it, its object is satisfactorily achieved.

The Wesleyan Minimum

The Wesleyans have no statutory rule, but a minimum stipend is established by custom. Eighty pounds per annum is the not inadequate salary of a probationer; only in a very few cases is a slightly lower amount paid.

For ministers in full connexion the usual minimum is £150, with a furnished house and certain allowances. In some of the poorer country circuits the figure may drop a trifle, but there are compensations.

The allowances are six guineas a year for each child under eighteen, a reduction on school fees—or, as an alternative, twelve pounds a year per child from the ages of nine to fifteen—and in some of the more prosperous circuits the payment of medical charges.

Lay agents, though not remunerated on a

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generous scale, are otherwise provided for. The Conference of 1905 adopted a scheme for giving them a pension.

In Primitive Methodism the minimum is fixed by legislation. It is a meagre one, and often entails care and privation: £60 for probationers, and £100, with a furnished house, for approved list men. Five pounds for each child under eighteen lightens the burden of married men. In this Church, however, there is a large proportion of circuits that do not pay above the minimum. Very few rise to £150 or beyond.

Yet great improvements have taken place. The writer knows one honoured minister who entered on his work in 1862, whose stipend for the first year was £14, with lodging and three meals a day, additional meals to be paid for at fivepence each. He confesses that he never had more than the three.

During his second, third and fourth years he received £16, £18 and £20 respectively. In his fifth he married, when he received £1 a week and a house. "Sometimes," says he, "I had to wait weeks before I got that." In later years he fared somewhat better. Yet during a ministry of nearly half a century he never once received more than £20.

This Church also employs lay agents, but for the majority it accepts no responsibility beyond the payment of a salary—without board or lodgings—rarely rising above £1 or £18, a week. It has, however, invested a select few with the dignity of "permanency." But they are sadly underpaid, and there is no pension or superannuation allowance.

A Pound a Week!

One typical case, personally known to the writer for many years, will suffice.

The man in question has spent twenty-five years in the service of his Church, during seventeen of which he never received more—and sometimes received less—than £1 a week on which to dress well and meet all expenses.

For seven years he superintended an important city mission. His total income here was £2 a week, paid quarterly—when there were funds to pay it. The mission prospered under his care, but owing to the poverty of the members and the heavy debt he often had not a shilling to take home to his family. "Sometimes we shed a few tears," he says. Besides earning his wages

he had perforce to go round among friends and beg it.

No pension or annuity awaits this man, only a small sum—£100, I believe—for which the Church has insured him. This falls due thirteen years hence. My friend will then have seen thirty-eight years of public service, and will be fifty-seven years of age. As he will be unfit for work, and the insurance money cannot, with the utmost care, last more than two years, his prospects are hardly rosy.

In any other sphere such treatment would be held to be disgraceful. Here the incidence is shifted, and we hear only of the man's self-sacrifice. A curious feature is that, whereas an ordained minister has a higher salary and a retiring allowance, this man, whom the Church does not hesitate to entrust with the full work and responsibility of a minister, and whose labours have been singularly blessed, is not only paid thirty per cent. less—so that he cannot himself save a penny—but is also left practically unprovided for by the Church. On what extraordinary interpretation of Christian ethics is this treatment based?

The position in the United Methodist Church is affected slightly by the terms of union. The men of the Bible Christian section, who formerly had no minimum, and were greatly underpaid, now share in the general understanding by which no minister in full connexion receives less than £10 and a house.

Those ministers who formerly owed allegiance to the New Connexion participate in a reserve fund by which is assured the minimum they were entitled to before union took place—£120. In the majority of cases, however, throughout this vigorous Church, a higher scale of remuneration prevails.

It was in some of the Baptist and Congregational churches that, in past years, the greatest hardships were experienced, inasmuch as insecurity of tenure was added to inadequacy of remuneration.

The Baptists are now raising a sustentation fund of £250,000, to establish a minimum salary of £100 a year for single, and £120 for married men. The fund was launched only last year, but some two-thirds of the amount is already in hand.

The need is shown by the fact that forty-eight per cent. of the Baptist pastors

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England and Wales get less than £2 a week; and rarely does a manse go with the stipend. Many pastors remain single because they cannot afford to marry.

A like amount—£250,000—has just been raised by the Congregational Church. From January next no Congregational minister within the Union will receive less than £120 a year.

So much for Nonconformity.

The Church of England

It is the shame of modern Christendom that in the Church of England, whose prestige is incomparable, and whose wealth is fabulous, there exists a state of things that will bear no name but scandalous. There are two counts in the indictment: the amazing inequality of income among its clergy, and the large number of unemployed.

As to the first-named, the facts are fairly well known. In the Fen Country, for example, is a "living" of £70, without a vicarage. The parishioners—mostly small farmers and their dependents—can render little help; and there is a considerable amount of poverty that naturally looks to the Church for relief.

The vicar—when the parish is lucky enough to have one—has to live in rooms and eke out his penurious stipend with sundry small charities, to secure which he must answer many humiliating questions as to how he spends his money, why he cannot live on £70 a year, and so forth.

Not far away is a curacy with £140 a year, and a house. On this sum the curate has to maintain himself and his wife—a delicate woman, who must have a servant—and educate his three children. He is, moreover, expected to give relief and, as leader of local affairs, to keep up a certain amount of style.

On the other hand, close by are two livings, light so far as duties are concerned, worth £800 and £1,300 respectively. These are said to be two of the worst-worked parishes in the county.

Some years ago, in a great London daily, the then Bishop of London gave a detailed statement of his expenditure, to show that the man who held his position must needs be poor on £10,000 a year.

Allowing that Bishops, individually considered, are very much the victims of circumstance, this kind of argument is not con-

vincing. It is too obvious that, hard pressed as he may be, a Bishop on £10,000 a year never goes hungry, never denies himself a needful book, but lives amid cultured surroundings, can send his children to the most expensive schools, and, when run down, can flee to Windermere or to the snowy tranquillities of Mürren. Not so, however, the thriftest vicar on £150. Lucky he, if, with his careworn wife and stinted children, he can meet the household bills and pay the fares once in a long, long year to an exchanged vicarage in another town.

Not only are many of the clergy starved and sadly put to it to make ends meet, but also there is no pension for them, no provision of any sort for old age.

There are, indeed, certain independent charities, notably the Curates' Augmentation Fund, which aims to increase the stipends of the elder curates. But the fund is so ill supported that it can make grants to only two out of the fourteen hundred curates eligible. Even at that, the grant ceases, for some obscure reason, during such time as a beneficiary may chance to be out of work.

Out-of-Work Clergy

And unemployment is a growing evil in the Established Church. Roughly speaking, there are 25,000 clergy, and only 14,000 benefices. As on an average only 460 vacancies occur each year, it would be upwards of twenty-three years, even under a system of seniority, before all could be promoted. As it is, there are hundreds of curates whose chances of preferment are absolutely nil.

Moreover, the demand nowadays is increasingly for young men. Years and experience seem not to count. It is the youthful, unmarried curate who is wanted. And it is he who draws the largest stipend—£130 a year, on an average. When a man has been a curate for five years his income in successive curacies steadily declines until, at sixty, he is fortunate if he can get £90 or £100.

In England to-day there are large numbers of clergymen against whom no fault can be alleged, save that of middle-age, who are out of work and entirely dependent for a meagre livelihood on occasional Sunday duty. As at least one-half of them are University or public-school men, reared in

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homes that knew no privation, what tales of tragedy and heroism—did they not hold it bad form to voice their sufferings—they and their wives could tell.

To the ordinary lay mind, that regards a wise stewardship and an equitable adjustment of rewards to industry as the most elementary Christian duty, this state of affairs in the Church of England is astounding. It makes one alternately gasp and quake. Everywhere one sees the Church fettered by unjust anomalies, by antiquated bonds. Why not overhaul the whole cumbersome machinery? Why leave it to a day of disestablishment? It is hard to believe that even for so onerous a task the Bishops have not the necessary statesmanship. Can it be that, secure in their pre-eminence, they lack the desire?

In all sections of the Church, save, perhaps, the Anglican, the clash of opposing ideals has been a serious hindrance to the payment of a living wage. Ought not the Christian minister to abandon all claim to affluence, to earthly comforts, to social advantage, "for the work's sake"? Would not a life of voluntary poverty render both precept and example more effective? There are those who hold that view, including some who retort, not without querulousness, when called upon to support their pastor in a house better than their own: "Why should he fare better than I?"

On the other hand, there are those who

contend that, properly to fulfil his vocation, the pastor should be raised above all anxiety in money matters, have an ample library, with every facility for undisturbed meditation, and be relieved of business cares. Only then, it is said, shall we get the type of ministry the age demands. Both these ideals have in all ages had their living exemplifications and are held to-day with equal conviction by men of undoubted sincerity.

There is truth and error in both contentions. Christ's representative should certainly set an example of self-denial, but that "for the work's sake" may become a mean and tyrannical plea; domestic or business worry undoubtedly impairs efficiency, but the doctrine of comfort and quietude pushed too far may degrade the pastor into a pampered religious pet.

A Guaranteed Minimum wanted

Common sense suggests a middle course: a guaranteed minimum stipend, on a more generous scale than now obtains, and a reduction of all salaries over £500, the money so saved to go to poorer parishes and to Church extension. Any abnegation and poverty would thus become voluntary acts on the minister's own part, as, to have any virtue, they ought to be. In churches where, from force of circumstance, salaries are at present low, the necessary funds might be provided by the abandonment of fruitless causes and the abolition of overlapping.



Photo: A. W. Cutler, Worcester.

LETTERS OF COUNSEL AND COMFORT

A New Series of Open Letters

By "AMICA"

The former letters which "Amica" contributed to this magazine a year or two ago were so much appreciated that I have asked her to write another series. No. 2 will be addressed to "The Young Head of an Old House."

No. 1.—TO A GIRL WITH A STEPMOTHER

MY DEAR ELFRI DA,

I want you to come here direct, when you leave school: we must talk this thing over before you return home—over and over. On personal matters, I do not think that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but, oh! in crises, how blessed may one counsellor be, who cares! I have always cared. When I see a young soul standing at life's cross roads, whence one turning may take him or her into the desert, and another among pleasant valleys and under the shelter of the hills, I always want to go to that nidus where the pilgrim stands, and say, "I have not walked each of these ways myself, but I know whither each leads; let us make sure now which is best!"

It is not an evil always, and in every case, to go into the desert. I cannot help thinking that, for the great of soul, it may be good sometimes to agonise there; I think there might be occasions when the desert is chosen with open eyes, but it is sad to arrive in it without conscious choice. Everyone does not want life's easy things; it may be that sometimes the heroism consists in taking them when one's very soul cries out for Pentecostal bread and the lonely vigil; but it is hard when average people who want pleasantness are given these.

I understand what a great blow has fallen on you. It will not comfort you much, at the first, to be told that it is estimates, false in the main, which make the shock overwhelming. It is admitted that habit is twice Nature—there are conventions which are super-Nature.

You remember your mother; you were quite a big girl when she died. After her death, your father became the remaining pillar of your universe. Separated from

him, as you have been at boarding-school for five years, you have probably idealised him more than had you been living with him. In the interval, I feel sure you have been building a dream-house in which you have lived a good deal, where in time you expected to prove yourself your father's right hand, little mother to the other children, a dignified and very wise young spinster matron. And now, the realisation being close at hand, you being eighteen, your father writes to you, not merely that he is going to marry, but that he is married. The blow has certainly struck you in the crudest way, but, dear heart, you must not speak of "treachery"; the secrecy was due to a far more usual and less cruel thing: cowardice, male cowardice. Your father was afraid of you, afraid of your cold, clear-eyed young judgment, afraid of appeals which he could not grant, so he fortified himself by effecting a condition against which appeal would be obviously in vain.

When one is able to realise that, in practico-sentimental or emotional matters, some men, even when they are fathers, are only blundering, blind, helpless creatures, I think the protective, mother instinct that makes life always worth while to women, awakes, and one becomes a little sorry, and a little amused, and altogether kind and merciful. When a man is torn divers ways by opposing women, bound to him by indissoluble ties of kinship, he proves a victim, if he is a peace-lover. I feel sure you will not wish to put your father into that position.

It would probably surprise you if I reminded you that he is still a young man. All children regard their parents as venerable persons, but when a man marries at twenty-one he may be only forty when

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his eldest child is eighteen. In my opinion, a man of forty is in his heyday.

Perhaps you will say, "So much the worse; he will have the longer time in which to love *her*," but the second thought that will follow this will be a penitent and a better one.

Being honest with yourself, I want you to try to think if there were never hours when, planning the future in your French *pensionnat*, you did not add to the panorama of life at home the dream-figure of another man, this time very young, whose presence would make ordinary things interesting to the spinster matron, and if you never saw with your mind's eye a wedding feast in the big dining-room, where the spinster matron was very prominent, and a later going away, when the spinster matron returned, as such, no more. If you are like most girls, you had these dreams. Suppose they had materialised in your case, where does consideration of the father come in? Is he to stand passively by, and witness the severance of his "right hand"; is he to give away successively his three daughters, as each reaches the age of sympathy and good understanding, and remain lonely thence-forward? I think even the kindest of children would think this a reasonable and becoming course of action. But as we grow older, we learn not to ask more of human nature than it is in humanity to accord.

I now come to the most poignant part of your grievance. The bride, prior to her marriage, had been governess to your sisters. You say you would not have minded nearly so much if she had been an earlier friend of the family, and you are quite sure she must be a horrid creature, since, being entrusted with the education of your sisters, she has managed to sneak into your mother's place.

I admit that, at first sight, this emphasises the anguish. For my own part, I am not cordially in sympathy with employees in any capacity who aspire to marry the master, or a son of the house; and, in the majority of cases, I think the better kind of woman would not wish to do it, and yet, here again, it may be super-Nature prejudice, and not reasoned judgment, that speaks.

A governess to-day is not likely to be

an uneducated woman; the governess whom your Aunt Mary engaged for her motherless nieces would be, as far as opportunity enabled her to judge, a lady. Now I am of the opinion that having worked conscientiously at any kind of occupation involving her livelihood, for a few years, is the training of all others that would make a woman thankful for a settled home, and likely to prove a reasonable and affectionate wife.

Bear in mind that I am in sympathy with the instinct that would make you prefer that your father had chosen a wife from any other establishment rather than his own. I think the instinct is sound, nevertheless the fact you deplore would afford a sensible man opportunities of estimating the lady's qualities, of judging if the children were likely to love her, and what impression she made on his friends and acquaintances. And you may rest assured that she, too, would much rather have met her husband elsewhere than in his children's schoolroom.

With regard to stepmothers in general, my impression is that these are more anxiously concerned about their stepchildren than they would be about their own. Their misfortune is that, if the children are partly grown up when the stepmother assumes control over them, she will tolerate in them, or at least will not censure, breaches of good manners that in her own children she would not endure. As I am a profound believer in the supreme importance of good manners in the family, and indeed in all relations of life, I think this neglect has very serious consequences for the entire household. It comes from shyness, from refinement of feeling; lest she should be misjudged, she withholds the rebuke that would be so salutary, the snub that is so often deserved by the bumptious young and this, in due time, induces a barrier of constraint that is regrettable for all concerned.

I think fiction has on its guilty soul the martyrdom of many a stepmother. The war of temperaments is a war that in its elemental aspect never ends; there is, I venture to think, no household that has not known it; often it is between the nearest and dearest that the severest and most tense struggles take place. No

TO A GIRL WITH A STEPMOTHER

reader accepts printed matter with such faith as the young; indeed, the character of studious youth is formed almost entirely by books. Now it is not considered improving to the youthful mind to place before it a feminine contest in the family; the hero son may defy his aged father for the sake of the beautiful heroine, but the heroine must never speak her mind to her mother, no matter how intense her feelings may be. Is family conflict required to send the heroine out into the wide world? The intelligent author, who does not wish to make her public think, lest its mind might be disturbed and enlightened, turns the mother into a stepmother by the addition of four letters, and half a page of explanations, and another of the misrepresentations that are supposed to be salutary, but have such a bitter after-taste, is made to the receptive.

This is very bad, it is very wrong. I have not any doubt that 90 per cent. of the abundant second-wifely suffering in the world is due to the wicked art which tells lurid tales of cruel stepmothers in the nursery, and emphasises them in the schoolroom library. Where an actual stepmother is a cruel woman, I think investigation would almost always prove that she was an over-burdened woman, harassed by toil or suffering or unmerited contempt, till she added her link to the chain of injustice by being unjust in her turn to the helpless. It is difficult to be always good, it is not difficult to be sometimes not good, when one is not actually bad at heart. I could write a volume about stepmothers, and I think it would afford interesting reading.

Come here before you go home, as I have already urged; when we have made the circle of your difficulty together, the views of each will probably have undergone some modification. It will be something, when you turn your face homeward,

that you should do it with the feeling that you are going to meet just another human being, and she probably ten times more alarmed at thought of you than you are at thought of her.

As to your leaving home, and "doing something," subsequently; in view of the respect I entertain for labour, your suggestion does not make the pathetic impression on me you may have anticipated. To stand unsupported on the basis of life's practical things for a time should form part of all education. We do not understand life if we have never had any part in its stern and hard conditions; we never understand how base human nature can be, or how heroic, until we have seen our interests clash with those of others, some unscrupulous, and a few supremely just. Even if we do not desire to take things so seriously, we shall find it informative to see sections of our kind at close quarters. It is good for everyone sometimes to stand apart from the family circle, and be judged as a detached individual. It is not always paradise to live with our relatives. I feel sure we grow best when we are not fastened like espaliers to the walls of the home enclosure. Nature is wiser and older than the family; it seems to me *she* meant the young birds to quit the parental nest as soon as their wings were strong.

Capable young women have many doors standing open to them to-day. At no time could I have advised with more conviction: "Be strong, be good, and fear nothing." If you decide to be one of the great army of professional workers, far be it from me to pity you; the main counsel I should offer you from a hopeful heart is: "Do not close the paternal door violently behind you; there will be occasions when it will be very sweet to be welcomed home."

With love, your friend always,
AMICA.



"How the Royal Children of Europe keep Christmas" is the subject of a splendidly illustrated article in my Christmas Number—one of many special features.

HUMDRUM LOVE

And the Gold that was Behind it

By DORA FOWLER MARTIN

"WE'RE quite old married people," said Mrs. Ainstey thoughtfully, as she cracked the crisp ten-pound note she held between her slim fingers. "Just think, Robert, fourteen years ago to-day was my thirtieth birthday and my wedding day! Does it seem so long to you?"

Robert Ainstey helped himself to the dish before him and asked for another cup of tea before he answered.

"Fourteen years," he repeated sententiously; "yes, very happy years too, and uneventful. Case of a nation without a history, I suppose. All the same—"

He broke off as the front-door bell rang. "It is awkward being without a maid," said Mrs. Ainstey as she rose and left the room; but she was only detained momentarily and came back before her husband was aware of her presence. He had left the tea-table, and was standing gazing into the bright fire.

"Very pleasant," he murmured to himself, "very pleasant—and very dull!" He started as he became aware of her presence, but a quick glance at her calm face reassured him.

"Oh, Edith," he said, "I forgot to tell you something. Mr. Masterman asked me to-day if I could take a week of my month's leave straight away from to-morrow. Isn't it absurd!"

"Of course you said 'no'?"

"Practically. I said it was unlikely, but I'd say to-morrow. He likes that sort of thing, you know, he's so slow himself. But, of course, we've planned our month on the Continent—we're not used to having our plans disturbed."

"Of course not!" she agreed thoughtfully. Then she walked to the table where she had left the note and picked it up. "I suppose I may spend this exactly as I like?" she asked.

"Of course, Edith—what an absurd question. You've always done what you liked with your wedding presents all these years."

"Money for my wedding present and

flowers for my birthday," she said, glancing at some fine roses on the table. "Sometimes I almost wish, Robert, you had reversed your gifts."

He laughed rather awkwardly.

"We're too used to each other to be sentimental now," he said. "After all, humdrum love is a considerable asset."

"Yes," she agreed lightly. "And now I must turn to humdrum labour. I really must go to another registry office, that last girl was hopeless."

The next afternoon a letter was delivered by special messenger to Mr. Ainstey in his office. He glanced at the envelope and knew at once that it was from his wife.

"I suppose she's run up to town and wants me to meet her," he thought rather impatiently. But when he tore it open he was surprised at its length. Still more was he surprised at its contents.

"DEAR ROBERT"—it ran—"I want you to take that week's holiday you mentioned last night. You will wonder why; I'll tell you. You said last night that I might spend my present exactly as I liked, and I am going to do so. I want a complete change, and an unexpected one. So I am just going for it. I shall not tell you where I am going, but you know me well enough to know I shall be safe. I shall return a week to-day. Perhaps humdrum love may grow monotonous if taken too continually.

"There is no necessity for you to return home to-night unless you wish. The house is properly locked up and every contingency provided for. But anyway, you have your key. I strongly advise you to do as I am doing, and take a week of absolute change. I hope you'll have a very happy time.—Yours, EDITH."

Robert Ainstey read the letter hastily through, then turned back to the beginning and re-read it. He could hardly contain his amazement.

After all, Edith had more spirit than he credited her with. He wasn't sorry. He

HUMDRUM LOVE

wondered if she had noticed his fit of discontent the night before—yes, she must have done; but never a hint of it had she given. He was angry, and yet amused. What incomprehensible creatures women were! Then he remembered that was what he had so often thought in his early married days. Latterly he had imagined that he knew the sex through and through. He felt vaguely in his pocket for the photograph of his wife that at one time he had always carried, only to remember that he had dropped the habit.

"But she'll be safe enough," he reflected. "She's too fond of me to run the risk of an illness or anything."

A sudden misgiving seized him.

Was he so sure of her affection? Was he attractive enough to keep a woman's love?

The thought enraged him.

"It's abominable!" he exclaimed. "I'll take her at her word."

The businesslike typist at the end of the office turned from her machine, with the freezing courtesy which always annoyed him, to ask if he spoke.

"Yes; I'm going to Mr. Masterman's office. Type these letters, please, during my absence."

So a moment's impulse settled the next week for him.

The rest of the afternoon he did little business—he wondered how to spend his unexpected holiday; but chiefly he wondered how Edith would spend hers. At first he thought he would not return home at all that day, then masculine distrust decided him to go and see that all was safe.

It was. Every possibility had been thought of, even his own portmanteau and bag had been placed ready if he

should return to pack instead of cutting himself adrift and trusting to stray purchases for the necessities of life.

"She's a capital business woman," he reflected. "She'll know how to take care of herself. Anyhow, it's not much good looking for her; she'll avoid the places I should think of, and this isn't a case for the detectives."

He decided to spend the night at home and go away the next morning. He found his wife had thoughtfully left supplies for supper and breakfast in the larder.

"But she doesn't mean me to stay any longer," he concluded. "Well, I've no desire to. How dismal and silent the place does seem!"



"He stood there, still holding the flowers, in a flood of soft light"—p. 66.

Drawn by
Noel Harrold.

THE QUIVER

He wandered disconsolately round the pretty home. Nearly everything it held was personally associated with Edith, for they had started their married life poor and had acquired their possessions one by one, so each had its own individuality.

"If Edith were to die," he thought, "these things would make life unendurable."

Then he laughed at himself for being sentimental and nervous, and went to bed early to escape the sight of these silent disturbers of his peace. Perhaps it was not unnatural that he should be awake, or that his thoughts should drift back over past years till they settled on the home of his boyhood. He fell asleep at last, trying to decide whether the path through the pine wood were really as much shorter than the main road as he had believed when he saw it last nearly thirty years ago. When he woke up the same problem still occupied him, so he decided to go and see.

There is always some sadness in revisiting old haunts; the only way to mitigate it is to have a companion—one to whom they are new and, for your sake, vastly interesting. Robert Ainstey longed for his wife many a time those days. He felt lonely, forgotten, old. At the end of five days he capitulated suddenly and completely.

He would go home. Edith might want him. What a fool he had been to leave no address—anything might have happened!

He was walking near the station when the thought occurred to him. Rushing in, he found he was only just in time to catch the local train which ran in connection with the great London express. In a moment he decided to run for it, and settle his hotel bill and send for his belongings later. It was with a sigh of relief when he sat down in his corner and knew that at last he was speeding home.

He broke his journey in town to buy

something for Edith. What should it be?

He paused before a jeweller's window and wondered; then the fragrance of flowers arrested his attention, and he remembered.

The florist was rather surprised at the quantity and choiceness of the blossoms this ordinary-looking customer bought, but for the first time for a week Robert Ainstey laughed.

When the taxi stopped at his gate half an hour later he had almost forgotten his former fears in planning the royal welcome he would give Edith next day. He walked up the path, clasping his flowers firmly; then, noiselessly inserting his key, he quietly entered his house. He paused involuntarily to listen in the dark hall, but all was quiet as it should be.

Then suddenly a sound—a human sound—shot through the intense stillness. Again he heard it from a room at the back of the house.

Ainstey was no coward, indeed his impulsiveness had more than once put him into danger. He strode forward and threw open the door, and stood there, still holding the flowers, in a flood of soft light. But it was no housebreaker who confronted him—only his wife, who sat there sobbing bitterly. She did not hear him come into the room, and he stood and watched her for a moment. Suddenly she was aware of someone's presence and stood and faced him.

"Robert," she cried, "you have come home! I was frightened. I came early to have all ready for you. Then I thought suppose he never comes!"

He laughed gently at her agitation.

"Have you learnt, too, that you dare not change?" he asked. "Humdrum love is good enough for me!"

She ran to him and he kissed her, while all around the flowers lay scattered on the ground.





BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

Photo: J. S. Howard, Littlehampton.

November

BE glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the field and moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest days,
No stars for the longest nights?
Ah, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same for ever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad in Him.

A White Stone

WE are told that all the ground about Pergamos is even to this day covered with white stones, and therefore the Christians of that city could not stir out without being reminded of the promise "to him that overcometh." And what is this white stone? The Church has generally believed that it means the body which Christ's true servants will receive at the Resurrection Day. For just as nothing is more lasting than a stone, as it cannot be destroyed, as it cannot be worn away, so our bodies will be raised incorruptible, and never more subject to sickness or decay. And a white stone, because they will be glorious and shining; just as the face of our Lord in his transfiguration became white and shining, as no fuller on earth can whiten.—SERMONS IN SACKVILLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The Quality of Feeling

THE ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it is good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.—RUSKIN.



Compensation

I WAS troubled the other day to see that they were cutting down the larch wood on the mountain-side. That larch wood, with its melody of birds and its shady paths, had been one of my favourite walks. But lo! and behold, one morning when all the trees were down I found that a new prospect had been opened up by their removal—a prospect sweet and beautiful to the eye. I could see what from that point of view I had never before been able to see—miles upon miles of undulating landscape stretch away to the south, and bounded on the horizon by the silver gleam of the Bristol Channel. I thought, as I looked, how true it is that through God's divine mercy loss may be turned to blessing, and tribulation to joy, in the same way. The trials and bereavements of life, the loss of all that is most dear, will only reveal something more beautiful beyond, if we will look for it in faith and hope.—"WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

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The Reconciliation

THE following poem is 200 years old. It was written by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1721. If the spirit of it were to prevail in many families, the sum of human happiness would be greatly increased :

*Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast
That Time shall ne'er untie it.*

*The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.*

*When least I seemed concerned, I took
No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.
O'er but the same to me you'll find
How blest will be our fate.
Oh, to be happy—to be kind—
Sure never is too late!*



Ashes or Breath of Life?

FLAMES, burning brightly in the deep forge. Embers glowing joyously; metal springing red hot under the blast of the bellows.

Then a dash of cold ashes, straight at the heart of the flames. A puff of grey-black clouds, a sputtering in the throat of the forge, and the fire is smothered. Dead for lack of air. Just a handful of ashes did it.

The ashes must be raked away, the hand on the bellows must work hard, or the fire will go out on the forge, and work be at an end. So easy to quench the flames; so hard to make them glow again!

Do not let yours be the hand which smothers the faith of anyone with the cold ashes of careless unbelief. A thousand times rather let it be yours to fan the faith of the youth and help it to glow brighter and brighter. —EDGAR L. VINCENT.



Now I Lay Me

THERE is a touching story told of a little girl who was to undergo an operation. The physician said to her as he was about to place her upon the operating table, "Before we can make you well, we must put you to sleep." The little girl looked up, and smiling, said, "Oh, if you are going to put me to sleep, I must say my prayers first." Then she knelt down beside the table and said :

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The surgeon said afterwards that he prayed that night for the first time for thirty years. This little girl was only about her Father's business as Christ was when He was listening and asking questions. No one is so small but he can attend to the business of prayer. Thank God that there are little prayers, little burdens, little words, deeds, and songs adapted to little children, for shall they not lead us?



God's Way Best

LIFE'S highest, hardest lesson is trust. When we have learned that, blessed are we. Happiness comes when we have what pleases us but blessedness—finer and deeper than happiness—comes when we rejoice in what we have, being confident that God's goodness is in it all. God never hangs a scarf of cloud up in the sky but he drapes it beautifully; God never strikes a hay amongst the fir trees with the fingers of the wind but he does so harmoniously; and a life God never so places or times it but that beautiful and harmonious possibilities are there. Our lesson is to have eyes that see, and ears that hear, and a heart that understands this wonderful working of our God.



FEAR and worry have the effect of closing up the channels of the body, so that the life forces flow in a slow and sluggish manner. Hope and tranquillity open the channels of the body, so that the life forces go bounding through it in such a way that disease can rarely get a foothold.

Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too;
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.

R. W. TRINE



IT is the effort that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or dumber, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has. —RUSKIN.



THERE are people who would do great acts, but because they wait for great opportunities life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all. Opportunities for doing greatly seldom occur. Life is made up of infinitesimals. —F. W. ROBERTSON.



THE DAWN OF LOVE.

By Sydney Renwick.

(By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., Ltd.)



By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

FROM time immemorial bread, "the staff of life," has in some shape or form been one of the most important items in the food of every man, woman, and child. The earliest writings and most antique drawings depict by word and outline the methods of grinding the corn, preparing, and cooking the flat cakes which took the place of our modern loaves, and probably there have been fewer changes and innovations in this branch of culinary art than in any other.

Seeing how very dependent we all are upon the nourishment that is derived from bread, the necessity of obtaining the best and purest must appeal to even the most casual housewife. Nowadays comparatively few, at any rate town-dwellers, bake at home, though I have never been able to acquire in the reasons put forward for not doing so.

Bread-making is the very simplest performance, and although a certain amount of time has to elapse before the loaves are ready for cooking, this time can be spent in going about the ordinary household tasks, returning to the crock at stated intervals to do what is necessary to the rising dough. "More bread is consumed if it is made at home, and the cost of the flour alone is more than that of baker's loaves." Yes, I have heard this too, and thought it rather a delicate compliment to the maker of the bread; but personal experience has proved that after the first appreciation the ordinary consumption was resumed, for home-made bread is generally a little closer and therefore more satisfying than the bought loaves,

and it is undoubtedly more nourishing and better both for children and grown-ups.

The recent outcry against the insanitary conditions of carrying and delivering milk has worked great and much-to-be-desired changes in this direction. Would that some influential body would make the same searching inquiries into the methods of making bread, for here improvements and inspection are often sadly needed.

And now, having, I hope, fired some sparks of interest on this subject in the minds of my readers, let me offer some practical suggestions on this all-important question of making bread at home.

Bread may be roughly divided into two sections:

1. Bread that is made with yeast.
2. So-called "fancy" breads which are dependent on other "rising" mediums.

The former is known as fermented, the latter as unfermented, bread.

The Question of Yeast

German yeast has now almost entirely superseded the use of brewer's yeast, which was often so extremely bitter that many washings were needed to render it usable. German yeast should be bought only in such quantities as are required for immediate use. In the summer it turns sour very quickly, and even in the winter it does not remain wholesome for many days. For this reason it is quite unprocureable, except at stated times, in the remote parts of the country.

When none other than brewer's yeast is obtainable the following method of treat-

HOME-MADE BREAD

ment will ensure the absence of that bitter taste which is so unpleasant in the bread.

Place the yeast in a large basin and pour in as much cold water as the receptacle will hold. Set aside in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then drain off the liquor, and fill the basin with fresh water and leave again. Pour off the water. If the yeast, after this washing, does not ferment quickly, stir in a small amount of sugar dissolved in a little warm milk or water twenty minutes before it is to be used. This will restore the activity to the yeast.

Household Bread made with German Yeast

There are eight distinct processes in making bread; hence, doubtless, the prevalent idea that bread-making is a tiresome and wearisome occupation.

1. The preparation of the various ingredients—sieving the flour and “creaming” the yeast.
2. Mixing some of the flour with the yeast.
3. First rising—about twenty minutes.
4. First kneading of the “sponge”—about fifteen minutes.
5. Second rising—about one hour.
6. Second kneading and shaping into loaves.
7. “Proving,” i.e. placing the loaves in a warm place to rise.
8. Baking.

Required.—One quartern ($3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) flour, 1 oz. German yeast, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 dessert-spoonful salt, 1 quart lukewarm water.

The salt is mixed with the flour, and both are sieved together and spread on a large dish which is stood in a warm place. If the flour were mixed with the yeast in a damp, cold condition the bread would not rise properly. While the flour is drying put the yeast and sugar into a basin and mix them together till they become creamy, then pour 1 pint of lukewarm water over them and stir. Put the flour into a crock, make a hole in the centre, and pour in the yeast (through a strainer). Work in sufficient flour to form a thick, smooth batter. This will not use all the flour, what is left should be in the form of a wall encasing the batter. Cover the crock with a clean cloth and set it in a warm place. Leave for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time the batter is covered with large bubbles

you may rest assured that, so far, your methods are crowned with success.

The flour “wall” is now mixed into the batter and the second pint of lukewarm water added. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules as to the exact quantity of water required, for some flour absorbs so much more liquid than others. The object is to make a rather soft flexible dough. It must be remembered that dough becomes firmer with kneading, and if an insufficiency of liquid is used the bread will not rise, but if, on the other hand, too much water is added, this also will render the bread “sad.”

Lift the dough on to a well-floured board and knead it with the knuckles until it ceases to adhere to the hands. This will occupy about fifteen minutes. Flour the basin, put back the dough, cut a deep cross on the surface, cover and stand again near the fire for one hour. By this time there should be twice as much dough as before, with a scarcely visible scoring on the top. Place the dough on the floured board again, knead it lightly for a few minutes, divide and shape the pieces into loaves.

The three favourite shapes are called “Coburg,” “cottage” and “tin.” The first are made by forming the dough into a thick round shape, with a deep incision in the form of a cross on the top, which results in the four crusty knobs which are considered the choicest morsels of the loaf. “Cottage” loaves are made of two balls of dough, one larger than the other. The smaller is placed on top of the larger and a well-floured finger pressed deep through the centre of both.

If baked in tins, these must be greased before the dough is put in.

Bear in mind that the dough will rise still more when subjected to “proving,” so that the tins should not be more than half filled. The “proving” process consists in placing the tins or baking sheets on the plate-rack, or close to the fire, for twenty minutes, before they are finally put into the oven.

The way to ascertain if a loaf is cooked is to tap it at the bottom. If done, it will give forth a hollow sound.

Brown bread made of fine, medium, or coarse wholemeal, or of a mixture of one of these flours and ordinary household flour, makes a nice and wholesome change.

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Milk Rolls made with Yeast

Required.—2 lb. fine flour, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. German yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful castor sugar, 1 pint warm new milk, one egg (or the yolks only of two).

Mix the salt and flour together, sieve them into a basin, and rub in the butter. Put the yeast into a basin with the sugar and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm new milk over. Mix till creamy. Make a well in the centre of the flour, pour in the yeast and milk, and work in enough of the flour from the sides to form a thick batter. Strew a little flour over the surface and stand in a warm place for one hour. Beat the egg or yolks till light and frothy, mixing in the second $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm milk, and work these with the rest of the flour into a dough. Knead lightly and set aside for forty minutes. Lift the dough on to a floured board, knead for five minutes, then divide into twenty pieces. Shape each into a roll and arrange them on a baking sheet with two or three inches of space in between each. Place the tin on the plate-rack to "prove" for fifteen minutes, brush the tops with equal parts of milk and beaten yolk of egg, and then bake in a hot oven for a quarter of an hour.

These rolls can be made in a large batch, for they eat as if freshly made after being in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Unfermented Bread

The principal difference between fermented and unfermented bread is that the former must be put to rise three times, and the latter must be baked as soon as possible after it is mixed.

It sometimes happens, even in households where the baker calls daily, that an unwonted run on the bread crock results in a shortage of this necessary commodity. On such an occasion one of the following recipes may be useful.

Soda Bread

Two lb. flour, 1 teaspoonful tartaric acid, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, 1 pint milk (or equal parts milk and water).

Sieve the flour and reduce the tartaric acid and salt to the finest possible powders. Put the milk and soda into a basin and mix them thoroughly. Make a well in the centre of the flour (with which are the

tartaric acid and salt), pour in the milk, and mix. Turn the dough on to a floured board and knead very lightly for two or three minutes. Divide the dough into four parts, and place the loaves on a greased, floured baking tin. Put into the oven immediately and cook for half an hour.

Buttermilk Bread

When buttermilk is procurable, delicious bread and scones can be made. The above recipe is quite suitable if half the given amount of tartaric acid is used.

Sour Cream or Milk Scones

One lb. flour, two eggs, 2 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream or milk, 1 dessertspoonful baking powder, 1 saltspoonful salt.

Mix the flour, salt, and baking powder and put them into a basin; rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers. Make a hole in the centre of these ingredients; beat the eggs and add the cream to them in a separate basin, then pour into the "well" and mix till a light dough is formed. Turn this on to a floured board, knead lightly for two minutes, and roll out into a flat cake about half an inch thick. Divide into three-cornered shaped scones or cut into rounds with a pastry cutter. Place on a baking sheet and cook in a hot oven for a quarter of an hour.

These scones are much nicer if they are baked on a griddle or thick iron sheet placed on the top of the stove. The iron should be warmed through before the scones are placed on it. When one side has become brown, turn the scones over so that the other side may cook.

Buttermilk Scones

Half lb. flour, 2 oz. dripping or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each of tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, a pinch of salt, one egg and a teacupful of buttermilk.

Mix the flour, rising mediums, and salt together, pass through a sieve, and rub the dripping into them. Beat the egg, add the buttermilk, and mix the liquid with the dry ingredients. Knead on a floured board for a few minutes, then shape into a flat round cake, and bake, or cook on the hot iron sheet. If a sweet scone is liked, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a few currants or sultanas, and half an ounce of shredded candied peel.

THE HUSBAND'S HEALTH

A Word to Wives

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

IT takes all kinds of women to make a world, and so we have types of wives who coddle, and types who neglect altogether the care of their husband's health. Some women are obsessed with the idea that unless they worry a man with incessant, futile advice about taking care of himself, they are ignoring their duty. They tell him to wrap up. They talk about what he is to eat and what to refrain from eating, and they refuse to supply him with the very articles of diet he most craves for. They are always anticipating nervous breakdowns or attacks of influenza. And unless the husband is a hypochondriac, they probably succeed in spoiling his joy in life and making him ridiculous in the eyes of his friends.

The other extreme is almost preferable. If a man is perfectly healthy, the neglectful wife is not of much practical importance. The average man, however, subjected as he is to the strain of business or professional life, compelled to go out in all weathers, to face fatigue, worry, and sometimes continual anxiety, is infinitely the better for having a wife who, in sensible and unobtrusive fashion, looks after his health. It may not occur to some women that it is important to preserve the health of the family breadwinner, perhaps because there is a very prevalent idea that men are so much stronger and fitter than women that special health precautions are in their case unnecessary. More robust, stronger in physique and muscle than women, it does not necessarily follow that they are superior in health and resisting power. In some ways the "weaker sex" is, in reality, the stronger. More boy babies die than girls, because their vitality is inferior, their "resistance" to disease, etc., less. Women live longer than men also, and this is not altogether because they are more protected, less exposed to strain than men.

Of course, the average man runs a good many risks, and is often careless about his health because he fails to realise its importance to himself and his family. Despising

the "muff," he goes to the other extreme and is foolishly neglectful. But more valuable than money capital, health is an important asset to business success.

So the sensible wife, the clever woman, understanding man's ways, makes it her business to preserve the husband's health, and does not even allow him to suspect that she is taking care of him. She knows that it is a far less calamity for a man to lose money than health. She realises that the man who is perfectly healthy has a store of vitality and energy that will compel success. She understands also that when a man is in good mental and physical health, fault-finding, nagging, and continual domestic criticism will be eliminated from the home atmosphere. The husband who enjoys good health is easier and happier to live with. Indeed, the housewife who can keep the various members of the family up to a fair standard of health and vitality escapes a good many of the troubles, worries, and expenses of life.

The Food Question

So many men break down with a serious illness because they have systematically neglected their diet, that the wife should first turn her attention to this matter. Badly cooked meals are a veritable poison to the business man who has to depend upon a hurried snack for luncheon, and whose one chance of obtaining a palatable, nourishing meal is when he comes home in the evening. No one would expect an engine to do good work fed on non-combustible material. A man derives his energy, his power of brain work, from the food he eats, and if this is unsuitable, badly cooked, indigestible, his output of work is immediately restricted. So the food question must be seriously considered if the husband's health is to be preserved, and the wife should make a point of finding out what sort of meals the husband gets away from home, and "suggest" tactfully that these should be sufficient in quality and quantity. The busy man is very apt to grudge time for

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eating his meals leisurely and quietly. He cannot switch his mind off business affairs at mealtimes. He regards as "waste time" every moment of the day which has to be taken from work—that is, if he is the type of man with family responsibilities who is keen to get on, the type that most needs a wife's sensible care of his health.

The habit of rest at mealtimes and for a short time afterwards should be encouraged. The man who suffers from dyspepsia or gout will sooner or later be compelled to attend to his diet, and whenever such tendencies appear the wife must recognise which dishes can be safely supplied, and which must be barred from the dinner table. The gouty husband, for example, should have light diet, in the sense of very limited butcher's meat. Sugars and sweet dishes, heavy wines, and rich foods generally should be replaced with clear soups, fish, occasional chicken or cutlet, stewed fruits, egg or cheese savouries.

Apart from the actual food question, the man whose meals are associated with cheerful conversation, who is not fretted with trivial domestic worries after a long, tiring day, is less liable to digestive derangements and the ailments they bring in their train.

Nerve Strain and Chill

A certain amount of strain is almost inseparable from business and professional life to-day. The man whose home life is such as to counteract strain, to encourage relaxation of mind and spirit, has more chance of preserving his health and escaping nervous breakdown. Regular sleep is essential for the brain worker, and although occasional social entertainments are admirable from the point of view of recreation and relaxation, the sensible wife realises that an over-tired man is not likely to benefit from constant social dissipation associated with late hours and curtailed sleep.

A whole article could be written on the economy of holidays. Men are apt to grudge occasional holidays, when a brief change from home, even a week-end in the country or by the sea, will provide just the break—the new interest—that is necessary for the sake of their health. For that reason the husband's health will be infinitely improved by the cultivation of hobbies. Golf, fishing, photography, climbing, gardening—get a man to take up any one of these so long as

it really interests him. The great thing is to get the mind on to new tracks to prevent that constant preoccupation with business which is so depressing to health. The man who is cooped up in a shop or office all day long will keep fitter and younger if he can spend part of his evenings and his half-holiday engaged in some outdoor hobby in which he is genuinely interested.

When the hobby is mutual between husband and wife, it is to the advantage of both. It often happens that a wife who unselfishly interests herself in her husband's hobby becomes an enthusiast herself.

How a Man catches Chills

So many serious illnesses follow upon chill, so many infectious diseases are "caught" by men who get chilled and over-fatigued, that the wife should take special precautions to safeguard the husband's health in this respect. If a man has to be out of doors in all weathers his risks can be diminished by common-sense measures. Well-soled, watertight boots would prevent many an attack of cold and influenza. Many men are careless in details. They never seem to notice that their boots and shoes are not quite sound; they forget to change when they come home in damp clothes and wet boots, or they sit down for a smoke before going upstairs. Sometimes they catch cold by hurrying in a thick overcoat to business, and then chilling rapidly when they sit down without a coat in a rather cold office. Without nagging or worrying a man, the sensible wife can tactfully get her own way in these matters, whilst proper attention to the matter of sensible clothing generally is very essential to health.

Neglected colds so often lead to more serious illnesses that the husband's health should be taken in hand in the developing stage of cold. The careful wife does not allow a cough to become chronic; she insists upon consulting a doctor when evidences of being "run down" appear; and she insists also upon prudence in convalescence after illness, knowing that men are often careless, risking further chills and relapses which could have been prevented by the exercise of a little common sense. She sets herself against the "driving" policy, and consults the family doctor when a man shows signs of failing health.

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and vitality without any apparent cause. In serious cases delay is dangerous. When health derangement is evident the sooner it is put right the better from every point of view.

The sensible wife also insists upon a man getting as much outdoor occupation and exercise as possible. The mere determination to keep up walking exercise, for instance, year by year, will help to preserve youth and capacity for work. Walking is the very best exercise for middle-aged men. It counteracts stoutness, gets rid of poisons from the blood, and prevents many of the

ills of the flesh which are so apt to appear after the forties.

Nothing has been said about smoking, because the most ideal husband would resent interference with his pipe. At the same time, over-smoking is responsible for a certain amount of ill health amongst men. A moderate allowance of tobacco is not harmful, but beneficial to the busy man, whilst one of the best ways of counteracting persistent over-smoking is the cultivation of other habits which supply interest and demand attention. Health is very much dependent upon the wise use of leisure.



REMEMBER RYE LANE

A Word to Fashion-Writers

By JANE T. STODDART

THE last five years have brought one change for the better in fashion journalism. The editors of daily and weekly papers no longer tolerate the ugly and sometimes profane jargon of the cosmopolitan back-shop. A satin petticoat is not now introduced, as in the first fashion article I read in London, with a reference to Psalm xlv. : "The king's daughter is all-glorious within." The capacity to write simple, grammatical English is the chief requisite for any young journalist who seeks distinction in the world of dress. She must express herself as clearly as the brilliant men of the advertising department, whose paragraphs lure our thoughts from the ablest political leaders. The fault of to-day's fashion-writing is that the papers which appeal in politics to the homes of Poplar and Kentish Town are giving dress advice only suited for peeresses and multi-millionaires. The sweating system is condemned by all, but the young married woman about to start for a Whitsuntide holiday is advised to take with her at least a dozen lingerie blouses. George Meredith's Rabespurat, the Queen of Illusions, is hovering very near at hand in our London air. She is a fair Queen "with black eyes, kindlers

of storms, torches in the tempest, and with floating tresses." Her maidens hold appointments even on the most democratic organs of opinion, and at this moment they are seeking to introduce into little suburban homes the nearest possible imitation of the Queen's own dress, as described to us in "The Shaving of Shagpat." "She was robed," we are told, "with a robe of amber, and had saffron sandals, loose silvery-silken trousers tied in at the ankle, the ankle white as silver; wonderful was the quivering of rays from the jewels upon her when she but moved a finger!"

For Peeresses at Peckham

The fashion votary serves a cruel Queen, like Bella Donna, in Mr. Hichens' novel, who cared nothing for a simplicity that had not cost the eyes out of somebody's head. The clerk's wife at Peckham or Anerley picks up a halfpenny paper, supposed to represent extreme Radical views, and learns that £30 a year is a miserably inadequate annual sum to spend on dress. It will provide her, according to the paper, with two uninteresting stuff gowns and moreen petticoats at 4s. 11d. "She would never look really nice,"

THE QUIVER

says the great authority, "but she need not look deplorable." The wife in the suburbs who must dress as nicely as possible on £15 a year feels depressed by such cutting sarcasms, like Lady Jane Crawley in "Vanity Fair," when Becky listens, with green, scornful eyes, to the fairy-tales she is telling the children, "Her simple little fancies shrink away, as fairies in the story-books, before a superior bad angel." The pretty cheap frocks that seemed but yesterday so very smart and up-to-date shrink and shrivel before the luxurious Oriental robes described in the papers. There was a drawing in a recent number of *Punch* which appeals far more strongly to the fashion-lover of modest income than all the records of Eastern magnificence which the ordinary woman is to imitate. A tiny girl, who is waiting with her mother to step on to a crowded tram, asks: "Goin' shoppin', muvver?"

Mother (a working-woman in blouse, skirt and shabby bonnet, carrying an umbrella and string-bag): "Yus, dearie."

Child: "Goin' shoppin' down Rye Lane, muvver?"

Mother: "No, dearie; mother isn't dressed for Rye Lane."

Guinea Stockings for the Housewife

Rye Lane standards—in other words, the interests, ambitions and possibilities of the middle-class housewife—are ignored by journalists who write of lace-inserted stockings at a guinea a pair, linen for under-clothing at 18s. a yard, and parrot-headed sunshades with ruby eyes. "Mother" might hunt through a hundred papers without finding her ideal costume for that noted South London thoroughfare.

I remember very well that my own first shopping expedition in London was in Rye Lane. I was living at that time in Camberwell and was attending dancing classes with a girl companion. My dancing frock was a black grenadine, made with an afternoon and an evening bodice. Like Sir Pierce Shafton in "The Monastery," I had "an appropriate change of ribbons, trimmings and fringes, which, in case of need, might, as it were, renew each of them," and multiply the two into four. In Rye Lane I spent my first dress-money in London, choosing a set of bows in orange ribbon and another set in scarlet velvet. No purchases of later years have given me so much pleasure, and on the

rare occasions when I pass the great shop in Rye Lane I remember those pleasant times, and wonder whether the old dancing school survives. I dressed very comfortably in those days on £15 a year, a much larger sum, by the way, than William Law allows to his *Miranda*. But prices have risen, and the woman who wants to make a good appearance now on any sum from £15 to £30 a year must depend on her own fingers for all but her best tailor-made costumes and her best party gowns. Contemptuous allusions to the home dressmaker meet us often in the halfpenny papers, but I am told there is no more popular wedding-present than the mannequin or "French bust," on which many a tasteful and inexpensive blouse and frock is fitted in the home.

Managing the Dress Exchequer

Happy is the woman who understands the art of laying out a small dress allowance to the best advantage. Skill with the needle is indispensable—first, because the standard of cleanliness has risen, and every dress must have its spotless and dainty accessories; second, because we want a far greater variety than was dreamt of in the Victorian age. *Miranda* would find herself very much at home with English summer-girls, for her rule was to be always freshly clad in inexpensive materials. It is a pleasure to watch the thousands of young women—"flowers of London town"—at Richmond, Hampton Court or Sunbury on a fine Saturday afternoon in the boating season. The City typist earning 30s. a week looks as well in her cool, home-made river frock as the rich banker's daughter from the Surbiton villa. But those who obey foolish fashion-writers, and refuse to stitch and model for themselves, must fall back on last summer's half-worn voiles or crumpled muslins, for, as Becky Sharp wrote to *Amelia*, "poor girls can't afford *des fraîches toilettes*."

The Home Needlewoman

I have seen dusty old silks and satins worn on boating expeditions, and evening dresses awkwardly transformed. They were expensive, no doubt, but out of place. "Buy a good gown," was the maxim of twenty years ago, "and it will look well to the end." To-day we need many changes; therefore we must spread out the capital

REMEMBER RYE LANE

that would once have been allotted to a "Sunday best" of silk or velvet. Instead of discouraging the home needlewoman, the fashion-writers of the press should help her by frequent articles, explaining how the newer French models may be simply adapted to her use. Whose fault is it, I sometimes wonder, that the most grotesque and preposterous foreign millinery is imitated by wage-earners in London? That black velvet hat, trimmed with two vast blue wings, which shuts out the pulpit from three people in the pew behind the wearer; that cerise satin Dutch bonnet with pheasants' tails a foot long, that tickle the eyes and ears of business men in the Tube, represent to the deluded owners the latest creations of the Rue de la Paix, as described in the half-penny press. The British maiden is urged to copy the styles of the French Court under Louis XIV., or to dress like the veiled women of Turkish and Egyptian harems. "No well-dressed lady," say the fashion oracles, "ever wears a plain coat and skirt, or patronises the 'ready-for-wear' department." Behind all this talk about the rich tissues of Oolb and the priceless embroideries of Shiraz lies the dangerous doctrine that without extravagant expenditure there can be no successful appearance. A better example is set us by the highest ladies in the land. Queen Mary, when visiting the Prince of Wales at Oxford, in March, wore a simple costume of navy blue serge. The Duchess of Argyll, when opening a women's hostel in South London, was gowned in dark green cloth with a white lace vest. The morning papers, from the *Times* downwards, show us every day graceful and becoming model costumes in serge or cloth, ready for wear and marked at moderate prices.

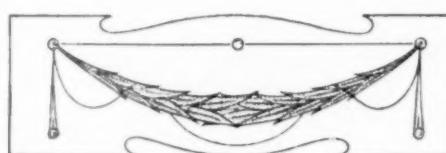
The Private Dressmaker

But what of the private dressmaker? some reader may ask. How is she to compete with the large houses which sell tailored

garments, ready-made, and the amateur with the "French bust"? The answer is that the successful private dressmaker very seldom attempts tailored costumes, and that even when clever fingers have done their best with the home sewing-machine, abundance of work will always remain for the expert. The taste of the day calls for a varied wardrobe, with suitable clothes for many occasions, so the woman of slender means must help herself to some extent, or incur the fearful risk of debt.

Women and Debt

The Queen of Illusions, whose voice pleads so cunningly in the fashion pages, is constantly pushing her victims towards that fatal precipice. They are dissatisfied with the contrast between their own modest possessions and the costly things supposed to be necessary for "every well-dressed woman." Credit can easily be obtained, bills mount up, and the day of settlement is deferred. I have known several West End dressmakers within the last ten years who have been forced to give up business because they could not get in their money. It is a strange fact that many kind-hearted, amiable people have practically no conscience at all in this matter. They do not realise the disgrace of living in debt or the scandal that blights for ever the name of persons who die leaving debts behind them. The press, which exercises in almost every other department an uplifting influence on the national life, has not fully realised its responsibilities towards women. Mr. G. Binney Dibblee, in his recently published book, "The Newspaper," remarks that the group of ladies' sixpenny papers "are mainly high-priced, well-printed journals, appealing only to wealthy readers," and adds that they "are doomed to a fatal mediocrity." It is to the daily papers that the mass of women look for advice on the fashions, and much of the advice now offered them is misleading, unpractical, and inconsistent with sound principles of economy.



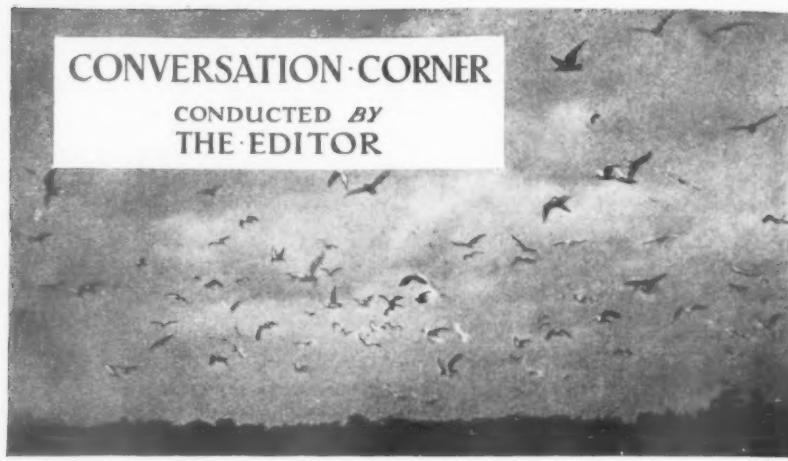


Photo : B. Hanley.

The Sum Total

THERE was a craze a few years ago for taking a number of photographs of distinguished or representative men, and, by some mysterious process, superimposing them—placing one on top of another, so that the photographs of, say, twelve Cabinet Ministers became one impression, and a vague conglomeration of twenty-four eyes, twelve noses, twelve chins, etc., became one portrait embodying the representative traits of that particular group of men. A group of lawyers, for example, would show, as the dominating feature, a strong Roman nose; whilst a group of artists would reveal considerable development of the region above the eyes. I should like somehow to get the photographic impression left on the mind of the reader after going through the several items of this, the first number of my new volume. Stories of lives there are, and lives with stories in them; we go from Babylon to Stepmothers; we treat of Corroding Gold and Home-made Bread; whilst Fear, Faith, Kindness, Love are represented, at least in the titles.

What is the dominating impression left on the mind of the reader? That I cannot say; but I can just record the hope that is at the back of my mind in presenting this, another volume of *THE QUIVER*. I certainly want *helpfulness* to be the subtle spirit pervading the magazine, and if this is not achieved I shall feel my purpose defeated.

Fear or Faith?

MOST people will be arrested by the first article, "Fear or Faith?" by Mr. A. C. Benson, and I can quite conceive it to be within the region of possibilities that some readers will not agree with all the conclusions of the essayist. From time to time I get letters from readers, objecting to one or another item, and expressing the "wonder that the Editor allows such a kind of thing to appear in *THE QUIVER*." I want to say at once that I welcome letters—perhaps all the more if they show marked objection than if they are merely vaguely approbatory (I would welcome them all the more, by the way, if their writers would sign them, which so many do not!). Of course, it must not be presumed that I endorse every sentence in every story or article that appears in these pages. But I do want to make people think. I believe that it is one of the faults of the age that so many people do not think. Granted that a writer is sincere and high-minded, we learn more from opinions we disagree with than from the unobjectionable sentiments that everybody lightly scans and mildly approves.



Opinions Wanted

WHAT do readers think of "Fear or Faith?" I know that there is another side of the question; and I shall

CONVERSATION CORNER

be pleased to present a handsome leather dressing-case for the best letter expressing a reasoned criticism on the article. Letters must reach me not later than November 26th, and must not exceed 400 words.



How I Face Life

I AM sure that readers will follow Mr. Stewart Royston's narrative with sympathy and understanding. Hardly a week goes by but what I receive a pencilled letter full of encouragement and suggestion from my friend in his little "room facing south." I do not give his narrative as quite typical of the series "My Life, and How I Face It," because I think his life is an exceptional one. The next story in the series tells of a German governess—one of the thousands of foreigners in our midst whom we often pass without notice, and yet who have their struggles, sorrows and joys as vivid and as human as ours. Perhaps I should say that most of the writers in this series will, of necessity, be anonymous. Most people can say in the quiet whisper of a confidential chat what cannot be shouted from the house-tops.



Prizes for Life-Stories

I RECENTLY solicited the help of my readers in the compiling of the pages "Beside the Still Waters." I want to throw this also open to the wider world. I have obtained a number of confessions of deep interest and worth, which, I think, will of themselves make this series memorable. But I cannot but believe that among the hundred thousand or so who will read these pages, there are many who could tell, in helpful fashion, the story of the milestones they have passed, and how they face their life at the present day. Of course, I do not want fiction; the narratives must be real fact. Readers can take my assurance that their communications will be regarded as confidential; *no names at all will be published in connection with this competition*. I like, as a rule, to publish full names and addresses where prizes are awarded, but in this matter I feel sure that readers will trust me. I cannot undertake to return any MSS.,

though if stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed I will do my best; but for every MS. accepted a cheque for £5 5s. will be sent. I do not propose to make any distinction between "first" and "second," etc. If the story is worth putting in THE QUIVER it will be paid for accordingly. MSS. should reach me not later than January 31st. It will be permissible to alter names of places, etc., or to leave them out, so as to prevent identification, but the stories themselves must be the real, genuine life-stories of the people who send them in. The length should not exceed 2,500 words. I need hardly say that in this, as in all competitions, the decision of the Editor must be final. Envelopes should be marked "Life-Story Competition."



My Christmas Number

MY Christmas Number has been on my mind for months, and now deserves more than a passing notice. It will be found that there are Christmas stories by such writers as J. J. Bell, Helen Wallace, Oswald Wildridge, Winifred Graham, J. T. Dickinson, David Lyall, etc., but I must at once announce the special feature.



Nature's Calendar

ONE of the triumphs of latter-day science is real colour-photography, by the "Lumière" autochrome process. By this means photographs are taken direct from nature in the real, actual colours of the original. For instance, a rose can be depicted by an artist in colours, or by a photographer in one tone, but there is only one method by which the actual form and colour can be reproduced, and that is by colour-photography. I am pleased to be able to announce that many months ago I enlisted the services of Mr. H. Essenhagh Corke, F.R.P.S., F.R.H.S., one of the finest exponents of the art of colour-photography, in order to present to my readers what has never been attempted before—a collection of real colour-photographs, taken direct from nature, of typical scenes of the four seasons.

THE QUIVER

In Pursuit of Nature

ACCORDINGLY, Mr. Corke has, during this past year, been engaged in catching Nature in all her moods. His camera has been ready for the first fall of snow; when the crocuses put their heads above the ground in spring, Mr. Corke was ready at hand to capture the beauty of their golden carpet; in the heat (and often rain!) of the summer he tramped for miles through country villages and wayward lanes to get his views of hill, brook and trees. The autumn tints in all their passing beauty he has put on permanent record, and the fruits of the earth show with startling life-like fidelity on his plates. "Nature's Calendar," with nine illustrations in colour, will form our Christmas Supplement, and that close observer and beautiful writer, G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc., supplies the text. This is a feature which must not be missed.



Royal Children and Christmas

IN an earlier Christmas Number we had some sidelights on how the Kings and Queens of the past kept Christmas, and how our own Royal Family observe the festival. I am pleased to be able to announce that Miss Sarah A. Tooley has been able to collect reliable information on "How the Royal Children of Europe keep Christmas," and she supplies an article on that subject for my Christmas Number.

Peculiar interest attaches to the illustrations, for some of the photographs have been taken by no less distinguished personages than their Majesties the Queens of Holland, Italy and Norway. Of course, their Majesties have been able to obtain peeps not permitted to ordinary mortals, and it must be admitted that this collection of photographs of royal children is a remarkable one.



Mr. John Foster Fraser

MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER has travelled all over the world, and in a score of volumes recorded his impressions of men and things of all countries and climes. Mr. Fraser has kindly sent in a contribution to my Christmas Number, but it does not deal with Siberian snows or Moroccan bandits. He takes the subject

"My Dream Newspaper," and dwells rather on the things that are never recorded than on those which capture the headlines of our Press.



The Merry Old City Christmas

THERE was a time when the worthy banker lived in Lombard Street, and the opulent baronet and the small trader not only worked, but slept in the City precincts. Mr. Frank Elias tells of those days in an article entitled "The Merry Old City Christmas." An article of a different type is that entitled "Sharing the Manger," by the Rev. Richard Roberts.



Stories

LITTLE need be said about the stories, except that all through there is the touch of the real old hearty Christmas beloved of everyone. Miss Mary Bradford Whiting is writing the long complete story, which is again a feature of the issue. She takes as her title, "The Beauty-Maker."



High Hopes

THE year that is just closing has been one of the most successful that THE QUIVER has known for a long time. Thousands of new subscribers have come along, and the old readers have not been backward in interest and encouragement. I want the next year to show an even better record. As mentioned before, I have set my heart on getting ten thousand new subscribers to THE QUIVER. Four thousand of these have joined our ranks during 1913; can we complete the number before January? A very little effort on the part of readers would more than do this. May I ask that if you like THE QUIVER you will mention the magazine to your friends, and induce them to start with the new volume? I have had a neat little prospectus prepared, with particulars of the items in this number, and shall be very pleased on receipt of a post card to send a half-dozen or so to any reader who will care to have them for distribution.

The Editor

A CLUSTER OF ARTISTS

Our Staff of Illustrators for the Christmas QUIVER



Mr. Harold Copping.

AUTHORS are known by name, and often by face, to the reading public; yet a good deal of the success of a magazine depends on the illustrators, and these more often than not are the unseen workers of the Press.

On the Christmas QUIVER an unusual array of talent has been

employed, and it is a pleasure, by way of change, to give instead of the portraits of our Christmas authors a group of the people who are responsible for making beautiful the pages of our biggest and brightest number of the year.

MR. HAROLD COPPING, who has painted the beautiful design for the cover, is a QUIVER artist of many years' standing. His fine drawings for "Prairie Fires" will be remembered with appreciation. He has had a distinguished career. Educated at the Royal Academy Schools, he was awarded the Landseer Scholarship, and a premium for drawing from life, and afterwards studied in Paris. "It was Messrs. Cassell and Co.," he says, "who gave me my first introduction to the publishing world.

Although more years ago than I care to think—I was a lad of perhaps fifteen at the time—I remember the afternoon I submitted my first black-and-white drawing to them, and my pride in the fact that it was not only accepted but that I was asked to contribute more of the same kind."

In 1905 he visited Palestine and Egypt, to obtain material for the illustration of the Religious Tract Society's edition of the Bible, and in 1910 he travelled across Canada in the interests of his work.

The work of the brothers Brock has long been familiar to our readers. MR. C. E. BROCK, R.I., is the illustrator of our serial story. His charming work has often been employed in illustrating the masterpieces of Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, etc., and it is



Mr. Wal Paget.

not surprising to know that he lives at "Cranford"—at Cambridge. MR. H. M. BROCK, R.I., is five years younger than his brother, and had his first illustration published in 1893. He is peculiarly happy with subjects requiring

a blend of humour, and his illustrations to Thackeray's "Ballads," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," etc., will be remembered. In our Christmas Number he illustrates a charming story by Mr. J. J. Bell, entitled "Wanted—a Friend."

MR. H. ESENHIGH CORKE, F.R.P.S., F.R.H.S., is not an artist in the sense that, like the others, he draws and paints, but an artist in photography he certainly is. Using the camera since 1895, he started screen plate colour-photography as one of the first users in England, and won the first medal offered by the R.P.S. for such work. Now he is an acknowledged expert in



Mr. H. M. Brock.



Mr. C. E. Brock.



Mr. H. Essenhigh Corke.



Mr. J. E. Sutcliffe.

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Mr. Balliol Salmon.

colour-photography, this year being appointed judge of the Colour Section of the R.P.S. He is also an authority on Wild Flowers and Nature Work. His illustrations of "Nature's Calendar" in our Christmas Number are really the result of many years' laborious pioneer work.

MR. WAL PAGET illustrated QUIVER stories long before the photographic reproduction processes were invented. His old wood engravings have not lost their charm, but he has steadily progressed as the years have gone by. Some of his finest work is to be seen in the illustrations for "The Merry Old City Christmas" in our next number.

MR. J. E. SURCLIFFE is a Lancashire man who won a scholarship at South Kensington, and afterwards studied in Paris and in Italy. Of late years he has supplied charming illustrations to QUIVER short stories, and it will be remembered that he was the artist chosen for illustrating "Cynthia Charrington," our serial story two or three years back. He is particularly happy in his illustrations to our Christmas story "Unawares."

Readers will be interested to know that his wife is also a QUIVER artist, drawing under the name of "Elizabeth Earnshaw."

MR. BALLIOL SALMON is the creator of some of the handsomest and sweetest ladies to be met with on the printed page. He started drawing at a very early age—there is a legend in the family to the effect that he drew the butcher's cart and horse when he was four years old, but this cannot be substantiated! Anyhow, after studying in London and Paris, he began work on the *Pall Mall Budget*. Like the other artists that have been mentioned, he is a regular and frequent contributor to the magazines

and illustrated papers of the day. He started work for Cassell's in 1894, and has been a welcome contributor to THE QUIVER many times since. He has painted the coloured frontispiece and illustrations for "The Censored Mistletoe" for our Christmas Number.

MISS NOEL HARROLD is a new-comer in the artistic world, but an illustrator of much promise. She is a pupil of Mr. E. S. Hodgson—whose work has long been familiar to QUIVER readers, and is in evidence in this present number. Miss Harrold illustrates the long complete story, "The Beauty-Maker," and her name will also be recognised on the cover of this present issue.

MR. DUDLEY TENNANT was born in Hanley, Staffs—"the most unpicturesque spot on earth," he declares. He was articled to an architect, "but caricatured the boss on the office wall too well, and was fired precipitately!" He came to London in 1899, "with £5 and a huge amount of optimism." However, he did well *Black and White* giving him his first commission. He illustrates "John Gaynor's Dream," by David Lyall.

MR. JOHN CAMERON is a Scotsman, and peculiarly happy in illustrating episodes from Scotland's great past. He has found a worthy subject in Miss Helen Wallace's story "Can the Dead Live?" which tells of the sad days of '15. There is plenty of snow—and some amount of tragedy—in this story, but the right triumphs, although the "bonnie Prince" does not come to his own.

It only remains to be said that this list is not exhaustive—a notable exception is Mr. Warwick Reynolds, whose illustrations of Mr. Oswald Wildridge's story, "Christmas at Bailey's," are in the characteristic style that has made his work popular.



Miss Noel Harrold.



Mr. Dudley Tennant.



Mr. J. Cameron.

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The COMPANION- SHIP PAGES

Conducted by *ALISON*

Motto.
By Love Serve One Another

*How, When and
Where Corner,
November, 1913*

I HAVE a bulging letter-case this month, Companions, and think we had better deal with some, at least, of its contents straight away.

These pages are being written before our September quarter is quite closed. But I can safely say that when our "shareholders" and friends see the balance sheet they will rejoice to find that our Fund has prospered during the summer. I am sanguine that if all do their best during this and our Christmas month, then December 31st will find us able to fulfil all financial obligations concerning *Our Four*—Violet and David, Lena and Philip. Let me just add that if any Companions want to send Christmas cards and greetings to either of our boys or girls, they can forward them to me, and I will address and post them.

Shall I give you, now, extracts from letters that have accompanied some of the recent gifts to our Fund?

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I have got a baby doll, and it has a nice frock and hat. Sometimes I put it in long clothes; it is a character doll. My music teacher has a baby girl; she is six months old, and she begins to know me, for she smiles at me. I am sending you some money (6s.) for the Fund. I have a pet canary bird and his name is Bobby; he sends his love. I have a lot of friends, and I will try and get some to join the H.W.W.C. I think we are going to Jersey. With love from HERIOT HUGHES."

We heard from Heriot about her holiday in Jersey last year, and expect news of her



Photo: P. Webster

doings this time. Does your canary sing, Heriot?

Ivy Slesser sent her quarterly subscription from New Zealand, with an interesting letter:

"It is very good news to see in the May *QUITVER*, which we got a few weeks ago, that we are now able to have another little protégé. What a nice little boy he looks, and what a splendid school he seems to be at! I am very glad we were able to adopt another child just when there was one so specially wanting the help, and how grand it is to be able to help a mother like Philip's. I wonder what he is going to be when he grows up. I think it is very nice to be helping someone at home as well as sending them to Canada, don't you? Thank you for your letter which I received about two months ago. You said in it you had news for May, and it is glad news. Fancy having four children already! Our family is growing rapidly, and I hope it will continue to grow at the same rate. I am sending my usual 1s., but wish it could be more; however, that cannot be at present, for which I am sorry, but my very best wishes and prayers go with it."

You will all be pleased to know that *Ivy* won her certificates for First Aid and for Home Nursing.

Other gifts came from New Zealand by the same mail. *Irene Collier*, in a very happy letter, says:

"Fancy having four! We are getting quite a family, and have had a girl and a boy alternately. I think that is a nice way. Last holidays we had a nice time. I went to Morison's Bush, a place near here, to stay for a few days. I had a lovely time, and learnt to ride a bicycle. Marjorie had a nice time, too. She stayed at home, and some friends came to stay near. Their names are Jessie and Mabel Perry. The last holidays they came, but they did not bring their ponies. This time they brought them. The ponies' names are Rangi and Biddy. Rangi got a prize at last Masterton show, and is a bay pony. Biddy is smaller than Rangi, and grey. I have only got one photo, or I would send you one. They are dear

THE QUIVER

little things. I hope you are fond of horses, I am. Dad has promised us one, so I can talk of nothing else. To-morrow Marjorie and I are going to Agnes Hawke's birthday party. I wish you could see her; when she comes to visit us she always has us laughing. I am trying to get another Companion; I hope I shall succeed. The enclosed 7s. 6d. is from Marjorie and myself. My 5s. was got by making a frock for the show and then selling it; I have sent you part of the money. Both Marjorie and I would like badges (brooches, 2s. 6d.), please."

And a later postscript says: "We have got a pony. It is brown. Dad has not had time to try it yet, so we have not been on it. We had a lovely bridle, but it did not have a bit, so I tried to clean mine up."

Everyone of us hopes the pony will come up to all your high expectations, Irene. Tell us what name you give it, and your adventures with the new pet. Congratulations on the result of your industry with the frock, and our many thanks for giving us part of the proceeds. I hope the badges arrived safely, and pleased you both.

DEAR ALISON,—I am sending you a little letter. I am learning to write, and am doing addition sums. I have two hens; one has three chickens, and the other has five. We have two little kittens and a dear little piggie—we call her Lizzie. Please send me a brooch; see a shilling enclosed. We are hoping to have a P.S.A., and I am taking part. I will soon be getting holidays. With love to the children and yourself, from your loving little friend, IRIS AGUILAR."

Iris's letter was written very well. I hope she will write and tell us about the P.S.A., and the part she took. This is but one of a big budget of letters from Jamaica, including those from five of the Group, which you shall see in a few moments.

DEAR ALISON,—I am sending a 1s. postal order for the children. I am glad they are getting on nicely. I hope you are enjoying your holidays. We are not going away, because we live by the sea, and this is the nicest time to be at home. I am so glad you chose that competition about the sea; I think it is very nice. I am sending you my photo and a little Hythe fishing boat. I got the botany prize at school this year. I have three botany prizes, and I have found some plants that I never found before this year. Hoping you will get a lot of money for the children, with much love from your little Companion, YVONNE T. MARTIN."

How interesting it would be to have a photo from *every* Companion, and one of some beautiful place near the home, taken by her, or himself!

DEAR ALISON,—I am afraid I am very bad for not writing you before. Please excuse me, because I am a very bad correspondent. As I have told you before, we have a Whaling Station four miles from us, owned by a Norwegian company. They come from Norway in April and do not go back until September. In the interval they catch from 150 to 200 whales. There are three steamers employed. These are very seaworthy little boats, and can live in almost any storm. Suppose we are out on one of the whalers. When the man in the crow's nest calls out 'There she blows' (in Norwegian, of course), he means he has sighted a

whale. In an instant everybody is at his place, the gunner beside his weapon which is loaded with a harpoon. The harpoon is a sort of arrow, and when it is shot out of the gun it drags a rope with it. After killing the whale they fasten a flag on it to make it easily seen, and then go after another. . . . Some of the whales are worth £1,000. I am glad to hear our friends are increasing, and I enclose 2s. for the Fund.—THOMAS CAMERON."

I asked Tom, when acknowledging his gift, if he had been out on one of the whaling boats. We shall like to hear more of the sea-life he knows, and to hear the adventures he can relate.

It was pleasant to see *Peggy Allan's* familiar, but rather long-unseen, writing once more. A long letter she sent, too, but not too long. Here are some sentences from it:

"Your p.c. did startle me, for I had quite lost count of the months that have passed since I wrote you last. But better late than never, dear. Perhaps I did not tell you that I have changed my school. I now attend the Aberdeen Central Higher Grade School. I have to go to and fro in the train for times each day. Though I have not written for such a long time I have not missed reading our *Comer*, and I am so pleased to hear about Philip. I hope Violet, Lena, and David are still happy in Canada. Everyone admires my brooch very much both at school and at home. One girl asked me if it was a QUIVER badge. She said she was going to join, but I do not know her name, as she is not in my class. I think you have a few other Central School Companions, have you not? I have been cutting out your photo from an old QUIVER, as I thought it might get lost. I have put all our QUIVERS together in order. I like 'Prairie Fires' very much, and there is much speculation in our house as to what the ending will be. I am seated in our back garden (the Cabbage Patch, we call it). The hens are running about all over the place. Oh, Alison, what do you think I have for pets now?—some young ducks! And what with quacking, cackling, and crowing, I have a lively time. There in front of me is a piebald pony looking over the low wall which divides our garden from a field. I call him Jock. It took me a long time to make friends with him—he was so timid; but now, whenever I speak, he neighs. I do wish I had a Kodak, so that I might send you a photo of Jock. I remain ever your loving Companion, PEGGY. P.S.—I enclose a postal order for 3s. for the Fund, wishing our *Comer* every success."

DEAR ALISON,—This is just a line to say that I enclose £1 3s. from Morag, Jean, and I. £1 is for the Fund, and then two 1s. badges, one for Jean and one for me—brooch badges, please. I enclose two little photos, one of Jean and one of me. I tried to get one of Morag, but she hadn't got one. With much love, ALLIE MACLEAN (age 11 years).

Thank you, Allie and Morag and Jean; we should be interested in knowing if you "made" the money you sent for our children. I liked receiving the photographs.

DEAR ALISON,—I hope you are quite well. It is fine to think that we are now able to support four children, and are hoping soon to support more. I am sending you a postal order for 6s., 3s. of which is mother's, and 3s. mine. This week we are going to a place in the Highlands called Grantully to stay at a farm, and I think it is to be very nice. I have been wondering if there is to be any chance of you

ANÆMIA

By MRS. ADA S. BALLIN

Late Editor of "Womanhood," and of "Baby, the Mother's Magazine."

ANÆMIA, or bloodlessness, is one of the commonest troubles of the present age—so common, in fact, that it seems to me that quite two-thirds of the girls one comes in contact with in towns are affected with it. The complaint can hardly be called a disease in the ordinary sense of the word, but is rather a debilitated state of the body, which lays it open to the attacks of most other kinds of diseases.

The condition in question is characterised by a deficiency in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. There is very often pallor of the cheeks and lips, but in some cases these may be of a natural colour, and lead even the patient to believe that she is not anaemic, when the real state of the case can instantly be discovered by examining the gums and the insides of the eyelids. These, instead of being of a good deep pink, are pale and yellowish-looking. The tongue is apt to be pale and flabby, and indented by the teeth; the sufferer is readily fatigued, troubled with breathlessness on going up and down stairs; she very often suffers from palpitation or pains about the heart, which may lead her to believe that she is suffering from some disease of the heart. She suffers frequently from headache, pains in the back, and languor, and soon becomes very tired by any little unusual exertion. She may even faint, and thus cause considerable anxiety to her family. There are frequent eruptions on the skin, which may be either of an irritating kind, or simply acne, either in the form of black-heads or pimples, or both.

There are two kinds of anæmia—one the common kind of which I have spoken, and another, called pernicious anæmia, which is a fatal disease and most difficult of treatment. In such cases there is wasting and yellowishness of the skin, which assumes an almost transparent waxen hue; but these cases do not come within the province of this paper. I may, however, remark that the best remedy to improve the condition of the blood in these cases, which is now being very largely prescribed by the medical profession, is Dr. Hommel's Haematogen (36 St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.), which contains, in a purified form, organic iron and albumen, as well as the various salts, including the phosphates of soda and potash which are found in meat. It is far better to give a preparation like this, which is a food and nourishes the blood, than to give iron in a mineral form, which so often upsets the digestion. Be sure you get Dr. Hommel's Haematogen, as imitations are offered under similar names.

Ordinary anæmia is a condition of everyday occurrence. Any line of treatment must be persistently applied, and can only be properly carried out at home.

The causes of anæmia are chiefly bad ventilation, insufficient or unsuitable feeding, want of exercise,

and sedentary occupations, or that overwork of the brain just now so common in young ladies at high schools.

All anæmic persons should be in the fresh air as much as possible, so that the blood may become oxygenated, and an anæmic girl who is not really ill should take exercise for at least an hour twice daily. Walking, cycling, swimming (if the heart is not weak), rowing, and tennis are all suitable. Eight hours' sleep is not too much, as the brain, being badly supplied with blood, needs extra rest, and in some cases even nine hours' sleep may be indulged in with advantage. The bedroom, however, should be well ventilated—and here I may mention that it is a great mistake to keep a gas jet burning, as it destroys the oxygen in the air; anæmic persons need very much oxygen, which is essential to keep the blood pure. In order to keep the blood pure also, the skin should be kept healthily active, and a daily bath is essential. Meals should be regular, and in many cases it is desirable to take extra nourishment between the ordinary meals. Plenty of meat and green vegetables should be taken, cocoa instead of tea, wholemeal bread instead of white.

Iron is a food to all anæmic persons, and must not be regarded by them as a medicine only to be taken temporarily, for in most cases it is necessary to persevere in taking iron for a period varying from two months to five or six years. I am strongly opposed to the ordinary methods of giving iron in anæmia, which are very frequently worse than useless, as the iron is so often decomposed, or in a form that is indigestible, when the patient takes it; while, when given in pill, such as Bland's pill, it is apt to pass through the body quite undigested, and a patient might as well swallow a bullet. As ordinarily given, also, iron is very apt to cause constipation, and for these reasons Dr. Hommel's Haematogen, which I have mentioned above, should invariably be given in preference to other preparations. It is best to begin with a dessertspoonful dose, taken half an hour before lunch and dinner. The object for giving it before meals is to stimulate the appetite and assist the assimilation of other food, but if taken before breakfast it is apt to prove rather aperient. In cases, therefore, when the girl has a tendency to constipation, it is a very simple remedy to take Dr. Hommel's Haematogen half an hour before breakfast, as well as before the other meals. The dose should be gradually increased to a tablespoonful. When this is taken for a few weeks the effect is really remarkable; the quality of the blood rapidly improves, the sallow cheeks grow rosy, and the pale lips red, while the feelings of languor and depression pass off, and the girl grows cheerful, bright, and fit to take her place in the world.



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every starch granule in the grain is blasted into a myriad particles. The kernel of grain is expanded *eight to ten times* its original size. Yet the coat is unbroken; each kernel is shaped as before. It is now perfectly cooked, far more digestible than bread, and ready to be eaten. Serve as directed on packets. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

coming North this autumn, and if we are to have a visit from you ; it would be so nice to have a chat, as I am not good at writing long letters. My brother has a small motor-car, and we have had some fine rides with him. Much love from CHARLIE McCASH."

Charlie's letter was most welcome ; it was long in following his previous one. Where are all our other Perth members—*Margaret Begg*, for one ?

Frances Corbett wrote : " I enclose a P.O. for 1s. for the Fund. I hope our children are going on well." She tells me of her visit to the new cathedral in Liverpool. The Lady-chapel she thinks is " lovely." " The windows have been presented by the Girls' Friendly Society, and depict the heads of some of our famous women, including Queen Victoria, Mrs. Gladstone, and Elizabeth Fry."

What a nice afternoon sale has brought us :

"**MY DEAR ALISON**—I am enclosing postal orders to the value of £2 for the Fund. My cousins were here for a fortnight, and mother made some cakes and a lot of toffee and druscaps, and I arranged them prettily on a table, and sold them on the green. Mother supplied afternoon tea to everyone at a penny each, and my uncle and aunt helped at the little tea tables. Grannie, Aunty Marion, and Auntie Pop all sent in contributions of toffee and cakes, and grannie and my aunts at Dasybank also sent lovely crinkled bags to sell the toffee in. A friend took our photos just before the people came, and I am sending one in the hope that you will be able to print it in the Corner. The two big girls are my cousins Peggy and Netty Dobson, and the big boy on the arm of the chair is my cousin John. The others are myself, *John*, and my little brother *Jay*. With love, I remain, your loving Companion, ANNIE L. R. DOBSON."

There must have been a very jolly party in one Straurac garden on that particular day. I am sure all of us would wish to join in " Three Cheers " for Mrs. Dobson, and our members, and everyone who contributed to the success of the sale, and so to our help. No doubt they all had joy in co-operating for the sake of Our Children, and we congratulate Annie and John and Jay on the splendid way they are working together for Our Scheme.

From *Cathie Gardner* I have an entertaining account of her holiday in Wigtown.

" Wigtown is at the sea, but there are no sands there, only mud and grass fields. There are cows feeding in the fields ; they go down to the water when the tide goes out, and come back again as the tide comes in. In Wigtown there has been a monument erected in memory of the martyrs. The martyrs were tied to a stake in the River Bladnoch and drowned when the tide came up. There were two women drowned, and they were both called Margaret. One was Margaret MacLachan, and she was 63 years old, and the other was Margaret Wilson, and she was 18 years old. They are buried together in the churchyard at Wigtown, and we saw their graves. You can also see the stake at which they were tied. . . . We had lovely weather all the time. One day we went to Newton Stewart, a town seven miles from Wigtown. I enjoyed my holiday very much, and would like to go back again. I sold violets and primroses for the Fund, and I got 1s. od.

I think that 'Special Effort Day' is a grand idea. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon. Yours affectionately, CATHIE."

Our Newest Members

are waiting for introduction. Three envelopes all alike, each bearing the New Zealand penny stamp, come at the

top of this pile of letters. And this is the note in the first :

"**DEAR ALISON**—I have been reading the letters in the Companionship Pages, and I want to become a Companion too. I am eight years old, and have to milk cows every morning. I never miss a day at school, and get an attendance prize every year. Please send me a collecting card. I am, yours sincerely, ALLAN MARTIN."

And from No. 2 I take this :

"**DEAR ALISON**—I have seen David's photo in THE QUIVER, and I should like to be a Companion too. About once every year I have a fine holiday. Every morning I have to milk cows and then go to school. I have six brothers and three sisters, and some of them are writing to you. Please send me a collecting card. Hoping to hear from you soon, yours sincerely, CLAUDE V. MARTIN."

And No. 3 is :

"**DEAR ALISON**—I saw your Scheme in THE QUIVER and I wish to become a Companion too. At Christmas time I spent my holidays in Dunedin, and I had a splendid time. I go to school nearly every day. There are not many going to my school. I am in the fifth class, and am hoping to pass this year. I have



Annie Dobson (second from the left), her little brother Jay, and John (sharing a chair with his cousin), and her cousins who helped our Fund by a Garden Sale.

THE QUIVER

not failed yet. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours affectionately, **PERCY MARTIN.**"

Allan, Claude and Percy all write from their home in South Otago, and I am delighted to have their letters. Please let me know your ages, too, Claude and Percy. We shall be looking forward to hearing much about your everyday life. All kinds of little details about your farm and school life will interest us.

From the Isle of Man

Now we must welcome our first member in the Isle of Man. *Kathleen Moyle* writes:

"I have read *THE QUIVER* for some time, also the H.W.W.C. I have enjoyed both very much, and at last have joined your Corner. I have looked through the letters each month to see if there were any Manx Companions, but I have not seen any letters written by one, so I must be the first, but I hope not the last. I will try to get some more for you. Next time I write I will tell you something about Manxland, which is fast becoming a well-known place."

Thank you, Kathleen; we shall be so pleased to hear about your beautiful island home, and, as you are the first member in it, you have a fine field for work for us; I hope we shall have with you a strong Group before very many months are gone. I should have told you all that Kathleen is fifteen.

Another to add to our membership list in Australia is *Anne R. Hedley* (age 12; Victoria). Anne says:

"I do so enjoy reading the letters in the Companionship Pages. We live on a small farm of 200 acres. Some of our land is very beautiful, and a part named Crevic Gully particularly so. The gully is fairly big and contains tunnels and foxes' dens. Near the bottom the land has been worn away by a creek. The space is about two yards deep and a foot wide, and overhanging with magnificent ferns. We live 184 miles from Melbourne by the railway line. We go three miles to school five days a week. On Sunday we go one mile to Sunday School. I have a lovely collie dog named Spot; he is nearly all white, with a brown head and a spot on his left side of the same colour. I have also a Persian kitten named Topsy, and a calf named Tiger. I ride to Yackandandah three times a week. I just love riding, but the mare is frightened of motor bikes. Our orange trees are laden heavily this year, and yesterday we picked eight dozen lemons from one small tree. Our limes do not seem to do so well. I have no more to tell, so I must close, with love from your new correspondent, ANNE."

Our "new correspondent" sends us an excellent letter to begin with, does she not? And it is so well written, too. We are glad you have joined us, Anne; perhaps Ernest (her brother) will too, soon; then you can "put your heads together," and plan things that will amuse and interest all of us together. Anne is twelve.

Iris Buckland (age 18; Sav. la Mar) is an

addition to our Group in Jamaica. Iris sends me a letter about a lovely drive she and *Gwen* and *Iris Aguilar* had one summer day this year:

"As we went farther into the country," she writes, "the scenery was very pretty. We saw rice growing. Do you know how it is grown? If not, let me give you an idea. The coolies (East Indians) are the chief cultivators. A piece of water land is cleared perfectly bare, the rubbish weeded out being put round the sides, forming an empty square. In the meantime rice grains which have been scattered in some other part have grown sufficiently to be transplanted. This process consists of a hole in the land being made with a piece of iron or a bit of stick, according to fancy, and the rice plant is firmly pressed in. The plant requires no more attention. In due course of time the plant flowers, and is followed by the ears of rice; and the rice piece now has to be watched, as the birds begin to fly in and feed on the rice. The plant grows to a height of between 2 and 3 feet, and resembles a rush. The rice is gathered in December (being planted about June), and the ears are beaten on a stand so constructed that the grains fall underneath."

Arthur Aylward (age 10) writes from Romsey, asking for admission to our Companionship, and for a badge and a collecting book. He promises a letter soon, and we shall look for one.

Eunice Taylor (New Zealand), *Helen Strong*, *Marion Rimmer* (who is going to live in Toronto), *Phyllis Brissenden*, *Madge Williams*, *Doris Trott*, *Gladys West*, *Gladys Richards*, *Kate Robertson*, *Frances Boston*, *Frances* and *Gladys Smith* are among those who have sent letters you will be interested in, but I cannot find room for nearly all.

An Unknown Reader

You must read this one, though, and join me in thanking its anonymous writer for her kindness.

"DEAR ALISON,—Please excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing you, but I seem to know you, reading about you in the Companionship Pages. I have read *THE QUIVER* for quite a number of years now, and I am so delighted to read all the lovely letters you get from the Companions far and near. It is a great and noble work you are doing, keeping all these children in touch with each other, and they are all so eager to help on the Fund; they all seem so happy in their homes and with all their pets. Now for my bit. I read in the July number of an unknown reader sending lace to help the Fund, and it occurred to me that I might do something to help, so this is what I send you. I haven't much time just now, as I let my rooms with attendant care, and have no help; I live alone. But if these are acceptable to you I may do some other things later on when the season is past. Sincerely wishing you every success,—ANOTHER UNKNOWN READER."

I wrote to *Hilda Wilson*, asking if the Macduff Group had arranged a Sale this autumn, and, if so, if I might send these gifts of our friends to be sold at it. Up to the

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THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

time of going to press I had not received her reply, so must tell you what it was later.

Evangeline Steel wrote telling me of some musical treats she had been enjoying, including the hearing of the operas "Pagliacci" and "Il Trovatore." *Phyllis*, too, sent me a letter, about her dogs, Molly and Cassie. Cassie is getting lazy, "so lazy now, that sometimes she will hide when father is going out, so that she will not have to go with him. Before she got so lazy we used to have lovely games of hide and seek, but now she is too slow, so I play with Molly, though she hardly understands yet how to play."

A Round Robin from Jamaica

"MY DEAR ALISON.—Five of us are going to send you a kind of Round Robin letter; we have all been together for a few days, and one of the lot thought it would be nice to send you a combined letter, so here goes:

"I wonder how you spent your 1st August? As you can imagine, it is supposed to be a great day out here; although the present lot of negroes do not keep it up as much as their ancestors did. That is what I have been told. On the morning of the 1st, eight of us went for a short motor-aid drive; although short we enjoyed it. I was the eldest in the crowd, but I am sorry to say not the quietest. I wonder if you would be shocked if you saw what mad things we do at times? I don't think so, and I wish you had been with us for the few days we were all together. Some nights we did not go to bed until eleven or twelve—we were in our rooms, and all got into one bed and talked, only as girls can. On Saturday night Iris told us stories, one special one was most thrilling. I must not write much more, as there are four others to add to this, and they will have plenty of interesting news to tell you. I hope you are well, and having nice holidays.—From *INEZ AGUILAR*.

"You will see I am once more at 'Orolands,' and have been here nearly three weeks, so I am one of the privileged five to write you.

"An uncle, Inez, and I went to a wharf a-morning. There I saw a schooner that was wrecked during the hurricane in November. To look at it you would think it could be moved, but it is wedged between two rocks, and so it cannot be removed: the inside is all right. I hear a family is going on it for a change. How would you like to spend a holiday like that? I would like it, and my uncle said he will try and take us out there for a day if the gentleman it belongs to will lend it.

"We all went for a very long drive on Friday evening, August 1st. We passed a big sugar estate and saw many coolies; they live in long barracks; we saw some of them swinging. You will be surprised to hear that they oil their skins; some of the men only wear a wrapper, and the oil makes their skins look so shiny. Some of the women are very pretty with their long, straight, black hair; their babies are also dear little things. Once I asked a little cooie boy his name; he said 'Herbert' (Herbert), so I said 'Herbert what?' He then replied 'Herbert Nuten' (Herbert Nothing); he evidently did not know his surname.

"Many thanks for your letter, which I received this morning; I will soon answer it. I am thinking of going in for the Holiday Competition, but I am afraid you will see some of the same news in it.—From *MARIE DA COSTA*."

"Here goes another of The Happy Five! I only yesterday returned home after spending a few days,

as you know, with Inez, and right jolly ones they have been! On the afternoon of the 1st inst. we had some dancing and singing—croaking where I am concerned. Some of the songs were most amusing—we did enjoy them.

"By the way, Alison, kindly let me know if gentlemen are permitted to join our H.W.W.C., or is it restricted to girls and boys? for we happen to know of one who would become a member, but is afraid of being the only one, and quite naturally would feel odd.

"I have an old friend who I have been trying to persuade to join, but she declares she's too aged to do so, and also adds another obstacle, which is no less than 'She can't write to people she doesn't know.' She always writes to me, so I am the better judge to know whether she can or not!

"I got your last, for which accept very many thanks; I would have written before, but, alas! as you know I am a bad correspondent. There are two more to add to this, so I must bid adieu.—From *KATHLEEN BURKE*."

"I am one of the last to write, so will find it rather hard to know what to write about.

"I spent two days with Gwen; yesterday morning I went to see another of her aunts—there I met Marie and Inez, who had come to spend the day. We had a nice time. We played and sang, also played a few games. Mrs. Aguilar (their aunt) is a very jolly person and is up to all sorts of fun.

"A few months ago I had a most thrilling experience. Several of us went for a walk in the country. The train runs through the property we were staying at; on either side of the line are cane-fields. We crossed over into one of the cane-fields to look for guavas (a fruit), when suddenly we heard a noise, and turning around we saw five cows running after us. In less than no time we scaled a barbed wire fence, and a cousin and myself raced down the line. The cows ran along the fence, and the train was coming. We simply had to fly, as you know it's against the rules to be on the lines when the train is coming. What we feared was an open gate at the other end; if it hadn't been shut the cows surely would have bucked us, but we managed to reach the gate before the train arrived. 'So all is well that ends well.'

"My stay with Inez is at a close, as I leave on the 12th for home. I wonder when we five will all meet again and send you a combined letter.—From *IRIS BUCKLAND*."

"I am the last of the five to add to this, but I hope not the least. Iris Buckland spent from August 4th until Wednesday 6th with us. We had a nice time playing games, the chief one was *Quit*. Do you know it? It is very exciting. I am hoping to take the Junior Cambridge Examination in December, and I do hope I will pass, and try and get honours, as I am just under the age to get it.

"I am going to tell you of an experience we had in our motor-car. Some weeks ago we were coming from our seaside residence, and we had to go up rather a steep hill, with the sea on the left hand. Our chauffeur wanted to take the car over on second speed, but she refused to go, and started to back down the hill; you can imagine how frightened we got, when we realised that her emergency brake would not work, and that if she could not be stopped we would all be hurled into the sea; but, fortunately, we got her against a stone wall, which averted anything more serious. My baby sister is a sweet little girl, she is trying hard to walk and talk. At present she can say a few words, such as *dada*, *please*, *ta-ta*, and *baby*. Thanks so much for the badge you sent me some time ago. I really should have written to thank you long before this, but, as I told you before, I am studying for the examination, and so have been very busy. I am afraid I must end now, Alison, for the paper is finished, as you can see.—From *Gwen AGUILAR*."

THE QUIVER

"Well, Alison, you will just get tired reading such a long letter, but we have all enjoyed writing to you. Before we close we hope our four little children are getting on nicely, and are having ripping holidays. We are all glad to hear that Violet is getting on so well at school. Somehow we do not know so much of Philip, but hope he will get on well. It is so nice to know that we can help those little ones, and we all wish it were in our power to help them more. We five would be very glad to see you, if you should ever come to Jamaica. What fun we would have taking you about and explaining and showing you all the things that would be new to you! We had some snapshots taken. If they turn out well, we shall send you some. With our united love and good wishes, from your affectionate and sincere Companions, MARIE DA COSTA, GWENDOLYN AGUILAR, IRIS BUCKLAND, KATHLEEN BURKE, INEZ AGUILAR."

The reply to Kathleen Burke's inquiry is our old one—that we have no age limit in our Companionship. All who are interested and young enough in spirit to enjoy our comradeship are welcomed into membership.

Up among the Blue Mountains

"DEAR ALISON,—Once again we are staying up the Blue Mountains which I wrote you about once before, if you remember. At the present moment I am sitting on a point which juts out over the Jamieson Valley, and I have a grand view. I will try to tell you what it is like so that you may be able to picture the scene to yourself, but I really don't know if I can express myself well enough. Well, I can but try.

"Straight in front of the point is Mount Solitary, so called because it is not joined on to any other mountain, and no one has ever been there, and sloping down from this mountain are beautiful green stretches of land. Away down in the valley there is a little farm. It is miles and miles away from any other place, and just shows up a little bright green patch in the midst of the darker green of the trees. Then I can see three rocks which stand out very clearly against the sky. They are called the Three Sisters; they go down in ages—there is the big sister, the middle sister, and the baby one. It's strange the names places get, isn't it? Right away in the far distance the mountains are so truly blue that it looks like the ocean, and when everything is quiet one can hear a distant roar like the waves make as they break on the beach. It is really a waterfall which I cannot see from here—it is just the other side of the point where I am. Everywhere I look I can see the beautiful mountains, rearing their peaks up towards the heavens, and then between the peaks are the valleys, just as blue as the mountains. It's a grand sight, and just an ideal place to sit and write, but I have to rest my pad on my knee as I have no table, so you must please excuse my writing. It is very cold up here, but so far we have had no snow, though every morning the frost lies so thick on the ground that it looks just like snow. About seven o'clock this morning I went for a walk, and the world was so beautiful: the ground was white with frost, and the trees and scrubs sparkled in the sun as if they were covered with diamonds. I came across a

spider's web hung between some big blades of grass; Jack Frost had also seen it, and made it look so lovely; it was shimmering in the sun, and as I looked at it I could almost imagine how the fairies one reads about in fairy tales must look when dressed in the wonderful gossamer robes they generally seem to wear. The other day I received such a nice letter from Winnie Angove asking me if I would care to correspond with her, so I promptly wrote back to say I would be delighted to do so. I hope we will keep it up, as I think it a very nice idea. It is so nice to think we are able to help another little boy, and I am only sorry that I cannot help more by sending larger sums of money and oftener than I do, but I hope you will understand that I will always send money whenever I possibly can. Well, it is getting late, and I must be going home. I feel sorry to leave this beautiful spot, but I can come another day. The sun has changed, and is going down, so the mountains are more in shadow now, but they still look very grand and beautiful. Well, good-bye for the present, I remain, yours truly, ERICA WELSH.

"Am enclosing is. od. for the Fund."

About Prizes, Competitions, and another Matter

Erica Welsh will receive the Foreign Letter Prize this month, for the glimpse of her beautiful Blue Mountains holiday scene. No doubt she would read my note, in last month's Corner, regarding money. Cathie Gardner is to have the Home Letter Prize.

Helen B. Gillmer (Rathgar) wins the prize in the Scripture Competition set for the Juniors. She took "the mountain" and "mountains," and has found 246 references. There is special mention for Yvonne Martin, who did an excellent paper on "the sea."

The Holiday Haunts Letters will be fully dealt with next month.

This month prizes are offered for the best autobiography of one of your pets, or some other animal—written as though it were told by the animal itself. Not more than 75 words, please, and all our Competition rules must be most carefully observed. Kindly remember not to use foolscap paper!

I shall be glad if every Companion who has a Violet Collecting Book or Card will very kindly send it in to me before December 31st.

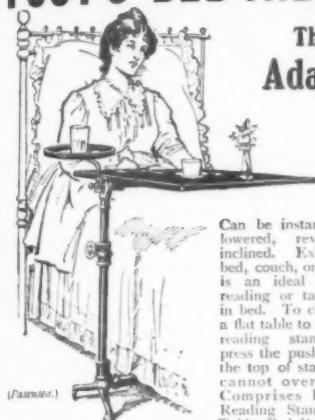
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THE QUESTION OF "ATMOSPHERE"

Sunday School Pages for November

By the Rev. RICHARD ROBERTS

In teaching a child, the words we use are often of less importance than the "atmosphere" with which we surround him. What is meant by "atmosphere," and how it should be utilised, is explained by the writer.

IN religious education it is difficult to lay too much stress upon "Atmosphere," upon the unseen environment of the educational process. It is required that this environment shall not only be in keeping with the business in hand, but that it shall actively stimulate and co-operate with it. The whole company must be possessed by a single spirit, a single attitude; and out of this there will issue a corporate "push" to the endeavour of the individual teacher. Let us call this atmosphere by the name of "Reverence."

Childlike Reverence

Reverence comes easily to the child. His instincts of wonder and awe are fresh and sensitive; they respond readily and heartily to the proper stimulus. We need have no misgiving on the score of atmosphere if we provide the requisite conditions for evoking the latent reverence of the child.

It is necessary, therefore, to begin with, to conceive of the entire session of the Sunday School as an act of worship and to induce the children to regard it in the same light. This is in large measure a problem which involves the personality and bearing of the superintendent—as, indeed, all Sunday School problems do. But it is too often forgotten that there are considerations of a lesser kind which are of the utmost importance in this connection.

We are all sensible of the fact that reverence is closely connected with quietness, and quietness depends upon orderliness. It is futile to imagine that, if for the five minutes before the opening of school the room has been a bear garden, the tinkle of the superintendent's bell is going to transform it into a church. If it is at all possible the room should be kept empty until a few minutes before opening time, and the children should enter *together*, in orderly fashion, marching in to quiet music. Failing this, the teachers should be in their places ten minutes before

the time of opening, in order to obviate the disorder which invariably arises in their absence. In any case, the superintendent's bell should be scrapped. Sudden and peremptory tinkles do not achieve much. A few soft chords on a piano go a good deal farther in the way of producing order out of incipient chaos, and then—a few moments' absolute silence and we are ready to begin.

A Right Beginning

It is impossible to over-emphasise the need of a right beginning. Nor is it difficult with a little patience to secure it as a normal thing. It is my experience that bodies of children may be won into complete stillness by the use of quiet methods. If you start off by shouting the number of a hymn through the initial din (which so many people are content to regard as the ordinary and inevitable preliminary) the singing is usually very poor, and when it is over the previous din has still to be reckoned with. But secure a few moments' quietness at the outset, and the tone of the session from first to last becomes a very different thing. It is a pure absurdity to suppose that disorder it to be looked for normally when we are dealing with large bodies of children. As a matter of fact, those who have experience in handling large masses of children agree that, under the right conditions, they settle down naturally and instinctively to a deep and unstrained silence.

What really matters at this point is that the children should come to understand that they are in the presence of God. Ordinarily, what they appear to understand is that they are in the presence of a natural enemy. They are not to be blamed for the mistake. The superintendent himself very frequently gives them that impression. I have known superintendents who terrorised children into a kind of paralysed silence, and who thereupon prided themselves that they were good disciplinarians. But this kind of "disci-

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pline" does no more than feed the egotism of the person responsible for it. Quietness, if it is to have real value, must be won and not forced. And what does win quietness is the sense of God's presence.

This, then, should be a constant assumption—both explicit and implicit—that the school session is spent in the presence of God. The children do not take long to appreciate that, and what it means. But it is necessary that this assumption should be sustained and confirmed by the devotional framework of the session. It is, I imagine, at this point that Sunday Schools seem to have failed most seriously. In Free Church Sunday Schools, at least, the slipshod, casual conduct of the devotional exercises has been an incalculable handicap to the work in hand. There are two general rules to be observed in this matter, apart, of course, from the need of personal fitness for leading devotional exercises in the responsible person.

The Use of the Liturgical

First, in all worship, and especially in juvenile worship, there must be a large element of the "expected." That is why congregations and schools are constantly ringing the changes on a comparatively small list of hymns. It is true that familiarity may breed formalism, but that may be averted by varying the "forms."

Second, the children ought to be able to take vocal share in *all* the devotions—in prayers as well as in the hymns. Long "one-man" prayers defeat their purpose everywhere, and most of all in the Sunday School.

All this points to the need of a considerable liturgical element in the devotional exercises. The ideal Sunday School liturgy has not yet been produced, but there is a good deal of experimentation at the present time, and out of that will doubtless emerge what we need.

We must, however, not ignore the psychological factor in this part of our problem. Order, we know, depends at last upon attention, and attention in its turn depends on

interest. It is therefore essential to the maintenance of order that the children shall be themselves *interested* in the devotions.

But we know that at different stages of development children have different interests. They have differing degrees of intelligence; they are sensible of different needs. Consequently the devotional exercises which will grip the attention of the children at one stage of development may entirely fail with children at another stage. The language and sentiments of prayers which infants can join in may be an affront to the adolescent lad. *He* (especially if he has gone to work) is often led when he is asked to sing:

"What can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?"

And there is a real danger lest he lose touch with the worship altogether.

Departmentalising

If, therefore, we are to achieve the ideal and secure a perfect atmosphere, we must apply the principle of segregation or departmentalising; and this principle must follow the main stages of development. We must, that is, have our four departments, meeting separately for worship. Then we are able to adapt our devotional exercises to the peculiar needs and susceptibilities of each period, and by securing sustained attention we preserve that quiet and that reverent posture of spirit which is the first postulate of effective religious education.

We shall have, at a later stage, to consider the difficulties of effective departmentalising and the ways and means of overcoming them. In the meantime it is enough to say that our inability to form the ideally desirable number of departments is not to be pleaded in excuse for not departmentalising at all. If you cannot have as many departments as you would like to have, at least set up as many as you can. Upon this particular point there is a good deal to be said which we shall have to leave over to another paper. We here simply point out how desirable it is from the point of view of "atmosphere."

(The next article will deal with "Lesson Material.")



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THE GIRL WHO GETS ON

IT is comparatively rare nowadays to meet a girl who, on leaving school, has not a definite idea of "getting on" in life. If she intends to be married she will probably set about it in some really businesslike way, and attain her object, like a charming woman of my acquaintance who married at fifteen, and who told me that as soon as she was old enough to have views on any subject she fully intended to get married as soon as she could. I might add that she never regretted her decision.

The Girl with a Golden Future

But we are now considering the girl who has some definite idea of earning or adding to an income. She has perhaps done well at school, is looked upon with affectionate admiration at home, and feels very sure that her future employer will take her at her own valuation—by no means a low one. She has not found her little world difficult to conquer before, so why should it be in the future—that golden future which stretches so brightly before all youth?

I knew a girl who refused various quite desirable posts because she would only go where "they could pay" her price—by no means a moderate sum. As a rule, such an attitude spells failure. The world, we are told, takes people at their own valuation, but this generally means a social valuation, and when we come to the big, hard, money-making world, all the assurance in the world will avail nothing if your wares are not better than those of your rivals.

Very often the best, the noblest, the most unselfish reasons accompany the need to make money, and inferior work only too sadly often goes with an unselfish disposition. The girl who gets on does not obtrude her private reasons on her employer-to-be. She says, as briefly, concisely, and as nicely as

possible, what she can do and what she has done. Remembering that her letter will be read with those of dozens of others, she avoids all unnecessary detail and explanation. The busy employer is anxious to make the best choice he can, and the first few lines will tell him all he wants to know. The wise girl does not lay stress on the fact that she is a "lady." If she is, on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, her work will bear testimony to it, but it is really more the work than the individual that matters. If personal application is necessary, the wise girl presents herself punctually, garbed as appropriately as possible; and here pleasant manners and common sense will tell. Employers being human, they naturally choose—other things being equal—an agreeable, trustworthy girl in preference to one who is neither.

Having got your post, endeavour to *keep it*. Over and over again I meet with people who, in an angry mood, have thrown away their chances. I know a woman who gave up an excellent billet with fine prospects by writing a foolish letter in a fit of temper. Never do anything in a hurry! The worker's motto should be to hope all things and endure all things—even unmerited reproof. Every calling has its drawbacks, and no one gets all the plums; and the girl who gets on will reflect that if she is worse off than A. B., she is better off than C. D.

Making Oneself Indispensable

The girl who gets on is the one who makes herself useful—indispensable, if she can—to her employer, who will not willingly part with the worker who knows his methods and has studied his interests. Why should he? She is a valuable asset, an important part of the daily machinery. When a staff has to be reduced it is the

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girl who has got on who remains at her post, as in the case of a friend of my own, who through good and bad times has kept her billet, because, as her employer said, she was necessary for their work, and though she was not particularly clever, she was adaptable, she was pleasant, and she had made her employer's interests her own. That is a girl who got on, and there are

many like her. Those who fail are only too often those who think they must have their cake and eat it, and that having elected to enter the world of workers they will give as little of their time and energies to the occupation as possible. It is not always brains, but good manners, reliability, perseverance and good sense are never lacking in the " Girl who Gets On."

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THE following are new members of the Guild:

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47. Poker work on various materials—velvet, cardboard, wood, and chip baskets. (S. M. C., Bures.)

48. Wanted, post as housekeeper where servants are kept. Thoroughly competent; good nurse. (C. W., Crouch End.)

49. Fancy work executed. (G., Earl's Court.)

50. Wanted, orders for wool crochet—infants' cloaks, wool petticoats, Dutch bonnets for babies, ladies' wool waistcoats; boys' knitted caps. (H. L., Lowestoft.)

51. Fine sewing wanted. Children's garments, baby linen, plain and fine underwear; hand or machine work. (B. P., Banbury.)

Letter forwarded to "Ditfield," from A. B. (Swindon).

"Winifred" begs to remind readers that a post card or letter, stamped and addressed, must be enclosed if an acknowledgment of the Guild membership fee is desired. Will those who have replied to notices also kindly let her know if they have come to any arrangement with her correspondents?

RULES

The rules of the Guild are as follow:

1. Any reader who is a bona fide home worker—i.e., does not work for the trade or earn a living by her work—is eligible.

2. The annual subscription is one shilling.

3. A register is kept in which the names and addresses of all Guild members are inserted, together with particulars of the kind of work they undertake, or, if employed, the kind of work they offer.

4. "Winifred" reserves the right of refusing membership to any applicant at her own discretion.

5. Each member of the Guild has a number, and the number will be published monthly in the magazine.

6. No goods of any kind, or samples of any sort, are to be sent to The Quiver Office.

Replies to notices must be enclosed in a blank, stamped unaddressed envelope, with the Guild number at the left corner. This must be placed in another envelope addressed to "Winifred," who will forward the letter to its destination.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

I REGRET that, owing to lack of space, the Rev. J. Reid Howatt's article has had to be omitted this month. The following is the list of new members:

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Maude Armstrong, Akaroa, New Zealand.
Miss Grace Buchanan, Fielding, New Zealand.

Miss M. Cavell, Saxmundham, Suffolk; Mrs. Arthur Clayden, Cheltenham; Miss J. Cohen, Kensington, W.; Miss Dorothy Cook, Mowbray, South Africa; Miss Gladys M. Cousins, Ontario, Canada.

Miss Eileen Farrell, Tolago Bay, New Zealand.

Miss Myrtle Garland, Nelson, New Zealand; Miss Elsie Greaves, Riber, Matlock; Miss Ida Geary, Wellington, New Zealand; Miss Lily Gerritt, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Miss Nancy Johns, Ontario, Canada.

Miss Mary Kempton, Timaru, New Zealand.
Mrs. B. E. Mather, Pytchley, Kettering; Miss Eva McConchie, Nelson, New Zealand.

Miss Parker, Christchurch, New Zealand; Miss Winifred E. V. and Master Edward J. St. Clare Perry, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

R. D. Robertson, Esq., Portugal.
Miss M. F. Simpson, Hisington, Newton Abbot.
Miss Florence and Master Norman Vickers, Wellington, New Zealand.

Miss Gertrude Waghorn, Nelson, New Zealand.
Miss A. M. V. Wise, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Miss M. Rae Robertson, Miss Kate Mackenzie, Misses Louise and Violet Dairsley, Miss Alice Hains, Miss Lottie McHree, Miss Elsie Bachelot, Miss Lalla Wilson, Miss Tassie Malloch, Miss Ethel Burn, Miss Lily Scott, Miss Edith Palmer, Miss Winnie Patterson, Miss Daisy Cain, and Miss Alice McWhirter, Linwood, Christchurch, New Zealand. (Group 139)

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See page

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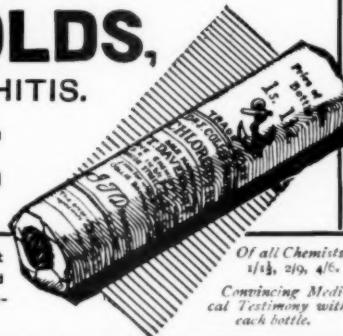
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